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THE OLD MERCHANTS

OF

NEW YORK CITY.

BY

WALTER BARRETT, CLERK.

— The harvest of the river is her revenue, and she is a mart of nations.
— Whose antiquity is of ancient days.
— The Crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.

—*Isaiah xxiii.* 8, 7, 8.

VOL. IV.

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

JOHN JACOB ASTOR,

ONE OF THE FIRST AND MOST PROSPEROUS MERCHANTS OF

NEW YORK CITY,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

M783946

INDEX.

A

Acton, (Commissioner) 171
Adams, John 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 125, 150, 303
Adams, John Q. 19
Adams, John G. 26
Adams, James 26
Adams, James the family of 26
Adams, Josiah 225
Adams, William 26
Adams, & Hawthorne 26
Adec, Thompson & Co. 131, 241
Agnew, Cornelius 242
Allaire, Peter A. 128
Allaire, Peter 225
Allaire, Miss Maria 128
Ahern, John 168
Alden, Roger 224
Allen, Stephen 124
Alley, Saul 150
Allein, —— 151
Alexander, Mary 264
Alexander, Gen. 173
Alexander, William (Lord Stirling) 264, 266
Alston, Mr. 73
Alsop, John 224, 281
Andrews, 144
Anthony, Nicholas K 197
Anthony, Jacob 197
Annesly, Edward 98
Annesly, Miss 98, 101
Arden, James 224
Armstrong, William 225
Astor, John Jacob 13, 14, 81, 126, 150, 224, 235, 262, 309, 310,
Astor, Magdalena 224
Astor, William B. 262, 309
Ascough, Dr. Richard 302
Ascough, Miss Ann 302
Aspinwall, John 150
Aspinwall, Gilbert 150
Aspinwall, W. H. 318, 319
Atkinson, John 88, 150, 268
Atkinson, Francis 150
Atkinson, J. & F. 224
Auckmuty, Sir Samuel 92
Auckmuty, Rev. Dr. 92
Aulick, Commodore 41
Austin, David 128, 129, 130, 132, 240,
Austin, David, & Spicer 131, 132
Austin, Wilmerding & Co. 130, 131
Aymer, & Co. 155

B

Bache, Theophilacht 150, 164, 224, 281
Backus, Franklin 131
Badock, Daniel 224
Bailey, John 224
Bainbridge, Commodore 114
Baker, John 174
Ballestien Brothers 86
Ball, Flamen 187
Ball, Miss Alicia Mary 187
Ball, Miss Isabella 187
Bank, City 23
Bank, Fulton 24
Bank, Leather Manufacturers 131
Bank, Merchants 13
Bank, U. S. 23, 197
Banta, Paulus 171
Banvar, Mr. 266

Barbour, Gov. 154
Barclays, 151
Barclay, Andrew D. 224
Barclay Mrs. 284
Bard, William 259
Bard, Sam. 225, 282
Barnum, 189
Barney, Hiram 246
Barretts, F. 114
Barrett, Walter 220, 245, 296
Battelle, Thomas 105
Bayard, William 224, 279
Bayard, Nicholas 151, 263
Bayard, William & Co. 65
Beach, Rev. Mr. 128
Beach, Dr. 82
Beare, Rev. Mr. 80
Bean, M. Dudley 284
Bedient, John J. 243, 244
Beekman Mr. 78
Beekman Theophilus 86
Beekman Margaret 105
Beekman, William 174
Beers, Seth P. 233, 234
Bell, Thomas 243, 244
Benn, Miss Elizabeth 184
Benson, Capt. Robert 61, 210
Benson, Capt. Henry 61
Bennett, Wynant J. 76, 85
Bennett, William 85
Bennett, Jacob 85
Bennett, Peter P. 85
Bennett, Mary 85
Bennett, Nellie 85
Bennett, (Herald) 132
Benjamin, Meigs D. 151
Benton, Marshall F 154
Benson, Robert 25
Berton, Peter 61
Berrien, Rev. W. 68
Berry, John 224
Bethune, Divie 150
Biddle, Nicholas 322
Bicknall, Isaac J. 131
Blackwell, Joseph 224
Blagg, John 224
Bleecker, Anthony L. 220, 224, 241
Bleecker, James 242
Bodet Daniel 85
Bogardus, Dominie 85
Boggs, James 215, 216, 235, 239
Boggs & Livingston, 215
Boggs & Thompson, 215
Boggs, Thompson & Co. 215
Boggs, Sampson & Thompson 215
216, 239, 241
Beggs, Caroline 216
Boisseau, Edward J. 43, 44, 45
47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53
Bolton & Sigel tavern 272, 273
Bolton, Mr. 207
Bolton, Fox & Livingston 106
Boorman, Commodore 235
Booth, Ben. 172
Bond, Nathan 225
Bonaparte, 113
Bottom & Ogden, 204
Bouchard, & Thebaud 297, 298
Bouchard, Joseph 150, 296, 297
298
Bowne, Walter 246
Bowen, Jabez 225
Boyd, Robert 225
Brady, Judge John 16
Brevoort, Mr. 243
Brisbane, 277
Brown, Wm. 274
Brown, John D. 242
Brown, Stewart 150
Brown, James 150, 246
Brown, Alexander 146, 147
Breeze, Arthur 87, 41
Broome, Samuel 28, 151, 208, 211
212, 223
Broome, Samuel & Co. 183, 208
209, 210, 211, 231
Broome, Horatio G. 212, 223
Broome, George W. 212, 223
Broome, Platt & Co. 212
Broome, John L. 214, 215, 217
218, 235
Broome, Rebecca 214, 223
Broome, Caroline 214, 223
Broome, William Temple 215, 234
Broome, Ann Charlotte 217
Broome, George T. 217, 235
Broome, William H 217, 234, 235
Broome, John & Son 218, 229
Broome, Samuel 218, 230, 231,
239, 281
Broome, Phebe 223
Broome, John 151, 208, 209, 211
212, 213, 214, 215, 218
219, 223, 228, 229, 230
231, 232, 233, 234, 235
236, 239, 287
Broome, Adell 234
Bradford, William 98

Braddock, Gen. 173
Brette & Vincen 152
Brice, Archibald 242
Brinkerhoff, Abraham 223
Brinkerhoff, Dirck (Ald) 59
Bruce, William 309
Bruce, David & George 309
Bruce, Mrs. John M. 309
Bruce, John M. 308, 309
Bruce, Robert Jr. 308
Bruce, Robert & Peter 224, 308, 309
Bruce, Peter 150
Brunow, Prof. 235
Bryson, David 195
Buchanan, Thomas 224, 227, 281, 320
Buchanan, Thomas Walter 65
Buck, Gordon 151
Buckley, Horace W. 22, 23
Budd, Jacob 54
Bull, W. G 151, 242
Burgoyne, Dr. Wm. 191
Burgoyne, William 191
Burgoyne, Miss 191
Burdell, (case of) 117
Buren, Matthias 245
Burke, Col. D. H. 157
Burke, Miss 158, 159
Burr, Col. Aaron 232, 233, 250, 251
Burton (of Burtons) 241
Burns, George 271, 272
Butler, Amos 81
Butler, Melvin & Co. 135
Byrnes, Thomas 282

C

Cady, Jesse 242
Caldwell, John E. 17
Caldwell, John E. & Co. 17
Caldwell, Widow 17
Caldwell, 154
Calhoun, John C. 48, 48
Calhoun, The family 48, 48
Calhoun, J Ewing 48, 48
Campbell, Widow 169
Campbell, Malcolm 278
Cambreleng, Churchill C 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 124, 125, 126, 144
Cambreleng & Christie 116
Cambreleng & Pearson 116
Cammann, Charles L. 224
Carleton, George W. 9, 259, 317
Carlton, Gov. 108
Carlton, Gen. John H. 154
Carnochan, Dr. 284
Carow, Isaac 26, 206
Carow, John 206
Carpenter, William 86
Carpenter, Capt. W. 86, 87
Carpenter, Jacob S 86
Carpenter, The family 86
Carrigan, Andrew 54
Cary, Henry 215
Chambers, Capt. 66
Chambers, John 150
Chapin, Dr. 70
Champlin, John 105
Champlin, Ann 105
Chauncy, Commodore 246
Chamberlain, Broome & Co. 218
Chamberlain, Mr. 218
Chaplin, John J. 151
Charlton, Dr. John 29
Charles, Colonel 34
Chipp, Alderman 85
Childs, Francis 225
Child, John 169
Church, John B. 113
Chrystie Mr. 115, 116
Chrystie, James 115, 116
Chrystie, Mary 115
Chrystie, Thomas 116
Chrystie, Albert & James 116
Churchill, Sands & Co. 305
Churchill, Joseph 305
Cisco, John J. 169, 268
Clancy, John 34
Clay, Henry 312
Clark, Jacob B. 242
Clarkson Thomas S. 224
Clarkson, Matthew 223
Clarkson, Levinus Jr. 224
Clarkson, Matthew M. 225
Clendining & McLaren 21
Clendining, John 21, 22, 23, 26
Clendining & Adams 22, 23
Clendining & Bulkley 22, 23
Clendining, John Jr. 23
Clendining, James 23
Clendining, the family 23
Clinton, Mr. (Mayor) 185, 186, 250, 310, 312
Clinton, George 283
Clinton, Dewitt 14, 214, 250

Coates, Gills K. 242
Cobbett, William 108
Cobb, Julia 72
Cochrane & Co 132
Codwise, George Jr 224
Codman, William 151
Coffin, Edmond 50
Coit, Elisha 151
Coles, John B. 45, 87, 224
Colden, Mayor 124
Colden, Cadwallader D. 256
Colden, David E. 259
Colin, Gillespie & Co. 162
Colgan, Rev. Thos. 84
Colgan, Jane 84
Colgan, Sarah 84
Comly, James C. 44
Cone, Dr. 314, 315
Constable, William 150, 224
Cook, George H. 326, 327, 328
Cook & Murgatroyd 326
Cook & Manning 328
Cooper Institute, 272
Cooper, Dr. Charles 256
Coolidge, Miss 192
Corlies, Mabbett & Co. 241
Corsa, Isaac 271
Corse, Israel & Co 151
Corp, Samuel 224
Cornbury, Lord, (Earl of Clarendon) 274, 275
Corning, Erastus (Albany) 57
Corning, Jasper 25
Cotton, Daniel 225
Costar N. A. 150
Costar, John G. 18, 19, 150, 206
Coventry, Wm. (Ald.) 66
Coventry, Miss 66
Cozzens, W. B. 47, 50
Crandall, Peter R. 131
Crawford, Capt. Patrick 59
Crawford, Mr. 312
Crawford, Richard 242
Cravy, John S. 151
Cravy, Peter 151
Crooks, Ramsey 236
Crolius, Clarkson 150
Crommeline, Robert 107, 108
Crommeline, Miss 108
Crommeline & Zoon 108, 111, 112
Crommeline, Charles 108
Crosby, Gov. 99
Cromwell, Haight & Co. 191
Cruger, Mr. John 270, 271, 272 277, 279
Cruger, Henry 224
Crump, Mr. 305
Curtiss, Paul Allen, 314
Curtiss, Edward 124
Currie, Archibald 28
Curtinius, Peter T 164, 165, 166 167, 177, 178, 180, 181 224, 250
Curtinius, Rev. Anthonius 161
Curtinius, Jane 180
Curtinius, Catherine 180
Curtinius, John L. 181
Curtinius, Henry R. 181
Curtinius, Frederick W. 181
Curtinius, Alfred G 181
Cutting, Francis B. 35
Cummings, Thos. S. 284
Cunningham, Margaret 225
Cushman, D. A. 284

D

Dale, Capt. Robert 61, 224
Daley, Judge Charles P. 16, 108
Daviss, Capt. 182, 208
Davis, Miss 138
Davis, Gen. 155
Dash, John B. 150
Dash, John Dalthus 178
Daubeney, The family 66, 67, 68, 69
Daubeney, Lloyd 66, 67
Daymon, Joseph 242
Day, John 203, 207
Day, Downs & Eastburn 208
Deane, Nesbitt 24
Decatur, Stephen 49
Decker, Joseph 300, 301
Deforest, Benjamin 151
Delafield, John 118, 140, 219, 223
Delafield, Miss Susan Maria 140
Delafield, Henry & Wm. 140
Delaplaine Joshua 281
Delancy, Peter 13
Denning, Wm. 223
Denning, Wm. Jr. 224
Dennis, Patrick 61
Devoe, John 85
Depau, Francis 106
Depau, Miss 106

De Grasse, Count 32
De Lancy, John Peter 225
De Lancy, James 270, 271, 272, 277
De Rahm, Henry C. 150, 163
De Neuville, Hyde 114
De Peyster, F. 150, 168, 208, 226
De Witt, Chas. 231
De Wint, John 223
Dickson, Capt David 61
Disbrow & Gillespie 135
Disbrow, Mr. 135
Disbrow, Gillespie, Parish & Co. 135
Disbrow, Parish & Holbrook 135
Dixon & Morse 183
Dix, Rev. Morgan 284
Dietrich, John P. 242
Dodge, Miss Sarah 301
Doran, Capt. Thomas 61
Douglas, family 80
Douglas, George 150
Douglas, Stephen A. 153
Douglas, George Jr. 223
Dougan, Gov. 262, 263, 293, 294
Doughty, Isaac T. 243
Downs, James 68
Duane, James 213
Duer, William 231
Duer, John 259
Duer, W. A. 259
Duffie, John 308, 310, 311, 313
Duffie, Rev. C. R. 311
Duffie, Miss Caroline 313
Dumont, Peter 249
Dumont, Peter Jr. 249
Duncan, Thomas 108, 109
Duncan, Frances 108
Duncan, Arabella 108, 111
Duncan, Mrs. Thomas 109, 110
Dunlap, Rev. John 180
Dunlap, Mary 180
Dunlap, Elizabeth 180
Dunlap, Philip 180
Dunscombe, Miss 251
Dunscombe, Samuel L. 284

E

Ebert, Widow 10
Ebbits, Edward N. 195
Eddy, Thos. 225, 247, 288
Eddy, Joseph 314
Edgar, William 224
Edwards, Dr. Hosea 37
Egden, James 41
Elliott, Andrew 28, 281
Elliott, Mr. 276
Elmendorf, Lucas 63, 64
Elder, Robert 225
Emmett, 121
Emmett, Thomas Addis 289
Everett, Nicholas C. 194

F

Farragut, Commodore 235
Farmer, Capt. Thos. 61
Fathergill, Francis 175
Fay, Joseph D. 212, 223
Fay, Theodore S. 239
Fellows, John 242
Ferdon, Mr. 70
Ferguson, John 203, 205, 207
Ferguson & Day 205, 207
Ferrers, John 224
Ferris, Jonathan 225
Ferris, H. W. & Co. 238
Filkins, Francis (Ald.) 62
Filkins, Catherine 62
Filkins, Geesie 62
Finlay, Mr. 73
Finglass, Capt. John 61
Fisher, H. & D. 26
Fisher, Henry 26
Fish, Col. Nicholas 67, 225
Fish, Hamilton 67
Fish & Grinnell 155
Fitch, Asa 112
Flemming, Augustus 259
Flack, John 144, 236
Floyd. William 60
Flynn, Tom. 244
Follett, Capt. 171
Forbes, Capt. Geo. 61
Forbes, Gilbert 178, 280
Fosdick, Washington 83
Foster, Andrew 150, 207
Foster & Giraud 207
Foulke, Joseph 204
Fowler, Theodocius 225
Francis, John W. 259
Franchere, Gabriel 235, 236
Franchere, Miss 235
Francis, Samuel 176
Francis, Dr. John W. 82
Frisbie, Mr. 131

Frost, John 225
Fuller, Madam 221
Furbee, Capt. 156
Furman, Gabriel 225

G

Gage, Gen. 172, 173
Gaines, Hugh 109, 285
Garland, Gen. John 154, 155
Garland, Miss 154
Garland, Col. 155
Gasquet, Parish & Co. 137
Gasquet, William A. 137, 139
Gates, Gen. Horatio 105, 178, 233
Gates, Mrs. Gen. 173
Gauiters. Andrew 169
Gavine, Hugh 164
Gebhard, Frederick 150, 157
Gelston, David 224, 249
Gelston, Maltby 145
Genin, John N. 189
George III. 289
Gerard, William 242
Gifford, Capt. 208
Gilchrist, Robert 224
Giles, Aquilla 37
Giles, M. 259
Gillespie, David 135
Gillespie, James & Thos. 163
Gillespie, George 162, 163
Glover, Ann 22, 24, 25
Glover, John 116
Glover, John G. 22, 24, 25, 203
Glover, John J. 24
Glover, John 24
Glover, Widow Elizabeth 25
Glover, The John G. Family 25, 26
Glover, Miss Jane 203
Goelet, Peter 164, 177, 183, 206 281, 288
Goelet, Robert R. 206
Goelet, William 204
Goelet, Miss Catherine 164, 179
Goelet, Phillip 116
Goelet & Curtinius 644
Gomez, Benjamin & Abraham 157
Goodhue, Jonathan 151
Goodhue, & Co. 155, 228
Gooding, Chas. 121
Gooding John 121, 122, 123
Gooding, Robert M. 121, 122, 123, 124
Goodwin, Robert M. 117, 118, 119, 120
Goold, Chas. David 111
Goold, Edward 111, 224
Gordon, 154
Gourley James 129, 242
Gouverneur, Nicholas 224
Gracie, Archibald 86, 87, 150 204, 225
Gracie, Archibald & Sons 204
Gracie, Wm. 259
Graham, Chas. 259
Graham, Elizabeth 828
Granger, Mr. 198
Grant, Gen. Ulysses 70
Grant, William 36
Graves, Edward A. 289
Graves, Edward C. 288
Graves, Jan Boonen 150, 287
Graves, John Boonen Jr. 288
Graves, Marcus N. 289
Graves, Wm. L. 289
Graves, Boonen & Co. 288, 289
Graves, John Boonen & Sons 289
Gray, Sir Charles E. 73, 74, 75
Green, Wm. 224
Green, William W. (Conn.) 313
Greenleaf, James 225
Gregg, David 58
Gregg, Cunningham & Co. 58 59, 60
Griffin, Francis 303
Griffin, George 303
Grim, Chas. F. 259
Grim, David 10, 13, 224
Gringues, De Vaux 87
Grinnell, Cornelius 151
Griswold, N. L. & George 151
Groshen, John 88

H

Hadden, David 26, 150
Haggerty, John 127, 128, 130, 130 132, 133, 150
Haggerty, John & Son 130, 131 132, 133
Haggerty & Austin 128, 129, 130 131, 210

Haggerty & Tuttle 129
Haight, Benjamin 184, 185, 186
187, 188, 190, 196
Haight, Capt. Cornelius 182, 182
201, 203
Haight, Jacob 184
Haight, Samuel 184
Haight, Nicholas 184, 188, 193
194
Haight, David L. 184, 186
187, 188, 194, 196, 197
198, 200
Haight, Gilbert 184, 186, 187, 188
Haight, Hoyt 186
Haight, D. L. & J E. 186, 187
194, 195, 196, 198
Haight, Mary 186, 196
Haight, Richard K. 186, 193, 196
198, 199, 200
Haight, John G. 187, 193
Haight, Benjamin Jr. 187, 188
190, 192
Haight, Halsted E. 188
Haight, Miss A. 188
Haight, Edward 188, 191
Haight, Rev. Dr. Benjamin L 188
Haight, B. & H. 189, 190, 194
Haight, Augustus H. 191
Haight, Benjamin 3d. 191, 196, 198
Haight, Charles 192
Haight, David Henry 193, 197
Haight, John E. 193, 194, 195
196, 198
Haight, J. & W. 193, 194
Haight, George 195, 196, 198
Haight & Ebbits 195
Haight & Disosway 196
Haight, K. & H. & Co. 197
Haight, Daniel L. 197
Haight, Halsey & Co 197, 200
201
Hallett, Joseph 28
Hall, James (Ald.) 809
Hall, Francis 245
Halsey, John 197
Halsey, John Jr. 197
Halsted, David C. 49
Halsted, J. 49, 50
Halsted, — 190
Hamlin, Tom. 244
Hamilton, Alexander 93, 195
Hamilton, Andrew 99
Hamilton, John C. 195
Hammersley, Thomas 84
Hammersley, John & Co. 183
Hammond, Abijah 225
Hancock, John 96, 97
Hanmer, Rev. Mr. 107
Hanmer, Sarah 107
Harved, Jonathan 37
Hardenberg, Johannes 62
Hartman, Lewis 322
Hartley, Robert W. 289
Hartley, Joseph W. 289
Hawks, Francis L. 50
Hawley, Wm. 238
Hay, Jacob 84
Heartt, Philip 57
Heartt, Lewis C. (Troy) 57
Heber, Bishop 102
Henderson, Wm. 220, 224
Hendricks, Harman 124
Henry, Capt. Wm. 59
Henry, John 225
Henry, Capt. 37, 38
Henry, The Misses 37
Heeney, Cornelius 150
Hendricks, Uriah 151
Henschil, Dr. 157
Herbert, Henry 245
Herlman, Walbridge & Co. 204
Hicks, Whitehead 164, 280
Hicks, Lawrence & Co. 151, 241
Hickory, Thomas 177
Hickey, (trial of) 280
Higbee, Rev. Dr. 284
Hill, William 25, 150, 225
Hoe, Robert 247
Hodge, Dr. 168
Hoffman, Martin 224, 264
Hoffman, M. & Sons 240, 241
Hoffman, Lindley M. 248
Hoffman, Josiah Ogden 225
Hoffman, Charles Fenno 259
Hoffman, Samuel V 325
Hoffman Phillp V. 325, 328
Hoffman, Ogden 124, 259
Hoffman L. M. 129, 240
Hobart, Bishop 67, 68, 79, 80
Hobart, John Sloss 225, 231
Hogan, William 28
Hogeboom, Catharine 323
Holland, Edward 210
Holly, Capt. 188
Holly, Miss Catharine 188
Hone, J. & P. 129, 130
Hone, Henry 240, 243
Hone, John & Co. 240

Hone, Philip 251, 259
Hone, Handsome 244
Hooker, Thomas M. 243
Howland, Joseph 82, 151
Howland & Aspinwall 88
Howland, Gardener G. 82, 151, 155
Howland, John H. 245
How, Mr. 68
Howe, Lord 93, 94
Hoyt, Goold 151
Hoyt & Tom 151
Hoyt, Jesse 258
Hughes, Archbishop 54
Hunter, George 205, 216, 217
Hunter, Mrs. Ruth 216, 217
Hunter, George & Co. 216
Hunter, John 217, 224
Hunter, Robert 224
Hyde, Cleaveland & Co. 42, 55, 56
Hyde, A. B. 205

I

Ingoldsby, Felix 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 53, 54, 55, 56, 150
Ingoldsby & Boisseau 451
Ingoldsby, Boisseau & Co. 49, 50
Ingoldsby, Boisseau & Halsted 50
Ingoldsby & Halsted 53
Ingoldsby, Edward M. 53
Ingoldsby, Halsted & Co. 53, 55
Ingraham, Sydney P. 242, 243
Inglis, Rev. Charles 102
Ireland, George 87
Ireland, W. H. 246
Isaac, Bernard Hart 151
Isaac, Dr. 187
Irving, Ebenezer 242
Irving, Peter 260
Irving, Washington 258, 260

J

Jackson, Andrew 19, 69, 74, 125 255
Jackson, Obadiah (colored) 52, 53
James, Major 176
Jans, Annettie 85
Janson, Jan 84
Janson, Dr. 198
Janson, Miss 198
Janeway, George 86
Jauncey, James 28, 270, 271 272, 277
Jay, Gov. John 67, 231
Jay, Frederick 224
Jefferson, Thomas 112, 154, 180 238, 249, 250
Jewett, Helen (Case of) 117
Johnson, Horace 224
Johnson, H. & L. & Co. 224
Johnston, John 150, 225
Jones, Mr. 199, 283
Jones, Samuel 225
Jones, James J. 259
Jones, John 282
Jones, Morgan 325
Judah, Benjamin S. 224
Justice, Mrs. Frances A. 217

K

Kane, John 26
Kampflin, Maria Theresa 303
Kearney, Mr. 23
Kearney, Gen. Philip 169
Kennedy, David 150
Kemble, Peter 224
Kemble, Robert T. 225
Kenney, Michael 242
Kent, Chas. 259
Kent. James 259
Kenyon, Wm. 224
Kerten, Wm. 60
Kerten, Ann 60
Kermit, Henry 205
Kermit, Capt. Henry 205
Kermit, Robert 205
Kermit, Mrs Robert 205
Kernochan, Joseph 134, 135, 136 138, 140
Kernochan, Parish & Co. 136, 138
Ketteltas, Peter 164
Kidd, Capt. Alexander 61
Kiersted, Anthony 150
King, Capt. Linus 61
King, Rufus 88, 151, 204, 225
King & Mead 118
King, Charles 204, 225, 227, 232 259
King, Gov. John Alsop 224, 227 259
King, Mrs. J. A. 227

King, James G. 259
King's Coffee House 86
Kip, Miss 197
Knapp, Miss Eliza 162
Knapp, William P. 242
Knight, Madam 321
Kortright, — 150
Kyles, Samuel 60

L

Lafayette, Gen 17, 153, 154
Lafayette, George 154
Laight, Edward W. 150
Laight, William 219, 223
Lambert, Edward & Co. 163
Lambert, — 198
Lamb, John 256
Landon, John 242
Latourette, Miss 231
Law, Capt. Henry 61
Lawrence, Isaac 26
Lawrence, William 79, 80, 206
Lawrence & Van Zandt 79
Lawrence, Augustus H. 104
Lawrence, Capt. 114
Lawrence, Dominick Lynch 206
Lawrence, John 225, 264
Lawrence, Effingham 225
Lawrence, Cornelius 241
Lawrence, Richard 241
Lawrence, W. B. 259
Lawrence, John L. 264
Lawrence, Robert 264
Lawrence, Peter Van Brugh Livingston 264
Laurie, George 150
Laverty, Henry 150
Leake, Capt. John 61
Leary, John 175
Leary, Mr. 174
Lee, Gen. 94
Leeds, Amos 243, 244
Lefferts, Dirck 169
Le Foy, Abraham 242
Leisler — 263
Lenox, Robert 37, 45, 150
Lent, James W. 246
Le Breton, Madam 297
Le Roy, Jacob 88, 151, 175
Le Roy, Herman 124, 289
Le Roy, Miss 147
Lewis, Morgan 85, 93
Le Seigneur, Alexandre Freres & Co 297
Lewis, Francis 96, 97, 98, 99, 100 101, 102, 103, 104, 105 111, 150, 279, 320
Lewis & Annesley 98, 99, 100
Lewis, Francis Jr. 101, 102, 104
Lewis, Gov. Morgan 101, 104 105, 106, 214, 324, 325
Lewis, Ann 101, 102
Lewis, Francis & Co 103
Lewis, Mrs. 103
Lewis & Lawrence 104
Lewis, Juan Francis 104
Lewis, Gabriel Ludlow 104
Lewis, Horatio Gates 105
Lewis, Edwin 105
Lewis, Anna 105
Lewis, Eliza 105
Lewis, Cecelia 105
Lewis, Emma 105
Lewis, George 224
Lewis, Margaret 106
Lewis, Gilbert 242
Levi, Hayman 151
Lexox, Robert 228
Levy, Aaron 242
Levy, ("Beau") 121
Lincoln, President 161, 245
Lispenard, Capt. Leonard 61, 210 279
Little, Jacob 244
Livingston, Robert 62, 105, 106 231, 257
Livingston, Hon. Edward 69, 225 281
Livingston, Peter Van Brugh 28 164, 269, 277, 282
Livingston, Gertrude 105
Livingston, Mortimer 106
Livingston, Maturin 106, 324
Livingston, Lewis 106
Livingston, Philip 151, 168, 225 262, 263, 264, 265, 266 267, 268, 269, 270, 271 273, 274, 275, 277, 278 279, 280, 281, 282, 320
Livingston, John W. 216, 234
Livingston, John R. 224
Livingston, Gov. Wm. 231, 265 266
Livingston, Julia 234
Livingston, Lieutenant 234
Livingston, Rebecca 285

Livingston, Montgomery 256
Livingston, Robert 262, 268
Livingston, Sarah 264
Livingston, Robert R. 279
Livingston, Philip P. 281
Livingston, Philip H. 281
Livingston, John L. 281
Livingston, John W. 284
Livingston, Robert J. 324, 325
Livingston, Mrs. Robert J. 325
Livingston, Christian, Prime & Coster 325
Livingstone, Brockholt 225
Livingstone, Chas. L. 259
Lorrillard, Peter 150
Low, Archibald 304
Low, Miss Cornelia 304
Louis XVI and his Queen Maria Antoinette 112
Low, A. A. 279 319
Low, N. 259
Low, Cornelius 259
Low, Isaac 164, 183, 279. 281
Ludlow, David 104
Ludlow, Elizabeth 104
Ludlow, Dr. E. G. 104
Ludlow, Gabriel 105, 106, 107
Ludlow, Eliza 105
Ludlow, Edmund 106
Ludlow, Edward 107
Ludlow, Gabriel Jr. 107, 108, 111 114
Ludlow, Judge Geo. Duncan 107 108, 109
Ludlow, Daniel 107, 108, 111, 112 113, 124, 224
Ludlow, Robert 107, 114
Ludlow, Harriet 111
Ludlow, Daniel Jr. 111
Ludlow, Robert C. 111
Ludlow, Frederick 111
Ludlow, Edward G. 111
Ludlow, Gulian 112, 113, 224
Ludlow, Charles 114
Ludlow, Augustus C. 114
Ludlow, Robert 114
Ludlow & Gould 111
Ludlow, Thomas W. 259
Lyde, Edward 151, 203
Lydig, David 9, 11, 12, 13, 14 15, 150
Lydig, Philip 9, 10, 11
Lydig, Mrs. 10
Lydig, David & Son 10
Lynch, Dominick 150, 224
Lyle, Rev. Mr. 245

M

Mabbett, James 241
Macomb, Alexander 224
Madison, James 93, 146, 154, 251
Major, Alexander 163
Major, Henry 162, 163
Major, W. H. 163
Mallet, Gen. E. J. 198
Malcolm, William 150
Manning, John A. 328
Manning, Hoffman 328
Martin, Runyon W. 313
Mark, Jacob 150, 225
Marshall, John Rutgers 137, 138
Marshall, Jacobus 137
Marshall & James 138
Marshall, J. R. & Co. 138
Marshall, Parish & Co 138
Marvin, James M. 73
Marx, Asher 82, 83
Marx & Linsley 82
Marx, Henry Carroll 83, 84, 85
Marx, Sisters 85
Marx, Miss 159
Masterson, Capt. Wm. 61
Matthews, Dr. 86
Matthews, Peter C. 88
Matthews, Mayor 178
Matthews, David 280
Maule, Thomas 224
Maxwell, William 246
Maxwell, Hugh 246
Maxwell, James Homer 95, 224
Maxwell, Mrs. 95
Mc Bride, James 144, 150
Mc Cormick, Daniel 28, 150
Mc Carty, William D. 243, 244
Mc Carty, Augusta 244
Mc Carty, Peter 242, 244
Mc Cartney, James 168
Mc Clure, Col. 252
Mc Clellan, Gen. 161
Mc Causland, James 138
Mc Dougal, Gen. 95
Mc Dougal, A. 211
Mc Dougal's Regiment 239
Mc Duffy, George 43

Mc Evers, James 224
Mc Evers, Charles 87
Mc Gee — 144
Mc Ginniss, Robert 168
Mc Ginniss, Hugh 168
Mc Kenzie, Phebe 25
Mc Kesson, John 28
Mc Kenzie, Capt. Charles 59
Mc Knight, Dr. 216, 230
Mc Laren, John 21
Mc Laughlin, Wm. 242
Mc Leod, William 245
Mc Mennomy, Robert 242
Mc Millan, James 54
Mc Phyfe, Isaac 195
Mc Vicar, John 88, 228
Mc Vicar, Dr. 284, 285, 286
Mead, Benjamin 329
Mercy, Capt. Thomas H. 81
Meserole — 85
Mercier, Capt. Wm. 61
Mesier, Peter 12, 151
Mesier, Peter A. 149
Meyer, George 150
Meleck, B. P. 150
Mercein, Thomas R. 259
Meckle & Son 322
Meckle, Andrew H. (Mayor) 322
Miller, Rev. D. 22, 27, 28
Miller, Eleazer 28
Miller, Capt. 109
Miller, James M. 242, 248
Miller, Mrs. G. B. 322
Mills & Co. 245
Minturn, Jonas 151
Minturn, Rowland R. 242, 318
319
Minturn & Champlin 105
Minturn, B. G. & N. G. 151, 212
Mitchell, Andrew 224
Mitchell, (of the Olympic) 244
Miranda, Gen. 118
Morris, Governeur 231
Morris, Thomas 69
Morris & Willis, 239
Morris, Geo. P. 239
Montgomery, Commodore 87
Mollan, Stuart 28
Mollan, (Nephew) 28
Mollan, — 144
Morewood, Edmund 26, 208
Morewood, Helen 208
Monckton, Gen. 178
Morgan, Geo. C. 284, 285, 290
291, 292, 298
Morgan, E. D. 218
Morgan, John J. 124
Morrison, Richard N. 242
Morrell, George Mc Ray 242
Morton, Jacob 225, 259
Moore, John 225, 281
Moore, Miss Jane 162
Moore, Bishop 162, 187, 208
Moore, Gov. 266, 267, 281
Moore, Dr. William 162
Montcalm, Gen. 101
Moncrief, Sir William 102
Mott, Dr. 292
Moreau, Gen. 114
Moses, David M. 151, 241
Mount, Mr. 181
Mowatt, John 26
Munds, Capt. Israel 61
Munroe, Peter Jay 67
Munroe, James 92, 125, 152, 154
158
Mumford, Gordon S. 151
Murgatroyd, Samuel 324, 326
Murgatroyd, Susan 324, 325, 328
Murray, Robert 66, 270, 320
Murray, Sansom & Co. 66

N

Neilson, Capt. John 27, 259
Neilson, William 28, 224, 230
Neilson, Dr. 86
Nethersole, Mr. 62
Nevins, Russel H. 69
Niblo, William 86
Nicholson, Capt. James 59, 61
Nickoll, Edward H. 130
Noah, Major 292
Noah, M. M. 312
Noon, Major 285

O

Oakley, Charles 88
Oakey, Daniel 206
Ogden, David 25, 202, 207
Ogden, Johattan 25
Ogden, Aaron 93
Ogden, Samuel G. 105, 113, 202,

Sands, Grace Augusta 304
Sands, Samuel Malcomb 304
Sands, John Cornwell 304
Sands, Harriet Ascough 304
Sands, Joshua C. 305
Sands, Joseph 304
Sands, Thomas 306
Sands, Ferdinand 305
Sands, Commodore (U. S. N.) 306
Sands & Crump 305
Sands, Ray & Richards 306
Sands, Spooner & Co 305
Sands & Dickinson 305
Sargent, Aaron 242
Savage, Hon. Edward 229
Schell, Augustus 145
Schemerhorn, Peter 259
Schermerhorn, Abraham 259
Schenck, Peter H. 328
Schultz, (Auditor) 19
Schuyler, — 151
Scoville, Joseph A. 325
Scott, John Morris 28, 281, 269 277
Scriba, George 224
Scudder, John 246
Seaman, Andrew 148
Seaman, Edward 224
Seaman, Henry 224
Seaman, Willett 242
Sears, Isaac 271
Sebring & Van Wyck 16, 18
Sebring, Isaac 18, 19, 20
Sebring & Varick 18
Sebor, Jacob F. 224
Seton, Wm. 211
Seton, James 242
Sewall, Miss 197
Sexas, Solomon 242
Shorthouse, — 44
Sharpe, Peter 312
Shaw, John 224
Shaw, Samuel 224, 228
Sheldon, Capt. Isaac 61
Sherman, Allen N. 134
Sherred, Philip 150
Sherred, Jacob 150
Shepard, Lorenzo B. 217
Shipman, William 171, 188
Shotwell, Fox & Co. 151, 241
Simpson, Sampson 151
Sinclair, Capt. 172
Sinclair, Robert 188
Simmons, Abigail 184
Smith, James R. 26, 224
Smith, William 28, 164, 231
Smith, Emmeline S. 70
Smith, Thomas H. 72
Smith, Miss 72
Smith A Nickoll 180
Smith, Capt. 171
Smith, Melancthon 249
Smith, Miss 249
Smith, Major Israel 251
Smith, Thomas 278, 274
Smith, Floyd 284
Smith, Ramage 183
Smith, Jotham 188, 189, 190, 192
Smith, Jotham Jr. 188
Smith & Fountain 189
Smith, — 209
Smith, Widow 211
Smith, Rachel N. 224, 228
Smith, J. C. 242
Sniiffen, John 242
Society, German 18
Society, St Patrick 29, 60
Society, St. Andrews 61
Southwick, Charlotte 72
Southwick, Jonathan 72
Southall, — 154
Speyer, John 228
Spring, Rev. Gardner 27, 29
Spicer, Gen. 182
Staat, Capt. 178
Stagg, Peter P. 88, 242
Stagg, Nicholas 173
Stephens, Gen. Ebenezer 12
Sterling, Daniel (Bridgeport) 26
Sterling, Mrs. Margaret 26
Sterling, Earl of 64
Stevenson, Capt. John 61
Stewart, A. T. 165, 188, 213
Stewart, Alexander 224
Steuben, Baron 18
Stiles, Capt. Daniel 61
Storm, Thomas 323, 324, 325, 328
Storm, Garrit 323, 324, 325, 326 328
Storm, Stephen 324, 328, 329 330, 331
Storm, Louisa 324
Storm & Sickles 323
Storm, Thomas & Sons 328
Storm, Garrit & Stephen 328
Storm, Jacob & S. 328
Stoughton, James 117, 118, 119 120, 121, 123

Stoughton, Don Thomas 120
Stoughton, Don Juan 120
Stoughton, Francisco 121
Stout, Capt. Jacob 31, 82, 35, 36 37, 39, 40, 54, 55
Stout, Capt John 31
Stout, The Family 31, 82, 36, 37
Stout, Benjamin 31
Stout, Jacob Jr. 31, 82, 35, 36 39, 40, 41, 54, 55
Stout, Catherine 31, 32
Stout, Aquila Giles 36, 37, 40, 41 45, 52, 54, 55, 56
Stout, Capt. Wm. Carpenter 37, 38
Stout, A. Breeze 37
Stout, Frances A. 37
Stout & Platt 40
Stout, A. B. 40
Stout & Ward 40
Stout, Platt & Co. 41
Stout & Ingoldsby 42, 44
Stout, Ingoldsby & Co. 44, 45
Strong, Geo. W. 259
Strong, Wm. K. 242
Stuart, James 224
Stuyvesant — 150
Stuyvesant, Nicholas Wm. 172
Stout, Peter J. 259
Suffern, Thomas 144, 150
Sumner, I. Bird 102
Suydam, John 15
Swedborg, John 26
Swedborg, Charles G. 26
Swartwout, Samuel 19, 20, 248
Swartwout, Abraham 248, 249
Swartwout, John 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 254
Swartwout, Robert 248, 250, 251
Swartwout, Henry 248, 250, 251 252
Swartwout, Jacobus 248
Swartwout, Bernardus 248
Swartwout, B. & Son 249
Swartwout, Bernardus Jr. 249
Swartwout & Dumont 249, 250, 251
Swartwout, Samuel 251, 255, 256 257, 258, 259, 260, 261
Swartwout, Edward 252
Swartwout, John & Robert 252
Swartwout, Melancthon S 254
Swartwout, John 255
Swartwout, Mary 256

T

Tardy, John A. 297
Targee, John 195
Tallmadge, — 312
Tallyrand, Bishop 308
Tappan, Henry P. 234
Tappan, John L. 235
Tappan, Lewis 246
Tappan, Arthur 246
Taylor, John 64, 174
Taylor, Joseph 64
Ten Broeck, Miss 265 281
Ten Eyck, Thomas 224
Thompson, Abraham G. 241
Thompson, Edward G. 242
Thompson, Capt. Wm. 61, 241
Thompson & Alexander 59
Thompson, Jonathan 145
Thompson, Francis & Son 151
Thomas, Adams & Son 26
Thomas, Jonathan 151
Thomas, William 224
Thebaud, Joseph 151, 296, 297
Thorne, Mr. Samuel 159
Thorne, Stephen 30
Throp, Geo. 18, 124
Thorburn, Grant 246, 322
Thorburn, James 247
Tillery, James 220, 225
Tillou, Vincent 284
Tillou, Francis 284
Tillou, Francis R. 284
Tiebout, John 310
Titus, John H. 162, 168
Todd, Matilda C. 313
Todd, William L. 313
Todd, Theodore W. 313, 314
Todd, Charles H. 314
Todd, Maria 314
Todd & Co. 314
Todd, Wm. W. 308, 309, 311, 312 314, 315
Todd, Adam 308, 309, 310
Todd, Adam Jr. 308
Todd, James H. 309
Todd, Sarah 310
Todd, Margaret 316
Tooker, Samuel & Co 329
Tomkins, Mr. 214
Town, Charles 130
Townsend, Samuel 231
Tracy, Frederic A. 36
Trent, Rev. Joseph 27

Tripler, Thomas 242
Trumbull, Col. 300
Treadwell, Mr. 288
Tucker, Fanning C 45
Tucker, Fanning 104
Tucker, Susan 104
Turc, Lieutenant 284
Turnbull, George 225
Tuttle, Mr. 128
Twist, Oliver 225
Twigley, Capt. Daniel 61
Tyler, President John 125

U

Underhill, Israel 79
Underhill, Maria Allaire 79

V

Van Antwerp, Simeon 185
Van Berktech, F. B. 287
Van Buren, Peter B. 242
Van Buren, President Martin 64 125
Van Cott, David 85
Van Dyck, Abraham 170, 171
Van Dyck, Dr. 168
Van West, Abraham 185
Van Ranst, 150
Van Schonhoven, Mrs. 159
Van Tuyl, Andrew 20, 288
Van Vleck, Henry 182, 188
Van Winkle, Jacob 242
Van Waggenen, Hubert 188
Van Wyck, Theodorus 16, 17, 18 269, 277
Van Wyck, W. 259
Van Zandt, Wynant Geneology of 88, 89, 90, 91 92, 96
Van Zandt, Wynant Jr. 78, 79, 84 86, 87, 91
Van Zandt, Dr. Charles A. 81, 82 83, 84
Van Zandt, Peter Praa 85
Van Zandt, Peter 85
Van Zandt, Thomas 85, 89
Van Zandt, Tobias 86, 90
Van Zandt, Peter Pidd 86
Van Zandt, Catherine 92, 93, 94, 95
Van Zandt, Jacobus 92
Valentine, David 174
Valentine, Mr. 226
Varick, John V. B. 18
Varick, Abraham 8, 228
Varick, Richard 18, 25, 177, 225
Verplanck, Gulian 62, 108, 150
Verplanck, Miss 108
Verplanck, Daniel Crommeline 108 225
Verplanck, Gulian C. 108, 144, 219 225, 285
Verplanck, S. 259
Verites, Madam 199
Vesey, Rev. Mr. 84
Vincent, Edward 152
Vinton, Rev. Dr. 284

W

Waddell, Robert Ross 58, 59, 60, 62
Waddell, Capt. John 60, 61, 62, 64
Waddell, John 60, 61
Waddell, The family 61, 62, 63, 70
Waddell, Widow Ann 61, 64
Waddell, Robert 62
Waddell, Wm. Ald. 62, 63, 64, 65 66
Waddell, Mrs. Wm. 62, 63
Waddell, Capt. Henry 66, 67, 68 69
Waddell, William Coventry 68, 69 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 244
Waddell, John Henry 68
Waddell, Francis Lucas 68, 72 73, 74
Waddell, Lloyd Saxbury 68
Waddell Daubeney 70
Waddell, Ida L. 70, 71
Waddell & Taylor 66
Waddell, Frank 244
Waddington, Joshua 114, 150, 224
Waggonen, J. J. 250
Wainryte, Miss 283
Waite, Miss 255
Waldron, Miss 40
Wallace, Hugh & Alexander 59
Wallace, Hugh 281
Walbridge, Hon. Hiram 204
Walcotts, (the) 245
Walton, A. G. & Co. 44
Walton, Miss Charlotte E. 208

Walton, Miss 208
Walton, Harry 206
Walton, Jacob 270, 271, 272, 277
Ward, Gen. 158
Ward, Geo. A. 241
Ward, Marmaduke 242
Ward, Samuel 224
Ward, Jasper 312
Waring, Capt. Samuel 284
Warren, Lady 276
Washington, Gen. Geo. 93, 94, 95 103, 118, 120, 173, 177 178, 256
Washington, Mrs. Gen. 94
Waterhouse, A. A. 242
Watson, James 224
Watson, Mr. John 174
Watson & Gray 288
Watts, John 164, 209, 219, 225 281
Watts, Robert 168, 169, 224
Webster, Daniel (colored) 52
Webster, Jan. 52
Wells, Ralph 26
Wells, Obadiah 169
Wells, Thomas L. 259
Wells, Ashbel 228, 229
Wetmore, Wm. W. 242
West, John 263
Wheaton, Henry 312
White, Henry 86, 281
White, John & Co. 144, 147, 148
White, Dr. 144, 146, 147, 148
White, Decimus 144, 146
White, Robert 144, 145, 147, 148
White, Campbell P. 144, 146, 147 148
White, Joseph 145, 146
Whittemore, Samuel 83
Whittemore, Timothy 83
Whitney, Stephen 112
Whyte, William Pinkney 145
Wiggins, Stephen R. 242
Wiley, John 49
Wiley & Halsted 49
Wiley, Le Roy M. 188, 189
Willett, Martinius 185
Willink, James 202
Willink, John A. 202, 203
Willson, Wm. 150
Williams, Erasmus 172
Wilmerding, Wm. 225
Wilmerding, Christian Wm. 150
Wilmerding, Priest & Mount 131 169
Wilkinson, Mr. 93
Wilkinson, Gen. 251
Wilkinson, Widow C. 224
Windust, Edward 243
Winter, Joseph 225
Winthrop, Francis B. 224
Wise, Gov. 158
Witney, Thomas 229
Witter, Capt. Thomas 61
Wolfe, Joel 152, 153, 154, 155 156, 159
Wolfe, Udolpho 152, 153, 154, 155 156, 157, 158, 159
Wolfe, Christopher 152
Wolfe, J. D. 152
Wolfe, W. H. 152
Wolfe, Benjamin 152, 153
Wolfe, Nathaniel 153
Wolfe, Richmond 153
Wolfe, Samuel 154
Wolfe, Samuel S. 154
Wolfe, Joel 2d. 159
Wood, John 169
Wood, Fernando 169
Woodworth, Hon. John 233
Woolsey, W. W. 23, 45
Wools, Mr. 283
Woolsey, Ward & Beach 241
Wotherspoon, George 26
Wright, Capt. James 61
Wright, Grove 111, 115
Wright, Isaac & Son 150
Wyckoff, Henry J. 45
Wylly, John 86

Y

Yates, Abraham 281
Young, Rev. Mr. 284

Z

Zenger, Peter 96, 99

THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

CHAPTER I.

Among the honored mercantile names of the city, none stand higher than that of David Lydig. For more than forty years he was one of the principal merchants here. He was the son of Phillip Lydig, a native of Germany, and of good family

The long continuance of war having greatly impoverished Germany, the father of David Lydig, after receiving a good education, followed it up by learning the trade of a ship baker, resolving to seek his fortunes in America. Supplied by his parents with sufficient means to enable him at least to make a beginning in the new world, he quitted Germany and came to this city in the early part of the last century, where by the judicious use of his small means, aided by a great deal of natural sagacity and persevering industry, Phillip Lydig succeeded in establishing himself in the business of supplying vessels with sea buiscuit. Money was not made so rapidly then as

now. It was slowly gained. This great metropolis was then but a small place of a little over 8,000 inhabitants, and those who acquired a competency reached it only after many years, by careful saving and the practice of economy. Mr. Phillip Lydig married a widow named Ebert, a sister of David Grim, so frequently referred to in our city annals as the source of a great deal of the information we possess respecting the city just before and after the Revolution. The residence of Phillip Lydig was at the southeast corner of Ferry and Gold streets, then a thickly populated part of the town. It was standing a few years ago, a large, solid, substantial structure; and persons were then living who remembered old Mrs. Lydig, a fair-faced, healthy, handsome old lady, with her plain white cap, scrupulously neat dress and dignified manners, sitting in the summer afternoons on the old Dutch porch in front of her house. Mr. Phillip Lydig was one of the leading members of the German Lutheran congregation worshipping in what was then known as the Swamp Church in Skinner street, at the bottom of Frankfort. This edifice proving insufficient for the wants of the congregation, they determined to erect a more capacious one, to be built of stone, after the pattern of the churches in the fatherland. Of this enterprise Mr. Lydig was an active promoter and a large contributor. The undertaking being one of too much magnitude for the united means of the Germans then residing in the city, he determined to go to Germany at his own expense to solicit contributions. The mission proved entirely successful. He returned with a sum of money amply sufficient, with what had been raised in the city, to put up the large quaint-looking stone church which stood for so many years at the corner of Frankfort and William streets. The building was finished,

and the old Swamp church taken down in 1766. In the stormy times which followed he took no part, quietly attending to his business and keeping his own counsel; and when the British held possession of the city, he secured the very profitable business of supplying the army with bread, which, added to his previous gains, made up what for those days was a substantial fortune. He died before the close of the Revolution, and was buried beneath the church which his labors had contributed so much to erect. His widow survived him for many years, living until her death in the old house at the corner of Ferry and Gold streets.

When the Revolution was over and the business of the city revived as the new Government became gradually established, David Lydig, then a young man, found himself in possession of a very substantial property, his share, as one of two surviving children, of his father's estate. He had received as good an education as was possible at that time in the city, and had been carefully brought up in those habits of probity for which he was afterwards distinguished in his career as a merchant. Inheriting his father's handsome person, and endowed with all his sagacity, judgment, and good sense, he surpassed the elder Lydig in the courtesy of his manners, in his large and liberal tastes, and in the refinement and dignity of his deportment. Being gifted with those qualities of mind and person which made him a most attractive man in society, and possessed as he was of very substantial means, he might as many young men are, have been drawn off into a life of fashionable dissipation and indolent leisure, the inducement to which was even stronger then than it is now, the aim of the socially ambitious at that period, being to become a member of or else a satellite of the class then known as "the people of figure." On the

contrary, feeling an honest pride in the pursuit by which his father had obtained his pecuniary independence, he resolved to employ his share of his parent's fortune in a pursuit directly growing out of that in which it had been gained. Purchasing the valuable water power at Buttermilk Falls, near West Point, he erected large mills for the manufacture of flour, which are still there and in use, and commenced its manufacture upon an extensive scale, employing a large number of persons, and in connection with it purchased the building which is still standing at the corner of South and Dover streets, as a depot for its sale, and for the transaction of the general business of a wholesale flour merchant.

Marrying a beautiful woman of no fortune, the daughter of Peter Mesier, one of the wealthy and patriotic merchants whom the Revolution had ruined, Mr. Lydig took up his residence in Beekman street, next door to the house of General Stevens. As the city was small, and the people generally known to each other, there was much more social intercourse than at present, and as Mr. Lydig owned fine sloops plying between the mills at West Point and the city, it was his custom every summer to make up parties of friends, ladies and gentlemen, for an excursion through the Highlands and even to Hyde Park and Albany, stopping by the way at the country places of various friends along the banks of the Hudson. It was like yachting at the present day, but more impromptu and infinitely more sociable. Under his excellent management his business steadily increased, and the mills at Buttermilk Falls not affording a sufficient supply of flour, he purchased another water power nearer to the city, with a mill attached. This was the beautiful country residence of the De Lanceys, in Westchester County, adjoining the village of West Farms, situ

ated on both sides of the Bronx River, embracing a large number of acres, in which was included the family mansion on the banks of the river, built by Peter Delancy at the beginning of the last century. In this purchase was united a mill power near to the city, and accessible by water, together with a beautiful country seat.

Mr. Lydig did not confine himself merely to his own private business, his financial ability was always at the service of the people. He was a director of the Merchants Bank at the time it was incorporated in 1805, and he was re-elected a director every year until his death. He was also for many years Treasurer of the German Society of this city, and was afterward elected its President, succeeding in that office to such honored names as Baron Steuben and David Grim.

Mr. Lydig, after living for many years at 35 Beekman street, exchanged his two story residence there in 1819, for a more aristocratic one at 225 Broadway. This was on the block now covered by the Astor House. John G. Coster lived on the corner of Broadway and Barclay — adjoining him was the residence of David Lydig, and next came that of John Jacob Astor. Mr. Lydig was now one of the leading and most substantial merchants of the city, continuing to do business at his old place in South street, residing during the winter at his house in Broadway, and during the summer at his beautiful country residence in Westchester.

Having accumulated a large fortune, and having but one child to inherit it, he made no further effort to extend his business, and being a man of great general intelligence, to which were united refined and highly polished manners, qualities more appreciated then than they are now, he was the centre of a cultivated society dispensing

a generous hospitality. The practice then existed of establishing a club which met for social intercourse at each other's houses once every week, where the members dined together. This supplied a want indifferently met in the present day by the permanent clubs, such as the Union and the Century — to one of these including about thirty of our principal citizens, Mr. Lydig belonged. He was likewise a great lover and patron of the Drama.

When the great design of Clinton, the Erie Canal, was approaching its consummation, Mr. Lydig foresaw with the foreshadowing sagacity of the penetrating merchant, that flour would be ultimately manufactured in the great grain growing valleys of the West, at a cost in production that would annihilate all competition on the part of manufacturers in the southern portion of the State, and to the astonishment of all those engaged in the business, he sold out his extensive mills at Buttermilk Falls at what appeared to be a foolish sacrifice, commenced to curtail, and finally wound up his business.

By this timely movement he saved a fortune, the greater part of which would have been swept away in the revolution which followed very speedily upon the opening of the Erie Canal. When Mr. J. J. Astor resolved to build his new hotel in 1830, Mr. Lydig being obliged to sell, removed to No. 34 Laight street, opposite St. John's Park, then considered the most eligible part of the city, where he continued to reside until his death, about twenty years ago (1842). He is supposed to have left something under half a million to his son, Phillip Lydig, not dying as rich as some of his compeers, for the sufficient reason that they kept on steadily accumulating, having no taste or ambition but that of money getting to the end of their lives; while he entertained

largely, his house in the country being always filled with an influx of visitors, in which were included the very numerous connections of himself and wife. In all business matters he was looked up to as a man whose advice and judgment was of the greatest value, and his career as a merchant fully justified that confidence. His maxim was to stick to legitimate business, and he could never be induced himself, and constantly dissuaded others, from entering into any speculation not connected with the regular business which they had adopted as a pursuit.

Though liberal in aiding measures designed for the public benefit, nothing could tempt him to take any part in public affairs, a disinclination partly personal and partly the result of his political opinions.

His business morality was of the highest kind. His word was as good as his note, and maintaining himself the strictest integrity in all his dealings, he could neither do business with nor even speak to a man who was ever known to have done what he, in a mercantile sense looked upon as dishonorable.

As we remember him, he was a man a little above the ordinary height, portly in person, with a finely shaped head, large forehead, a serious, thoughtful looking face, the intelligent expression of which was enhanced by his gold spectacles, somewhat reserved in his manner, and dignified in his bearing.

His son Phillip Lydig was connected with his father in business at No. 160 South street, under the firm of David Lydig & Son, as early as 1824. It continued several years, and he retired when the former did. He married the eldest daughter of John Suydam, and has since led the life of an unobtrusive gentleman, bringing up a large family, using as his father did, his winters

in the house in Laight street, and his summers on his estate at Westchester. The Bronx river is inclosed by the dams of two mills for the space of nearly a mile through his grounds, and forms in its meandering course, bordered by overhanging trees, one of the sweetest rural spots in the neighborhood of New York. The historical interest of this beautiful spot is diminished however, by the loss of the quaint and picturesque old homestead destroyed by fire a few years ago. The summer houses, rural seats and winding paths, together with the garden laid out in the style of half a century ago remain, but Mr. Lydig lives in a house on another part of the farm, on the Fordham road. His eldest daughter is married to Judge Charles P. Daly. His eldest son, a fine youth, is now serving as volunteer aid to one of the Generals in Burnside's expedition, and has distinguished himself by his gallantry and capacity at the battle of Roanoke and Newbern, and in the attack upon Fort Macon. Another daughter married Judge John Brady, a short time ago.

Among the extensive merchant firms at the commencement of this century was that of Sebring & Van Wyck. This firm commenced business as early as 1790, on the Albany pier. The senior partner of the firm was a very remarkable man. He came to this city before the Revolutionary war, and I think he was from the County of Duchess. He fought in the war, and was at the battle on Long Island in 1776, just previous to the capture of the city. He entered the army as a private. Previous to this he had been engaged as a clerk in some large store, but where it was I do not recollect. When Isaac went into business with Mr. Theodorus Van Wyck, who lived at 82 Greenwich street, his own house was at No 2 Duke street. The firm continued on until May, 1803, when

Mr. Wyck, whose health had become very poor, went abroad by the advice of his physician. It was hoped that a European voyage might save him. It was not so to be. He died in Paris on the 18th November, 1803. He left a wife and two beautiful daughters to deplore the great loss of one of the best of men. He was an affectionate husband and parent. His friends were numerous in the city, and all loved him. He was of great private worth, and was an honest man, a prudent mer chant and a valuable citizen. He was descended from and named after Theodorus Van Wyck, who was Assistant, and afterwards Alderman of the Dock Ward, in 1756 and 1764.

His widow Van Wyck, some time after the death of her husband in Paris, married the celebrated John E. Caldwell. Mr. Caldwell was a neighbor of the Van Wyck family, they living at 32, and he the next door at 34 Greenwich. He was doing at that time an immense business under the firm of J. E. Caldwell & Co., in Washington street, at White's wharf.

The early history of Caldwell was somewhat singular. Both of his parents were murdered by the British, and at different periods of the war. The father was murdered at Elizabethtown, N. J. The boy, John E. was then taken by Gen. Lafayette, who placed him with a large merchant in this city to bring him up to business. Mr. Caldwell, when he grew up to manhood, went into business on his own account, and always lived at 34 Greenwich street, until he died — about 1819. I think for the last year of his life he was at the corner of Nassua and Liberty streets, and edited a monthly religious publication. He was also an agent of the American Bible Society. The widow Caldwell lived at 34 Greenwich street several years after. She only died a few

years ago. Her two daughters by Mr. Van Wyck were charming girls. I believe one married. The other belonged to Dr. Romeyn's church, and died about 1827. She was regarded as a model christian. Several of the most renowned christian clergymen used to visit her in order to hold converse upon religious subjects. She was regarded with astonishment. During her last illness, many persons of all classes went to see her.

After Isaac Sebring dissolved with Mr. Van Wyck, he kept on business for some years at the same place, corner of Coenties slip and South street, under his own name. He lived at No. 2 Broadway. In 1809 he took into partnership John V. B. Varick, and the firm was Sebring & Varick. John was a brother of Abraham Varick, who lived at 56 Water street many years. Abraham and John were both nephews of the celebrated Richard Varick, and when he died they inherited his large estate, for he had no children. Sebring & Van Wyck did not do well. They lost immense sums of money in their business, and dissolved in 1820. Sebring lost immensely by his connection with Varick.

Isaac Sebring was a leading Federalist of the old school. In the days of the administration of Mr. Monroe, he got up the subscription to build Washington Hall. The money was raised, and a building erected, extending almost the entire front of Broadway, between Chambers and Reade streets. It covered nearly all of the ground now occupied by Stewart's dry goods stores. The idea of the leading Federalists was to have a large hall for that party, in imitation of Tammany Hall, the head quarters of the Republicans. The hall was very large, and for many years was the head quarters of the Federal party. It combined the hotel also, the same as did Tammany. Washington Hall had the largest room in

the city. It was a great place for balls for many years. John Quincy Adams, when President, if he passed through New York, always stopped at Washington Hotel, as did all of the principal federal leaders. The hall was built with the fund raised by Isaac Sebring. The idea was to make it self-supporting. It never paid any interest. It was heavily mortgaged to John G. Coster. He foreclosed, and then bought it in himself. I think in 1822 Isaac Sebring gave up business, and moved out of the city. He went up to Fishkill, where he lived with a daughter who had married in that village. He did not remain there but a few months. When he returned to New York he was appointed, in 1822, a city weigher. This barely gave him bread to eat. He lost that finally, and became extremely poor. I omitted to mention that in 1811 the Federalists elected him a member of Assembly from this city. He was re-elected for three years. All this time he had been an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church. In 1829, he hardly knew where to get a dollar. Luckily for him, he was well acquainted with George B. Rapelye, formerly one of the most extensive merchants, and, what was still more lucky, Mr. Rapelye was very intimate with Samuel Swartwout, who had just been appointed Collector of the Port of New York by President Andrew Jackson. Mr. Rapelye went to the Collector, Sam, who was as noble-hearted a man as ever drew breath, and stated the case.

"We must find something for him," said Sam; and he sent for old Mr. Schultz, who was then Auditor and a sort of right-hand man for the Collector. The result was that Mr. Sebring was sent for, and the Collector told him he had appointed him.

"But I am a Federalist; I have opposed your party

all my life," said the astonished Sebring, with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, darn it; that has nothing to do with it. You have served your country in war — you have been a leading merchant, and now you are poor. True, you have been a Federalist, but you have been a friend to your country."

Mr. Sebring became again a happy man. He was over eighty, but Sam Swartwout had saved the old war veteran from going to the poor house. He enabled him to earn a support, for he was good at figures, and was of great service in the Auditor's department. By his side at a desk, was the aged Andrew Van Tuyl, also an old citizen of great worth. These two would talk over old times with great glee. Mr. Sebring, after he got into the Custom house, took board at five dollars a week. He was restored again to his old position as an elder in the Dutch Church, and he died while an elder, and while holding the place in the Custom House. He was ninety years old when he died. In the days of his prosperity, he stood very high as a merchant, and he did a very extensive shipping business. It seems hard that old merchants are not made comfortable in this way. They could be of service in the Custom House, and no one would begrudge them their place. Even if the present system of removing partisans was to be kept up, it need not interfere with the system of keeping from 400 to 500 old merchants in employ, without reference to their politics.

CHAPTER II.

Among the many of foreign birth who have by their energy, business qualifications and many private virtues contributed to the prosperity of their adopted city and adorned the profession of a merchant of New York, the subject of the following sketch is a distinguished example.

One of the oldest houses in the city was that of Clendining & McLaren, who started a few years after the close of the war. It was an Irish house, and the largest importing house in the Irish trade in 1792. Their store was at No. 4 Burling slip, near Queen (Pearl) street. One partner was John Clendining, who lived over the store; and the other John McLaren, who resided at No. 30 Golden Hill street. In 1793, the counting-house and store was removed to 220 Queen street (209 Pearl street). In 1798 John McLaren died, and John Adams was taken into the concern, and the firm was changed to Clendining & Adams. The history of Mr. Adams is a singular but a very honorable one. He was born at Londonderry, Ireland, in 1773. His parents were Presbyterians of Scotch descent, whose ancestors had emigrated to the County of Ulster under the persecution of King James. His father tilled a small farm, which is yet occupied by his grand-children

John Adams (of C. & A.) received a plain English education, combined with religious training, and when of proper age was apprenticed to the mercantile business in the town of Strabane. By his energy and industry, he very soon gained the entire confidence of his employer, and was promoted to be his principal clerk.

After some time, John Adams, having connections in the city of Philadelphia, decided to emigrate there He arrived there in June, 1794, and remaining but one year, then came on to New York. He brought with him letters of recommendation to Clendining & McLaren, the Irish importing house. They concluded to employ him as a clerk, and he was with them for three years in that capacity, or until he became a partner, in 1798. He continued on the even tenor of his way, living on the corner of Broadway and Cedar streets, until 1806. For some time he had been courting Miss Ann, a beautiful daughter of John G. Glover, one of the most celebrated merchants in the town. Mr. Glover died towards the close of the last century, at the house he had built at 174 Broadway. His widow lived in that house for many years, and it was there on Tuesday evening July 1, 1806, that Mr. Adams was married by the Rev. Doctor Miller. The young couple went to housekeeping soon after at No. 10 Vesey street, opposite St. Paul's churchyard, then a fashionable part of the town. Clendining & Adams did an immense business until 1812, at 209 Pearl street, when the partnership was dissolved. The son of Mr. Clendining kept at the old stand, No. 209, for many years after, under his own name, until 1819, when he took in Mr. Buckley, and the firm was Clendining & Buckley. All this time young John Clendining had lived over his store, as was the custom of the old time merchants.

He lived there until 1823, when Clendining & Buckley moved their store to 209 Pearl street. It was dissolved in 1826.

Old John Clendining retired from business in 1811, and soon after sold his house and store in Pearl street to William Redmond, removing to Bloomingdale, where he died in 1836. His son, John, went into business with Horace W. Bulkley about 1816, under the firm of Clendining & Bulkley, which was kept up for several years. Old John Clendining had two sons, John and James, and four daughters. The eldest daughter, Margaret, married Bulkley. Sally married William Hogan (late Member of Congress for St. Lawrence County, N. Y). Jane married Mr. Kearny, and is yet living. Letitia married Mr. Mollan, nephew of the late Stuart Mollan, not living. James is long since dead. John is living and a bachelor. Mr. John Clendining was one of the largest stockholders in the late U. S. Bank, under the new charter, and his family sustained in consequence very heavy loss.

John Adams removed two doors from his old store, 209 to 213 Pearl street, and there he kept many years or until 1819, when he retired from active business, and removed his residence to 71 Chambers street. In 1819, he was elected one of the Governors of the New York Hospital, and continued to be so until 1854, serving in the office thirty-six years. He was Treasurer the whole of that time. His portrait is still kept in the Governor's room.

He was a Trustee for the Public School Society. He was President of the Humane Society for many years. He was elected Treasurer of the American Bible Society on the decease of William W. Woolsey. He was a director of the City Bank for many years.

In 1827, the affairs of the Fulton Bank having fallen into great confusion, with loss of credit, John Adams was induced to accept of the Presidency of the institution. He immediately set himself to work to restore its crippled finances, and with such good result, that the credit of the Bank was soon re-established, and it has since that period enjoyed the entire confidence of the commercial community. The Fulton Bank had paid a dividend of ten per cent. per annum for an uninterrupted period of some twenty-two years, when the infirmities of age pressed upon him, and he frequently expressed the desire to withdraw from office, but at the urgent request of the directors, he was induced to change his determination, and he died in office, having been President for twenty-eight years.

I have already mentioned that he married Miss Ann Glover. She died in 1819.

Seven children were the result of this marriage. The wife, Ann Glover, was the daughter of John G. Glover. At that time, or rather as early as 1786, soon after peace was declared, there were three John Glovers in the city. One was a house carpenter in King George street, and the other two Johns were merchants. One of these last was known as English John, and the other as Irish John. In 1790, to prevent mistakes as to correspondence, the two merchants John assumed each a middle letter, English John taking the title of John J., and Irish John that of John G. At that time the latter resided at 49 Broadway, and the former at 26 Queen (Pearl,) near Pine street. John G. died at 174 Broadway in 1800, and John J. lived some years after. It was the daughter of the Irish John G., that John Adams married.

John G. Glover had purchased a large tract in the

neighborhood of Prince and Spring streets (then out of town), and commenced the erection of a large country house, which was completed by his widow. It was the custom at that period for all who could afford it to have summer residences, more particularly after the great epidemic fever of 1798. John J. Glover, Colonel Varick, Robert Benson, &c. had country seats in the same neighborhood

Mrs. Elizabeth Glover, his wife, died in this house in 1835, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, a woman of most remarkable energy of character, having passed through the trying period of the Revolutionary war sustaining herself and her husband by the exercise of that energy.

John G. Glover had two sons, one of whom, John, was lost at sea in returning from a trip to Santa Cruz, in 1805; the other, Andrew, was brought up in the counting-house of William Hill, and was for a short time a partner of Jasper Corning, succeeding to the business of Mr. Adams, at 213 Pearl street, Mr. Corning having been a clerk to John Adams. Andrew was married, in 1825, to Phœbe McKenzie, and removed to a farm belonging to his mother in Junius, Waterloo, Seneca County, New York. In 1830 he was a member of Assembly from that county, where he distinguished himself by his advocacy of a sound policy, independent of party consideration, and by the urbanity of his manners. Andrew Glover was a polished gentleman, and for a long period was a leader of the *ton* in New York society.

He died in 1835, leaving five children. The daughters of John G. Glover were Elizabeth, Sally, Jane and Ann. Elizabeth died of consumption early. Sally, married David, brother of Jonathan Ogden; David died

of yellow fever in 1798, leaving a daughter, now the wife of George Wotherspoon. After several years she married Henry Fisher, of the firm of Henry & John Fisher, by whom she had five children. Mr. Henry Fisher (now Assistant Treasurer of the American Bible Society) is the only survivor. Jane Glover married Edmund Morewood, and survived her marriage but one year. Ann married John Adams in 1806, and died in October, 1819, leaving seven children, John G., James, William, Elizabeth, Ann, Sarah and Jane. John G. was educated a physician. After the death of his father he married, in 1858, Margaret Aspinwall, daughter of the late Daniel Sterling, of Bridgeport. He resides during the summer at Bridgeport, passing the winter in New York. James became a partner of the house of Thomas, Son & Adams, in 1834. He died in February, 1839, unmarried. William married, in 1842, Agnes Smedberg, daughter of Charles G. Smedberg. He has five children, and is a partner in the house of Adams & Hawthorn. Elizabeth died unmarried in 1829. Ann is unmarried. Sarah married Ralph Wells in 1850; she has five children. Jane was married in 1847, to John Swedberg. She died in 1855, leaving four children.

Pearl street, between Maiden lane and Beekman street, was one of the great centres of business from 1811 to 1820. The names of John G. Glover, Isaac Carow, David Hadden, Isaac Lawrence, John Mowatt, James R. Smith, B. Woolsey Rogers, John Kane and others, have rendered this region famous. John Adams' place of business was at 213 Pearl street, opposite Fletcher street, that of John Clendining at 210 in the same street.

In his religious sentiments Mr. Adams was a devoted Presbyterian of the old school, his ancestors for many

generations having professed the same faith. For more than sixty years he was a worshipper in the Brick Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Doctors Rodgers and Miller (the latter married him) and of the present venerable incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Spring. In 1815 he was appointed ruling Elder, and continued in that office for forty years.

The first Presbyterian Church, as it was called, was put up in Wall street, north side, between Nassau and Broadway, in 1719. In 1765, Rev. John Rodgers was called as colleague pastor to Rev. Joseph Trent. Up to that time there had been but one place of worship, but the congregation had become so large that a second place was neccessary, and a grant was obtained from the Corporation of the ground out of town in the fields, now bounded by Beekman and Nassau streets (where the *Times*' building now stands).

There the "Brick Church," that stood until within a few years, was erected, and opened for worship January 1, 1768. It was considered as one with that in Wall street. Curious enough, most of the founders were Irishmen. In 1762, Captain John Neilson, a native of Ireland, bequeathed by will $250. He was a member of this church for years. He commanded a ship in the European trade out of this port, in which he was blown up on the coast of France, in the year 1762, and with his whole crew perished. Previous to the time of John Rodgers, the introductory prayer, and reading the Scriptures, and giving out the first Psalm, was read from the clerk's desk instead of the pulpit. Rev. John took the responsibility of ending all that, and performed the whole service in the pulpit from 1765. To build the "Brick Church," in Beekman street, Mr. Rodgers went for several months from door to door in New York City. One morning he called at

the door of Mrs. ——, who had recently lost her daughter. She was poor. To his surprise, she handed him a very large sum — so large, for her, that he hesitated about accepting it. She put an end to his scruples by saying, "Take it all. I had laid it up for my daughter, as her portion. I am determined that He who has my daughter, shall have her portion," too. The principal advisers of Mr. Rodgers were William Smith, the historian, John Morin Scott, Joseph Hallet, Andrew Elliott, Collector of the Port, and James Jauncy. In 1771, Eliot Smith & Jauncy, of the Presbyterian Church, took sides with the King. When the British got possession, Dr. Rodgers left New York, and did not return until December, 1783, after the evacuation. He found Presbyterian affairs about used up. His parsonage house was burned up — both houses of worship in a state little short of ruin — his flock scattered, and what remained in the city exhausted in pecuniary resources. It would be many months before the churches in Wall and Beekman streets could be fixed up. During the interval old Trinity offered to him the use of St. George's and St. Paul's chapels, and the offer was gratefully accepted, and the chapels used until June, 1784. Mr. Trent did not come back after the war. The Legislature of the State, in the first session after the conclusion of the war, passed an act in reference to all religious denominations, allowing them to appoint trustees to take care of the temporalities of their congregations. The first Presbyterian church immediately appointed Daniel McCormick, William Neilson, Joseph Hallet, Daniel Phœnix, John McKesson, Eleazer Miller, Samuel Broom, Archibald Currie, and Peter Van Burg Livingston.

In 1793, the Rev. Samuel Miller became assistant to Dr. Rodgers. In 1796, through the liberality of

Henry Rutgers, who gave the land, a third church was erected, corner of Rutgers and Henry streets — both streets named after Henry Rutgers. These churches all separated after some years. In 1810 the Rev. Dr. Spring was elected assistant to Dr. Rodgers, who died in 1811. His last act in 1819, when eighty-three years old, was to lay the corner-stone of the Irish Presbyterian church, in Spring street, near Varick.

I return to John Adams, the merchant, who was so long identified with this church — for nearly fifty years, and a ruling elder for forty years. He took a deep interest in its great benevolent operations, most of whose organizations he assisted by large and long continued contributions.

After the death of his wife in 1819, Mr. Adams led a very retired life, devoting himself to the care of his family and to the interest of the Presbyterian Church. On his election to the Presidency of the Fulton Bank, he was drawn more into public life, yet his domestic relations remained unaltered. He passed his summers quietly in the bosom of his family at Bloomingdale, where, in 1812, he had purchased the residence of the late Dr. John Charlton, opposite the family seat of the McVickers (all Irish born, and all members of the St. Patrick Society as early as 1792).

He had a great partiality for horseback exercise, and every week day afternoon, as the summer was declining, his familiar face was sure to appear on the Bloomingdale road with a kind greeting for all he met.

He died in June, 1855, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, leaving to his children a handsome competency, and the legacy of an honored name. It is no small praise in this degenerated age to be able to say of John Adams that he lived and died a consistent Christian and an honest man.

CHAPTER III.

There are many merchants who have been born, and have lived and died, in New York City, and yet, by the mere human standard of good, such merchants might just as well have never been born. Their great end was to make money. They lived but to do that, and they died after having done it. Perhaps such mere gatherers for self may have done good by adding to the growth and the wealth of the city. If so, it is well. Other merchants have not only gathered, but they have scattered with a liberal hand, making sunlight for all about them. It gives me pleasure to write about such merchants as this last class. Their history does good. It makes names eminent and useful as examples, when, if these chapters had not been written, they would have been forgotten. How much has been lost to the world in other countries and in other generations, because the history of merchants was not written? There have been great names among the ancient merchants. Plato was a merchant; so was Herodotus. If they had written histories of merchants in their time, what a vast quantity of information would we now possess about the great commercial nations and the great commercial cities of ancient times.

There has lived in this city in the previous as well as

present century, a family of Stouts, who have been very prominent in the commercial business.

Some of them were so before the Revolution. As early as 1770, there was a famous Captain Jacob Stout. He commanded the ship that first brought over John Jacob Astor to this country.

There was another, Capt. John Stout, who commanded a ship out of this port in 1773. He was a brother of Capt. Jacob Stout.

From these two old New York captains of the colonial days sprung the many of the Stout citizens. There was a merchant named Benjamin Stout, who lived at 6 Golden Hill when peace was declared after the Revolutionary war. Uncle Ben they used to call him.

The Stout family descended from the two old ship captains, Jacob and John, were numerous; but at this day the race is nearly extinct.

Captain Jacob Stout had several children. He was twice married. In 1798 he lived at Amboy, where he had the yellow fever. He was so near death that his family felt justified in ordering his coffin.

Jacob, Jr. was a son by his first wife; so was John, and he had a daughter Catherine by her.

Nearly all of the Stout family descended from old Captain Jacob are dead. There were descendants from Captain John, but I believe they are dead, too. That family lived in Courtlandt street. One son was Ben Stout. He was lost in the West Indies. His body was buried in Trinity church-yard.

Amos Butler, who was one of the owners of the *Daily Mercantile Advertiser* thirty years ago, married one of the Misses Stout. I believe his descendants are living in the city.

The second wife of Capt. Jacob Stout was a Miss Car-

pender. Before he married her — or in 1796, when he quit sea life — he went up to Westchester, and bought a place at Yonkers. It was the old Stone mills. He afterwards sold it to Joseph Howland, the father of G. G. Howland. Old Captain Stout was, as I have said, an Englishman by birth. He sailed first from London in one of the East India Company's ships, the "Sampson," from Ostend to Calcutta. He was taken a prisoner in the French war. He had charge at that time of a letter of marque. He was a prisoner on board the flag-ship of the Count de Grasse, when Admiral Rodney took the French fleet.

Old Capt. Jacob Stout, after he sold his mills at Yonkers, purchased a place at Belleville, where he put up a flouring mill. He ground for the city and for the country. He had two mills. He bought of Doctor Ogilvey, the Episcopal minister. He lived out there in the summer, and resided in the city in the winter. He died about 1823.

Old Captain Jacob Stout was one of the most popular captains out of this port from 1766 to 1796. After he retired from sea life, his country place was at Belleville in the summer season, but in the winter he resided in the city at 60 Greenwich street. In 1800 his son Jacob lived with him.

In that house Catherine, his daughter, married Asher Marx, October 8, 1808. They were married by the Rev. Doctor Beach. Mr. Marx was a very eminent merchant for years, under the firm of Marx & Linsley, at No. 74 Queen street, where he kept for over twenty years, or until he died, in his house, No. 673 Broadway, in 1824. He married a second time, I think, a Miss Carroll. She lived many years after his death, and left several chidren.

Mr. Asher Marx was an Israelite, but in order to marry Miss Stout, he was obliged to become a Christian, and renounce the religion of his forefathers. At that time, there was a prejudice against Israelites intermarrying with Christian girls. The first Mrs. Marx did not live a year. She died in child-birth. He married a second time, and then it was Miss Carroll. The issue of the last marriage was Henry Carroll Marx, and three daughters. They lived up at 673 Broadway until Henry died, in 1848 or 1849. The mother died the next year. Young Harry Marx was known in this town for many years, as Dandy Marx. This name was given him by a set of young fellows who were envious of his superior accomplishments in the dressing art. Dandy surpassed all the beaux of this day. He dressed the best. He was the originator of the waxed moustache. At one time, he was the only one who wore it in the city. Dandy's was the style precisely as it is now worn by the Emperor Napoleon.

All the fashionable tailors of the city were anxious that Marx should wear clothes of their make. They did not care whether he paid or not. If he would only say, "This is one of Wheeler's," it was enough. It is a very curious fact, that Henry C. Marx was very little understood. He was a young man of superior ability. If he had any great purpose, he would have carried it out. If he had lived until to-day, he would have been one of the successful military commanders. He would have been in the Northern army at the head of the cavalry service, and would have performed more feats of daring than the famous Colonel Ashby or Stuart of the South. As an instance of his perseverance, I will relate that when he took it into his head to get up a Hussar Company in this city, he went to work as fol-

lows. He went to Canada, and mixed with the cavalry officers in the service of her Majesty, and studied for several months. He spent thousands of dollars in getting up the Hussar Regiment, but it was a success. We never had any thing like it before the time of Marx. I think Colonel Charles succeeded to the command, after Marx gave it up. Mr. Marx was not at all effeminate, as was supposed. He belonged to No. 5 Hose Company, that had its place in Mercer street. One night all hands were at Niblo's Saloon, when an alarm of fire broke out. The leading members of the company, with Marx, started down town with the concern. It had rained heavily. Mr. Marx had on patent leathers (then in their infancy) with his kid gloves on, dressed in the extreme of fashion. Purposely they took the truck through every mud puddle down to Broad street.

It was a false alarm. The boots of Marx were spoiled and so were his clothes. He never flinched, or shirked, but good-naturedly went through with his part, and treated his companions to a supper at Nim's afterwards. He was a prince of a fellow in many respects. He was liberal and generous with his money. There was nothing mean about him. He would have the finest horses in town, and once traded a saddle horse with Mr. John Clancy, and one of them got the best of the bargain by $200 or $300; and as Dandy regarded himself as perfect in horse-flesh, I suppose he got the best of Clancy; but as the latter knows a horse as well as he does a newspaper, it is more than likely that Dandy lost in the trade.

There was, and is now, in the city a Freemason Lodge, called the Albion. The meetings twenty-three years ago were held in a building corner of Howard street and Broadway. It was a crack lodge then, and I suppose is now. The most clever men of New York

belonged to the Albion Lodge at one time; in fact, a man could not be admitted unless he had originality.

Francis B. Cutting, the Sarterthwaites, the Seixas, the Harts, and I do not know how many hundreds of well known names are on those books. Alderman Chipp was Treasurer when I was admitted, and is so now. By special permission, Henry C. Marx and myself were admitted the same night to all degrees up to Master Mason. No others were admitted that night. Our papers ought to have been signed by Morgan Lewis. Mine was sent to Holland, where I went shortly after, and I never received it; consequently never have been in a lodge since, and lost sight of Marx for a long time.

I now return to Marx. He had a large property from his father, the old merchant. He spent enormously, and, I believe, spent the property of his sisters. They moved, after his death, from Broadway to Amity street. They were as original in their way as he was in his. They would walk in Broadway, leading King Charles spaniels, Italian greyhounds, or some rare and costly breed of dogs, with a silver collar and silk strings. They dressed tastefully always, but pleased themselves. Their dress, like their brother Harry's, was faultless. They loved him tenderly. They used to attend Trinity Church, and of late years the Chapel. Leases have fallen in, and I am told they are now rich again — have recovered from the effects of the folly of Harry. They were never exactly poor, for I believe an uncle in London allowed them a handsome income, with but one condition required, that the Rector of Trinity Church should send a letter annually to London, stating that they used their money properly, and not extravagantly, as Harry had done.

Of the eldest son of Captain Jacob Stout, Jacob Jr.

I shall write more fully hereafter. John died. There were several brothers and sisters by the second marriage of Captain Jacob Stout.

The second wife of Captain Jacob was a daughter of William Carpender, a ship-master. The latter married a daughter of William Grant, the first person that ever imported potatoes from abroad. He used always to be found at King's Coffee House. King was father-in-law of Billy Niblo. He had a son, Captain William Carpender. His son was Jacob S. Carpender, who married a daughter of Doctor Neilson, a famous physician, who lived on the north-west corner of Greenwich and Liberty streets, where Carpender courted the pretty Cornelia. The house is still standing. Jacob S. was once a partner of Frederick A. Tracy, a heavy broker in Wall street. He had a brother Edward, who was a captain in the navy; another, John. Then there was Benjamin; he lies in Trinity churchyard. There was William and Arthur. There were sisters Lucy and Kate; and there was Charles P. He was as nice a little fellow as ever lived in New York. He was a clerk for many years with Francis Rhodes & Co. Charles D. Rhodes married a daughter of Doctor Matthews. Charley was considered a great catch at the time he married Miss Matthews. He was in some way connected with the great house of Ballestier Brothers, at Singapore, East Indies. Charles Carpender afterwards went into the brokerage business, but he has been dead many years.

Capt. Jacob had by his second wife, Miss Carpender, the following children: Matthew White Stout, named after old Henry White, a great merchant as early as 1769, before the war and afterwards. His daughters, the Misses White, I have already written about. The next son was Aquilla Giles Stout. He was named after

Col. Aquilla Giles, who was a very celebrated man in his day; lived for many years at 54 Broadway, and had a country seat in the upper part of Greenwich village. Another son was William Carpender, named after his mother's father, Capt. William Carpender, who married Miss Grant.

Capt. Jacob Stout's fourth child was Sarah Ann. She died young. The fifth was Charles Raintaux Stout. He was named after an old merchant Anthony.

Frances Hogan was the the six child. She married Captain Breeze of the navy.

The seventh child was named Lenox Stout, after old Robert Lenox, who was an intimate friend of old Robert.

The eighth was Arthur Breeze Stout. All of these children are deceased, except Capt. William Carpender Stout and A. Breeze Stout.

Aquilla G. Stout left a son, Francis A., who is still alive. Also a daughter, Sarah Morris. She married a Monsieur De Vea Gringues, of the French Legation.

Consul Ridgway, of Santa Cruz, married the widow of old Captain Jacob Stout.

Captain W. C. Stout married Miss Henry, daughter of old Captain Henry, one of the oldest ship captains out of this port forty years ago. Old Captain married a Miss Harved. She was a daughter of Jonathan Harved. They lived in Pearl street. Mr. Harved was 100 years old when he died, and his wife was ninety-three. They lived together sixty years. He died in Charles street.

Captain Henry had three daughters. He always said that they never should marry sailors. Yet all did. One married Captain Stout; another married Com. Montgomery, U. S. N., now in command at Boston; another married Dr. Hosea Edwards, of Bridgeport, a Surgeon

in the Navy. Old Captain Henry was in the Liverpool trade.

Captain Stout I have given a full history of in another chapter. He has a place at Huntington, Long Island, where he spends his summers; and in the winter he stops at the New York Hotel. He has no children.

When California was opened, and the Pacific Mail Steam Company was organized, they sent out Captain Stout to make all the preparatory arrangements for "coal," "harbors," "agents."

He was for many years connected with the House of Howland & Aspinwall, and in command of one or other of their ships or steamers.

CHAPTER IV.

The commercial history of the house that Jacob Stout Jr. founded is singular. His first start was thus. In 1803, he went into business on his own account at No. 16 South street, and he lived with his father at 60 Greenwich street.

The same store looked out upon the water of the East River, between Broad street and Coenties slip, and there it stood until the great fire of 1835 swept it away. I am now commencing to give the history of an old mercantile house of this city that then commenced, although afterwards new partners came in, adding to its wealth and growth until it became one of the largest houses in the city. Like as if I was going to describe the Hudson River, I should go far back into the interior and find out the little spring where it commenced, and then trace down the little rippling stream to the bigger brook, and say when other brooks added to it, and made it the great river that bears ships out to sea through the Narrows. That store and young Jacob Stout, Junior, was the little spring from whence came to be, in after years, as even now, a great house, that even the once junior partners are now old men. I don't think old Captain Jacob Stout did any business after 1800. If he did, it was building ships or boats.

Greenwich street at that time, was almost the water-line street. Old Captain Jacob lived there until 1815. Young Jacob made his place of business 91 Washington street, in the rear of his father's house, as early as 1811, and he kept there until 1816. That year he moved up to 85 Chatham street. Then he lived over his store. He had formed a partnership with Jacob S. Platt, under the firm of Stout & Platt. They did a hardware business. The store was on the east side of Chatham, near Pearl street, where the old clothes stores are now so abundant.

That Jacob S. Platt was a wonderful man. He is alive now, and lives in Philadelphia. He married a Miss Waldron, of Hudson. He had several children. One of them was an extremely lovely daughter. Jacob S. Platt was a perfect locomotive. His history would require a volume. He bought a large property, through which Platt street now runs. He opened the street and named it after himself. He went so extensively into real estate that it ruined him. He started a saw-mill afterwards up in the country. He ought now to be worth a million. But I am getting ahead of my history. Stout & Platt, did business in Chatham street, Nos. 85 and 111, until 1821, when the concern moved to 248 Pearl street, about five doors above Burling slip (curious enough, in thirty years after, A. V. Stout, and his firm of Stout & Ward, did business at 248 Pearl). It was not far from where Jacob S. Platt opened Platt street. forty years ago, merchants lived over their stores, as well as sixty and one hundred and sixty years ago. Jacob Stout, Junior, kept up the good old custom.

In 1823, the business of the house had become very extensive, and they took into partnership the somewhat celebrated Aquila G. Stout, a son of Captain Jacob

Stout, and brother of Jacob Jr., and the new firm was Stout, Platt & Co. The same firm existed in 1825, when, I think, Jacob Stout, Jr., died. He resided at that time at No. 165 Fulton street. In 1826 and 1827 Aquila G. Stout carried on business under his own name at No. 14 Broad street. During those years Jacob S. Platt carried on business at the store, No. 281 Pearl, to which the concern had removed in 1824,

In 1828 a new concern was formed by Jacob S. Platt, Aquila G. Stout, and Felix Ingoldsby, under the firm of Platt, Stout & Ingoldsby. This was entirely a new company. Jacob Stout Jr., was a man of great energy and perseverance. He was a thorough merchant, and was very much respected. He was the founder of the house. He married a daughter of Arthur Breeze, of Utica. They had two children, a son and a daughter. The son entered the navy. He married a daughter of Commodore Aulick. He was a lieutenant, and lost in the Levant. He left a wife and two children. They are in France.

When the firm was Stout, Platt & Co., the partners used to notice a young man who came in from Charleston, S. C., occasionally to buy goods. It was Felix Ingoldsby. His judgment, good sense, and perfect knowledge of the business attracted their attention. So in 1827, after old Jacob had died, and a new arrangement was to be made, Mr. Ingoldsby was invited to become a partner, and accepted the offer. Mr. Ingoldsby was by birth an Irishman and born in the County Leitrim about 1794. He went to Dublin and entered the hard ware store of his uncle James Egden of New Row, as a clerk. In that store he acquired a perfect knowledge of the business. In 1818, he left Ireland for New York. In 1820, he went from New York to Charleston, S. C.

In that city he was employed by the hardware house of Hyde, Cleveland & Co. That concern sent him on to buy goods in New York, and as I have stated, that led to his becoming one of Platt, Stout & Ingoldsby, in 1828. The same firm continued an active and still enlarging hardware business until 1834, when Mr. Platt had become so mixed up in his enormous speculations, that he ceased to take any interest in mercantile operations, and his partners bought him out, and the firm was changed to Stout & Ingoldsby. The store was removed from the old stand, 281 Pearl, to 119 Maiden Lane.

Jacob S. Platt removed to No. 21 Platt street, the new street that he had opened and which was named after himself, and upon which he built several stores. He was, of course, obliged to mortgage all his property in that section to a very heavy amount. It proved more than he could ever lift; hence his utter financial ruin. Yet such a man is a real benefit to a great city. Such men and merchants should be provided for when they get ruined by bold operations that benefit the city, though they prove disastrous to themselves. Jacob S. Platt ought not to be forgotten. His is a better fame than that of the sluggard who accumulates, but never builds anything for the city.

The business of this old house was importing every variety of hardware from England and other parts of Europe. They also purchased largely of any species of American manufacture, and were agents for manufacturers of hardware at home and abroad. They supplied to their customers every article in the trade, and their customers were found in every part of the United States that had a village sufficiently large to support a country store.

About this time there arrived from Charleston, S. C.,

another individual who will fill a prominent place in this sketch, and also was as remarkable a man as his afterwards partner, Felix Ingoldsby. I allude to James Edward Boisseau, a native of South Carolina. He was born at Abbeville, in that State, in Jannary, 1790. His parents were, I believe, French Canadians. The father of John Ewing Calhoun was his uncle, and he was cousin to J. Ewing Calhoun and to Miss Florida Calhoun, who, in after years married John Caldwell Calhoun. The latter had a brother William, who was a merchant, and a brother James who learned business in a counting-room at Charleston in 1800. James furnished the money to educate John C. Calhoun.

There were two Colhoun families in South Carolina. One spelled their names Colhoun, was very aristocratic and very wealthy. There was the John Ewing and Florida Colhoun race. I do not think they were related to the Irish Calhouns. Old Patrick was born in Donegal, Ireland. His father came to America and settled iu Pennsylvania. Young Pat moved to Abbeville, S. C.; married a Miss Caldwell, and had four sons and one daughter. The most celebrated was John Caldwell Calhoun, who married Florida Colhoun, who brought him a considerable fortune from the South. Miss Florida Colhoun was educated at Providence, Rhode Island. She was very accomplished; played the organ in the church even when a school girl. Mr. J. E. Boisseau was tenderly attached to his cousin, and it only ended with his life.

Mr. Boisseau, at Abbeville, was a playmate of the young Calhouns, and I think he was a clerk in William Calhoun's store with George McDuffy, who afterwards became so celebrated. They slept together. Finally he went to Charleston, where James Calhoun was estab-

lished. All of the relatives of Mr. Boisseau were anxious that he should study a profession, and I think he ended the controversy by running away from home, and going to Charleston, where he became a clerk in the large hardware store of an Englishman named Shorthouse. He was afterwards with A. Y. Walton & Co. Probably he went to Charleston about 1804, and continued in that city until 1834. Curiously enough, Mr. Ingoldsby and himself were clerks in different houses, and their stores adjoined. In 1834 he quit Charleston, and came North to reside permanently. He had made money in that city. His labor (in that regard) had *not* been lost. After he reached New York, he determined to visit Europe. He was gone nearly a year, and while absent he visited every city in England or on the continent. He was a practical traveller, and he came back to this city filled with new ideas.

He was tired of being idle, and engaged with Stout & Ingoldsby as a clerk. Mr. Ingoldsby knew his worth, and at the end of the year he was taken into partnership, and the old firm was changed to Stout, Ingoldsby & Co., in 1836.

During this year another partner was taken in the house of Stout, Ingoldsby & Co; it was James C. Comly.

He was a noble spirit, unselfish and careless of his own comfort, when he could benefit others. In 1837, Mr. Comly went to Ohio on business for the firm, and there he died. He fell a victim to his kindness of heart. He was travelling in a stage-coach, in which was a sick woman and child. He aided them, and to relieve the mother, took the child on his lap. It had the small-pox; Mr. Comly took the disease from it, and some days after was a corpse. Had he lived, he would

have been as great an honor to the old house as the other partners have been. He was a bachelor; so, too, was Mr. Boisseau, and so is Mr. Ingoldsby. The firm continued as Stout, Ingoldsby & Co. until 1840, when Mr. Aquilla G. Stout left it, and it was then changed to Ingoldsby & Boisseau.

Mr. Stout for many years had his residence at No. 62 Varick street. He continued to keep his place of business at the old store, No. 119 Maiden lane, until 1846, when he was elected president of the Eagle Fire Insurance Company, and went to No. 71 Wall. This was one of the oldest companies in the city, having been chartered in 1806. John B. Coles was its first president, and William W. Woolsey its next. I wrote quite a lengthy account of it in my sketch of Henry J. Wyckoff, who was also a president for the Eagle Company. Mr. Stout continued to be its president until he died, in June, 1858. He married Miss Morris. He left a son and a daughter. Both are married. Mr. Stout was a most worthy man. He was an honor to the name and to the old house his worthy brother founded, and that he was so long connected with.

Aquilla G. Stout was a clear-headed merchant, and an able financier. He was for a long time a director of the Leather Manufacturer's Bank of which Fanning C. Tucker was President. Both Aquilla G. Stout and Mr. Tucker were brought up in the counting-house of Robert Lennox. The latter thought much of young Stout. It is a curious fact that every one, out of a large number of young men that were brought up by Mr. Lennox, did well, and became very rich, and were thorough business men and merchants. Mr. Stout was a credit to any corporation. He was noble in every act.

It is a fact worthy of being mentioned, that in all the

names I have mentioned who were ir. this old house, the Stouts, Platt, Ingoldsby, Boisseau, Comly and Halsted, none of them ever held any political office. They did their voting as every good citizen should do, and there their ambition ended. So far as politics were concerned they made no noise, but all quietly pursued their mercantile career.

CHAPTER V.

Edward Boisseau was a bachelor. When he first reached New York, in 1834, William B. Cozzens kept the famous American Hotel, on the north corner of Barclay street and Broadway. So long as he kept it Mr. Boisseau was his constant boarder. He never changed. He was a general favorite with everybody in the house.

In Christmas and New Year's time he was in his element. He gave something to every servant in the house — cooks, waiters, chambermaids — to all. He made no exceptions. That was not all. There was a charm in the way he gave those presents. He gave them because his heart was good. He anxiously desired to make every one happy. He did not throw a twenty-five cent coin at the chambermaid's head as though she was a different race, and say, "There, girl, is something for you." No, he prepared his gifts carefully. If it was a dress for the maids he folded it up carefully long before Christmas, and marked the name of the servant upon it for whom it was intended. Some had knives, others razors, books, and whatever he thought would be most useful to the party he intended to benefit.

When W. B. Cozzens moved up to West Point, Mr. Boisseau took rooms in the building at the south cor-

ner of Park place and Broadway, and he used to get his meals at the Astor house. Are there any of the old habitues of the Astor who do not remember Mr. Boisseau and his queer ways, and genuine love of humanity. He had a way of pitching along through the street that was quite remarkable. On one occasion a poor sailor stopped him in his rapid walking, at the corner of Nassau and John. He touched Mr. Boisseau; "Pray, sir, give a poor Jack Tar who has had no food nor shelter for a week —"

"God bless my soul, what a dreadful situation to be in," said the shocked Boisseau, and at the same time he pulled out a handful of bank bills and coin, and, without counting, crammed all into the palm of the astounded beggar, who attempted "God bless" —

"There, there — not a word. Don't stop me. I am in a hurry. Go on."

This is but one out of millions of his acts of benevolence, arising from earnest good-heartedness.

To anybody who bore the name of Calhoun, especially to the young members of that family, he was a father. If Patrick Calhoun wanted $2,000, he had only to ask Mr. Boisseau, and he got it. So, too, it was with John and James and William, when they were here. Alas! all four are dead now, and all sons of John C. Calhoun. To have been connected with Mr. Calhoun, was a passport to his heart and purse. The last time I ever saw him alive, was in his old room in Park place. It was early one Sunday morning. I was extremely hard up: I went up to his room on the third floor of No. 2, overlooking Park place. He kept me very busy talking until nearly noon. Just before I left, I told him I was wanting ten dollars. "Nonsense. Don't you want any more than that?" was the kind and cheering reply.

There are not many such men as James Edward Boisseau. I now return to the house of Ingoldsby & Boisseau, that lasted but one year, and in 1841 it was changed to Ingoldsby, Boisseau & Co. The company was David C. Halsted, who had, like Jacob, served seven year as a clerk with the old house, and had fairly earned this position. Mr. Halsted was a New Yorker. I remember his father, "O. Halsted," who kept a law bookstore down at the corner of Wall and Broad. He had as a sign a portrait of the lord Chancellor, Eldon. It was a wonderful concern that portrait of the great English law Lord, with his flowing white wig, in the olden time. The O. stood for Oliver. The same O. Halsted put up the "Law Buildings," corner of Nassau street and Liberty, opposite the Post Office. They cost him $30.000. The same concern is now worth $400,000. He lived as late as 1857. At one time it was Halsted & Voorhees. At another it was John Wiley & Halsted. That John Wiley, was father of the present John Wiley, who is grandson to the Major Wiley of the Revolution, who was so great a patriot, that on one occasion he said to a British officer, "Rather than do this thing (something for the benefit of George the Third), I will place my finger in a candle and burn it off." Suiting his action to the words, he held it in a lighted candle until it was burnt off. Ascertaining once that a Tory lived next door to him in Broadway, he sold his house and moved to another part of the city. In 1822, when the yellow fever raged here, Wiley & Halstead kept their bookstore at No. 3 Wall street, and Mr. Halstead lived No. 107 Greenwich street. To save his family, he moved to Newark, New Jersey, and took the old Stephen Decatur mansion, where he lived until the fever departed from New York. Young Halsted, his son, I well

recollect as a prominent member of the Mercantile Library Association, a quarter of a century ago. I think he was a Director when Edmund Coffin was President.

He married a lady of Massachusetts. He was one of that class of New York young men that the heads of old established houses are glad to fall in with as clerks, and so surely as they do they are equally glad to promote them to be partners, in order to relieve themselves from the burdensome part of a large business. Halsted was energetic, sagacious, with an unquestioned integrity, and possessed unusual general intelligence. A good clerk makes a good partner in nine cases out of ten, and I suppose Stout and Ingoldsby and Boisseau so found it, for the same Halsted is still in the house. After he became one of the house of Ingoldsby, Boisseau & Co., in 1841, it continued on with its heavy business without change of style until 1847, when it became Ingoldsby, Boisseau & Halsted. So it remained one year, and then, in December, 1848 Mr. Boisseau having acquired an ample fortune, withdrew from the firm, and from active business. He spent the remaining years of his life in the city, and in travelling. He visited Canada; took a trip down the Mississippi River; spent some of his time at Niagara Falls, and still more at West Point, with his old friend W. B. Cozzens, whom he esteemed greatly. Of course, he retained his room at No. 2 Park place.

He was a great friend of Dr. Francis L. Hawks, and owned a pew in St. Thomas' Church. It was filled every Sunday for years. Mr. Boisseau had a habit of inviting every one of his acquaintance to visit church and accept a seat in his pew. So extensively was his invitation accepted, that he frequently had to find a seat

for himself. He liked Dr. Hawks so well that he loaned him a large sum of money. Everybody from the South seemed to know Mr. Boisseau. He was sincere in his friendships, and all who knew him best loved him most.

He died in January, 1851. He knew he was going to die, and on the 4th of January he made a will. The will is characteristic of the man. He left quite a large sum to different members of both branches of the Calhoun family.

He left to two young men, of different families, who had been named after him, $1,000 each. To the Overseers of the Poor, for the use of the poor in Old Pendleton, S. C., $2,000. To the poor in Abbeville District he left $2,500. To the Orphan House in Charleston $2,000. To the Ladies Benevolent Society of the same city $2,000, and he appointed two executors in Charleston to carry out those provisions of the will.

The most singular, because it is so unusual, was a gift of $2,000 to the Fire Department of the City of New York. He was never a fireman, himself, hardly knew any of the leading firemen, but he gave it from the generous promptings of his own heart. He thought much of the Fire Department, and believed that the citizens of property owed it a deep debt of gratitude. He was the first merchant, or rich man, that ever bequeathed the legacy of a dollar to the Fire Department. It is a pity that his good example is not more widely followed. How many thousands, and tens of thousands, are given annually to Timbuctoo Missions, and to print tracts and books for the Heathen in various languages -- legacies extracted by the fears of the dying man, who hopes to lighten his dark future by a deed of doubtful benefit to anybody except printers, type founders, paper makers, and the salaried officers of the so-called Christian Societies; although our Saviour, if he was again on

earth, would not countenance them in any way, shape or manner. If any of these $20,000, $10,000, and $5,000 legacies, were given to the Fire Department, they would confer a double blessing. It would bless the donors and the receivers. The widows and orphans of this Department are present and practical objects of a Christian's benevolence. Humbogee tracts and Tincopan missions are objects of extremely imaginary good. J. E. Boisseau gave the American Bible Society $2,000. He also gave St. Thomas' Church, where he worshipped, $2,000. He also gave to St. Peters' Catholic Church $1,000.

He gave to the negro man and his wife who waited on him in Park place, $500 each. Their names were Daniel and Jane Webster. They proved that they did not deserve such a gift, by allowing a Tombs lawyer to commence a suit against the executors of Mr. Boisseau for additional pay for services during his illness, and for which they had been so generously rewarded.

He left other legacies. One was $500 to his old porter, Obadiah Jackson. He was a rare old fellow, one of the finest specimens of the negro race that ever lived in New York. He was one of the "old" Jersey negroes. Jackson was porter in the store for over 28 years. He was trusted with the safe and store keys, and with untold thousands of dollars. He knew every customer, and they all knew old Jackson, and when they arrived in town, from North, East, West and South, and visited the store, they shook hands with and greeted old Jackson as warmly and as respectfully as if he had been a partner in the "house." When Mr. Stout became President of the Eagle Fire Insurance Company, he gave old Jackson and his family the upper part of the Eagle building rent free, to take care of the premises

All his children died. Jackson was a trustee in the old Shiloh (colored) Church, in Marion near Spring street. When he died, a funeral sermon was preached in the church. He was a fine fellow, and did a great deal of good. He was about 64 years old when he died. His wife, to whom he left about $1,500, is yet living.

Mr. Boisseau left executors of his will in this city as well as in Charleston. To them he left $3,000 in his will "to ornament a lot he owned in Greenwood," as he modestly said. There he was buried, and his executors have erected there a noble monument to one who merited it.

The firm of Ingoldsby & Halsted continued on from the death of Mr. Boisseau until 1852, when Edward M. Ingoldsby, a nephew of the old partner of the name, was taken into the concern, and it was Ingoldsby, Halsted & Co., and so it has been until this day. The old store, 119 Maiden lane, was kept from 1833 until 1858, when it was removed to 46 Warren street. Felix Ingoldsby, about 1844, bought the property, and built a handsome dwelling house upon the lot. At that time few persons ever dreamed but that Warren street would continue for ages to be a respectable if not a fashionable quarter of the town for family residences. It changed as if by magic about ten years ago, and then Mr. Ingoldsby moved up town to a house he had purchased at No. 72 West Fourteenth, and erected upon the 46 Warren street lot a magnificent store for the firm, and they have occupied it since then.

There is not a man or merchant in the City of New York who is a greater credit to it than Felix Ingoldsby. His pure, upright and modest character has prevented his having probably an enemy in the wide world. He is a bachelor, but has a sister who is his very counter-

part in goodness, and lives but to be a blessing to others. He has nephews and nieces. He is diffident and modest, and puts himself forward in nothing. He is a member of the St. Patrick Society. In religion he is a Catholic, a member of St. Peter's Church, and a friend of Archbishop Hughes. He is Vice President of the Emigrant Savings Bank, at No. 51 Chambers street, of which Andrew Carrigan is President. In all his intercourse with mankind, and in his large control of funds, he was never known to take over 7 per cent. in his life. More creditable and more Christian-like still, he was never known to refuse a worthy application made to him for benevolence, without regard to religion, politics or social position. We have few such men in the city. He is one of the most remarkable of the very remarkable members of the house that has now reached the sixtieth year of its existence, since its founder, old Jacob Stout, Jr., founded it. I forgot to mention that old Captain Jacob Stout had a country seat at Belleville, New Jersey (it is now occupied by Jacob Budd) and Aquila, Jacob, Jr., and all of his boys went to school in that locality.

A church may get on without a bishop, a bank might exist without a regular cashier, but no mercantile house of the business connections of the extensiveness of the house I have been describing in its successive firms, could exist a month without a regular book-keeper. He is to such a firm what a man is at the helm of a ship. All would soon be in confusion without a book-keeper. Such a one had the old house — one of the most valuable of the kind — who for more than a quarter of a century has kept the enormous accounts of this firm, with all of its ramifications and changes, in James Mc Millan. He is a model book-keeper, and one of more sterling honesty and capability never existed.

Mr. Platt wrote me a letter concerning the affairs of his old house, and I willingly give it a place in this volume. It has reference to Jacob Stout, Platt, Stout & Ingoldsby, and the various firms of the long established house, that is now Ingoldsby, Halsted & Co. The writer of the letter is Jacob S. Platt, after whom Platt street of this city was named.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31st, 1862.

I have read and re-read with great interest, the volumes about "Old Merchants" published by Carleton, and am grateful that I have been so leniently treated by their writer. There are some trivial errors — for instance: "Old Jacob Stout, Jun., was a man of great energy and perseverance." No greater error than that could be written. I do not think he ever did, or even attempted to, sell a bill of hardware of a dozen different articles while in the business. He was but a cipher beyond keeping accounts and writing generally (mechanically), and attending to money matters under special direction; neither did Aquilla ever acquire much knowledge as to the value of goods otherwise than he is truly pictured as a financier. He was exactly the right man in the right place, and by his energy and skill in finance, the firm should give credit for its successful continuance. I do, individually, without reserve, desire now to speak in the highest terms of my former partner, but now deceased, Aquilla G. Stout.

I will now speak of Mr. Ingoldsby. The first time I had ever seen him he came in from Charleston, to purchase hardware to make and assort up stock for Hyde, Cleveland & Co., of Charleston. He came to our store, 281 Pearl street, inquired for me, introduced himself, and stated briefly his object in calling. I knew of the house, and that it was not of the highest standing; but invited him to look through the stock; to make the store a stopping-place; that the desk was at his service, &c. He had just arrived, and would call again in a day or two. In the meantime, I consulted Mr. Stout, and made

immediate inquiries, and was satisfied to sell. He called again, and commenced purchasing, and continued to do so from time to time for three or four months. I saw he was a perfect master of his business. He was very diffident, and had a peculiar, pleasant way about him, that the more I saw of him the stronger the impression grew on me that he was a most perfect and thorough hardware man; and doubted then, and do now, if there was a hardware merchant in New York, at that day, that was his equal, and I think the same may be said of him even at this day. All this had induced me to speak cautiously to him about our business: that it was getting rather too extensive for me to manage my part, and I thought seriously of consulting Mr. Stout as to the actual necessity of finding some one to come in as a junior partner, and sounded him as to his engagements with Hyde, Cleveland & Co.

The result was, on closing up and starting for Charleston, he handed me his card, and said modestly that if, after consulting Mr. Stout, we should be of the opinion that his services would be valuable, he would be pleased if I would drop him a line. I did consult Mr. Stout, and the consequence was I wrote to him, received his answer, and I think in about four or five months more his time expired, then he came on to New York. The partnership was formed, and the articles in Series one tells the rest most truthfully. I will remark, however, as I have stated, it was myself only "that noticed a young man who came in from Charleston, S. C.," not occasionally, as far as I was aware, but that once only. It is true "his judgment, good sense, and perfect knowledge of the business attracted my attention." I have no recollection of ever giving or receiving from Mr. Ingoldsby an unkind word in my life, nor can I recollect but of one such case with Mr. Stout. I mean A. G., and there are no two men in the world I would desire to speak more highly or more kindly of. I never signed an agreement of copartnership with any of my various partners in my life, nor had any difficulty in settling them up. With the firm of Platt, Stout & Ingoldsby, there were articles of copartnership drawn up, but never sign

ed. In selling out I named my price; they accepted, and I received their notes from six months to two years for $50,000, the first one $10,000. All were promptly paid, and I have ever received acts of real kindness from both of them. I may speak of the extent of business the last year I was one of the firm; I took considerable pains, and made it in round figures $670,000, and doubt if there was another jobbing house in the U. S. that sold an equal amount. Corning, of Albany, might have come and gone greatly over it, but that was not legitmate hardware; it included his nail factory, shovel factory, iron works, immense importations of railroad iron, &c., &c. This same Erastus Corning and myself were early acquaintances. I was in a hardware store when a boy, at Waterford; he was clerk in the hardware store of Philip Heartt, of Troy, father of Lewis C. Heartt. They were both about two years my seniors, but no three in that section were more intimate. I will now close by saying I have written this exactly off-handed — will not take or keep a copy of it. Should you take an interest in reading it, I shall be pleased.

Yours respectfully,

JACOB S. PLATT

CHAPTER VI.

A hundred years ago, one of the heaviest commercial firms in this city was that of Greg, Cunningham & Co. Their store was in Hunter's Quay, between Old Slip and Wall street, where the present west side of Water street now is.

They did a heavy foreign trade, and I am inclined to think but one of the partners resided here, but the others remained in Europe.

There was a David Gregg who signed the address to General Howe in 1776, but his name is spelt with two *gs*, while in the many years of Greg, Cunningham & Co., the one *g* was never added.

The junior partner who acted here in this city, was named Robert Ross Waddell. He was an Irishman.

For many years, the great house on Hunter's Quay, dealt in Hyson, Green, Souchong and black teas, that they received in their vessels from London. They also sold English cheese, Taunton ale and Bristol beer, Wear's Scotch snuff, pipes, nails, woolens, Manchester goods, Irish linens, mess beef, linseed oil, Irish butter and gun powder. That gunpowder came very near getting the house into a serious scrape once. They kept the article in large quantities. Besides their large store on Hunter's Quay, they had another large one from 1763

to 1768 in Petticoat lane, that they had hired on the 28th of March, 1768. Early in the morning, there was a large fire broke out in Petticoat lane. It burned the store of Greg, Cunningham & Co. It could have been saved, but everybody declared it was filled with gun powder, and kept clear of it. Considerable excitement was got up about it. Afterwards, it was discovered that some malicious enemy of the great house had started the report among the crowd at the fire, in order that Greg & Co.'s store should not be saved. Robert Ross Waddell also went before old Alderman Dirck Brinkerhoff and took his solemn oath upon the Holy Evangelists, that there had been no powder stored in that store many years, although they kept large quantities of the article.

They were largely in the Irish trade. At one time they had up four vessels (Dec. 26, 1768) for Irish ports. For Dublin, the ship "Countess of Donnegal," Capt. John Pym (a famous captain of those days); for Belfast, the brig "Hibernia," Capt. William Henry (an old shipmaster who died in New York forty years ago); for Newry, the ship "Elizabeth," Capt. Charles McKenzie; for Londonderry, the ship "Prince of Wales," Capt. Patrick Crawford. These were regular liners between New York and Irish ports. But they were not all. Thompson & Alexander had another line, consisting of the ship "Daniel," brig "George," and ship "Jenny," regularly in the Londonderry trade. They had also an opposition line to Newry. Hugh and Alexander Wallace had also the brig "Experiment;" brig "Havana," Capt. James Nicholson; brig "Venus," regularly tradding to Cork and to Dublin. Here were twelve or fifteen regular traders to Irish ports in port at one time, when there was but one vessel up for London. Greg,

Cunningham & Co. were also consignees of ships from London, Bristol and Liverpool. They sold everything that could be sold in this market — Irish beef, butter, salmon and tongues.

This house kept on steadily doing business on a large scale during the years of trouble and anxiety, from 1768 to 1775, when the British took possession of the city. They then had the ship "Grace" in the Newry trade.

I suppose this great house got broke up during the long seven years of the Revolutionary war, and that the firm was changed. Mr. Robert Ross Waddell resided here during all that long period, and went into business when the war was over, in 1784. He went into business under his own name, at 61 Queen street. He afterwards moved to 45 Pine street, and resided in that house about twenty years — at least until 1818. I think he died that year. He was one of the founders of the St. Patrick's Society, and was secretary of it from 1789 to 1808, a period of nineteen years. He was treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce from 1780 to 1784. I do not know whether he left any descendants.

There was another family of note of the same name, though English. It was that of Captain John Waddell, who married Miss Ann Kirten, November 30, 1736, whose mother, Mrs. Ann Kirten by-the-by, was the widow of William Kirten, who was born 2d February, 1680; (they married in New York City 31st July 1704). She, Mrs. Ann Kirten, having been previously married first to Samuel Pyles, second to William Floyd. John Waddell came from Dover, in England, and he named a ship which he had built on the shore of the East River, where Dover street now is, the Dover. That circumstance gave the name to the street.

That old immigrant had an ancestor named John Waddell, who was granted arms and honors for great naval victories gained by him, as a hero in the time of Charles the Second. His descendant, Captain John Waddell, who came out here from Dover, was one of the first subscribers to the fund that started the old New York Society Library, about 1754. His wife Ann, above alluded to, is made memorable as being the only female named in the document of incorporation (as Anne Waddell, widow,) emanating from George the Third, in 1770, and it was an unusual honor.

Her husband, Captain John Waddell, was also named as one of the first members of the Masonic Society of the City of New York. He was one of the original twenty-three whose certificates of membership are all dated the same day, viz.: January 8, 1770. That list deserves to be preserved. No. 1 was Captain Leonard Lispenard; No. 2 was John Leake; No 3; Linus King; 4, Robert Benson.

Thomas Randell was No. 5; Thomas Witter, 6, Daniel Stiles, 7; David Dickson, 8; William Mercier, 9; Henry Law, 10; William Masterson, 11; Anthony Rutgers, 12; Peter Berton, 13; John Finglass, 14; Isaac Sheldon, 15; James Wright, 16; Robert Dale, 17; Israel Munds, 18; James Nicholson, 19; William Thompson, 20; Thomas Doran, 21; Joseph Rose, 22; John Waddell, 23; Patrick Dennis, 24; Henry Benson, 25; Thomas Farmer, 26; Daniel Tingley, 27; Thomas Randall, Jr., 28; Roger Richards, 29; James Prince, 30; Alexander Kidd, 31; John Stevenson, 32; Geo. Fowler, 33. All of them were famous sea captains in their day.

No. 23, Captain John Waddell, died 27th May 1762. He was a member of the St. Andrew's Society as

early as 1756, when it was founded in this city. There was also a Robert Waddell, who was also a sea captain. I think he was related to Robert Ross Waddell, who was also member of the Marine Society, as was William Waddell, the son of Captain John. Captain John Waddell had no brother, and but one sister, who married a Mr. Nethersole June 19, 1773, at Dover, England, where that family now reside.

William Waddell was a prominent merchant here for many years. In 1773, he did an immense business. That year he lost his wife Geesie. She was only thirty-three years old. He married her April 5th, 1761. She was a daughter of Alderman Francis Filkin, who was an extensive New York merchant, and an Alderman for twenty years, and a large land owner in Ulster and Albany Counties, see conveyances from Gulian Verplanck, Robert Livingston, Johannes Hardenberg and others 1749. — Francis Filkin and Catharine his wife executed a joint will October 20 1765; see Records. — Geesie was one of the loveliest girls of the City of New York when she became Mrs. William Waddell. on her death the Journal of that day says:

Many are the sudden and afflicting events which daily happen in this life to awaken us and assure us of the uncertainty of all our enjoyments. The untimely and much lamented death of this truly deserving and amiable lady affords us a striking instance of the truth of this observation. Happy this day we behold her in the enjoyment of health and blooming youth, surrounded with a rising, promising offspring, united to a fond, affectionate husband, and partaking of the pleasures and comforts of domestic life in a great degree; the next she is suddenly snatched away, and like the vapor that vanisheth, is seen no more. She possessed a most agreeable disposition, and made one of the best of wives. As a Christian she

was pious and benevolent; as an acquaintance, affable and friendly; and in spirit, her whole conduct and deportment through life in the different capacities of child, wife, mistress, parent, neighbor, friend and acquaintance, was such as endeared her to all who knew her.

Her remains were interred in the family vault, Trinity church yard. The *Weekly Journal* contained the following poetic tribute:

As near her grave in silent grief we stood,
And o'er her coffin poured the pious flood,
Whilst every bosom heaved the tender sigh
And plenteous sorrow flowed from every eye,
Musing, I said, "Why all this idle woe?
Why mourn for her, who, freed from cares below,
Pities the weakness of our well meant love,
And shares the raptures of the Saints above?"
But when I thought on all her actions past,
How each succeeding day excelled the last;
Viewed the fair series of a well-spent life,
Each debt discharged of mother, friend and wife,
(Her warm benevolence her hours endeared,
Her charity each drooping object cheered;)
Sorrow, I cried, should every heart engross,
We trust she's blest; yet mourn the public loss.
No more, my soul, this tender grief upbraid,
'Tis the soft tribute to the worthy paid.
Pour then, ye friends, your sorrows o'er her bier,
Your grief is generous, for it flows sincere;
You show your virtue in each tear you shed,
Who knew her living must lament her dead.

This amiable lady left two children, Henry (hereinafter referred to), and Ann, who married the Honorable Lucas Elmendorf, a prominent member of the bar, of Kingston, Ulster county, New York. He represented that district in Congress from 1797 to 1803. He was in the Assembly from 1804 to 1805, and he was in the State Senate from 1814 to 1817. He was also a member of the famous Council of Appointment, which had the dealing out of the loaves and fishes of that day. I

have heard ex-President Van Buren say, that he regarded Mr. Elmendorf as his political preceptor.

Old Captain John Waddell built a ship, or *skow*, named the "Thomas & Waddell." His son William Waddell, the great merchant alluded to, was Alderman of the North ward in 1774, at the commencement of the Revolution. He retained power during the possession of New York by the British. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of militia — the only regiment in this city at that time and was also a chief magistrate during that whole period. Mrs. Ann Waddell, his mother, (widow of old Captain John,) was very wealthy. She carried on the large business of her husband after his death, in 1762. She was a woman of remarkable business qualifications. She left her property by her will — on file in the Surrogate's office in this city — equally among her five children; but the four who remained in this country took all the property, to the exclusion of Alderman William, the eldest son, after he went abroad in the Revolutionary times. Two of her daughters married John Taylor, and his brother Joseph, prominent citizens of those times, from whom are descended the Taylors and the Winthrops of the present day. A part of the property of their mother, Widow Ann, was a mortgage from William, Earl of Stirling, on his lands in the then Province of New York, the Minisink, Cheesecock's, Richbills, Provoost, and Hardenburgh patents. The consideration of the mortgage was £5,043 6d sterling; an immense sum in those days.

The life-size portraits of Captain John and his wife, Ann Waddell, and his sword, and their wedding suit of furniture, and many relics of the olden time, are in possession of the family in this city.

Their son, Alderman William Waddell, retained pow-

er after the British were here, for I find at the foot of the famous loyal address the following ·

We, William Waddell, one of the Aldermen of the of the City and County of New York, Esq., and James Downes, of the said city, gentlemen, do hereby certify that we attended the signing of the foregoing representation, and that the subscribers hereunto attended voluntarily, as witness our hands the 24th day of October, 1776.

WILLIAM WADDELL.
JAMES DOWNES.

This famous loyal address stated: "That we bear true allegiance to our rightful sovereign, George the Third, as well as warm affection to his sacred person, crown, and dignity; that we esteem the constitutional supremacy of Great Britain over these Colonies as essential to the union, security, and welfare of the whole British Empire," &c., &c. It went on, hoping that He "would be pleased — &c. — the City and County to His Majesty's protection and peace."

It is astonishing how many of the old merchants signed this document. Yet, it is not strange either; they were merchants engaged in foreign trade; the British had the city, and it was much better to be loyal to the "powers that be," and keep on business quietly, than to be disloyal, have their property confiscated, and be banished from the city to parts unknown.

Col. Wm. Bayard, of the old mercantile house of W. Bayard & Co., signed it. So did old Henry Brevoort, a market gardener and ancestor of the rich Brevoorts. So did Thomas Buchanan, of the celebrated firm of Thomas & Walter Buchanan, the great importer and shipping merchant to whom was consigned the tea ship

that was returned to London with its cargo by the people of New York, 1774. The tea came in the ship "London," Capt. Chambers. Robert Murray, of the house of Murray, Samson & Co., signed it. His place of business was in Queen (Pearl), between Beekman and Burling slip. He had an elegant mansion at Murray Hill.

Alderman William Waddell died in London, 27th July 1813. When the British troops evacuated the city, in 1783, he accompanied them, and never returned to this country. He retained his loyal feelings towards his king and the British Government to the last, always terming the *new* Government "the Rebels."

His son, Capt. Henry Waddell, went into business as early as 1799, in Front street, at 199, under the firm of Waddell & Taylor. He removed to 58 Wall street, and afterwards to No. 53, where he lived, and the house was continued some years. He died at 53 Wall street, 13th July 1819. From 1806 to 1809 he was absent from this city. He had been captured at sea by a French privateer, under the famous Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon, because his vessel had allowed herself to be boarded by a British man-of-war, which the decrees of the Emperor did not admit of. He married Miss Eliza Daubeney, a daughter of Lloyd Daubeney and Mrs. Mary Daubeney, formerly Miss Mary Coventry, a daughter of Alderman William Coventry, a nephew of the Earl of Coventry. Mr. Coventry was Alderman of the Dock Ward from 1756 to 1758.

Mr. Daubeney was of a very ancient descent. He was in reality entitled to the dormant English peerage of Baron Lord Daubeney, and which descended by the patent to heirs general and not to heirs male, and is now therefore in the family in this country. After Mr.

Daubeney's death, Mrs. Daubeney lived in Wall street, No. 53, for many years. After Capt. Waddell married a daughter, he took up his residence, 1809, with his mother-in-law. The old lady was very much respected. Her history must have been very interesting. When Congress was here, some of the most distinguished men of the nation resided at her house. She was at the upper end of Wall street, near Trinity Church, until 1792. Among those who resided with Mrs. Daubeney in 1803, was Colonel Nicholas Fish, father of Governor Hamilton Fish in after years. He was a handsome man, and Miss Charlotte Daubeney, another daughter, who was extremely beautiful, became desperately in love with the handsome Col. Fish. He, too, was in love with the charming Charlotte, but jilted her. She was as passionate as proud, and went up to the foot of Hubert street, North River, and threw herself in the water. She was drowned, and her body was found where the water was not deep enough to cover her face. Her body was placed in a carriage, and taken down to her mother's residence, in Wall street. The excitement was very, great of course. The Rev. Mr. Hobart, afterwards Bishop, was one of her admirers. The sad event did not break the heart of Col. Fish: he afterwards married Miss Stuyvesant.

There was a brother of the two Misses Daubeney. He was at one time Captain Lloyd Daubeney, of the famous ship "Melpomene." He married a Miss Titford, a niece of Governor John Jay, and moved out to New Rochelle. He had a place near that of Peter Jay Munro, who married Miss White. Captain Daubeney had no children. His widow is still alive.

Both daughters of Mr. Daubeney, Senior, were very beautiful, and not the least so was the one that mar-

ried Captain Henry Waddell. They had children — four sons and no daughters. One son was named William Coventry Waddell, the second John Henry Waddell, the third Francis Lucas Waddell, and Lloyd Saxbury Waddell, who died young, and was unmarried. It was intended that John Henry should be a clergyman.

He studied for the ministry but afterwards finding it not congenial to his mind, he relinquished it, as he was of a gay and lively disposition. He entered into mercantile pursuits, and died at St. Thomas, one of the Danish West India Islands. The next brother, Lloyd Saxbury, also studied for the ministry, and died during his novitiate.

Bishop Hobart had a bosom friend, named How. He used to visit the family of the Daubeneys in company with the Bishop. He was married, and had children. His fate was a singular one. How had a serious flirtation with his wife's chambermaid. The Bishop issued a circular about it to all the leading men in Trinity parish. How confessed the wrong, was forgiven, left the church, and went West to study law. In those days clergymen used to attend parties, soirees, and private balls, and do a little flirting, and nothing whatever was thought of it. It was all innocent. Bishop Hobart always attended parties, flanked by his two aid-de-camps, the two handsome young clergymen of Trinity parish, Berrien and Onderdonk; and when the New Year's time came, the Bishop did not make his calls on the particular day, but waited a week before he paid his welcome visits. Then such a reception as he met and such a sideboard set out! Wine of the choicest kinds — cordials of all kinds — cherry and raspberry brandy — krullers — honey cakes or cookies — were handed around in the olden times. In fact, they were offered on all

occasions when a visitor called. They used to have crab and lobster suppers at ten o'clock at night, and people lived to be ninety and ninety-four who had thus indulged all their lives. Then people slept until ten in the morn ing, and enjoyed themselves.

But to return to the Waddells. Captain Henry Wa i dell died in 1819. He lived at 53 Wall street many years. His son, William Coventry, in 1827 was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the city. That year he was made Secretary of the Pacific Insurance Company. He held it until 1829, when he was succeeded by Russel H. Nevins. Mr. Waddell was called to the City of Washington after the succession of General Jackson to the Presidency in 1829. He was made financial agent of the State Department. Thomas Morris was United States marshal at New York, when General Jackson came into power in 1829. He failed to pay over to his assistants in 1830. This knowledge came to Mr. Waddell, who, was as I have stated, in the State Department. Edward Livingston who was then Secretary of State, had a strong personal attachment to Mr. Waddell, having been in early days a frequent visitor and beau to the beautiful Misses Daubeney. He directed Mr. Waddell to inform President Jackson of the defalcation by Mr. Morris, and from the intimate relations which existed between young Mr. Waddell and General Jackson, for he was also confidential financial agent of the General in the disbursement of the Secret Service Fund, he found no difficulty in procuring the appointment from General Jackson direct, before any other applicants were aware of the vacancy, and in 1831, W. C. Waddell came back to New York as U. S. marshal. He held the place many years. He was frank an l generous, and always displayed a liberal hospitality.

He was a prominent member of the Democratic party, and a friend of the other leaders.

When the Bankrupt Law passed in 1842, Mr. Waddell was made the General or Official Assignee of Bankrupts for the city. It gave him a large property.

He at one time owned a beautiful residence at the upper end of Fifth avenue, upon Murray Hill. Everybody went to see it. Dr. Spring's Presbyterian church, corner Fifth avenue and 37th street, now stands on its site.

Mr. Waddell has four sons living, all now in the volunteer army of the Union, battling for their country's rights. His third son, Lieut. Col. Lloyd Daubeney Waddell has made his mark for bravery and efficiency in the celebrated battles of Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing and Vicksburg, under Gen Grant, at the West, and is now provost marshal of Vicksburg. The other boys have not yet earned their spurs in the conflict. Mr. Waddell has three daughters — one quite recently deceased. We cut from the papers of the day the following beautiful lines on her demise.

OBITUARY.

The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith, were read by Dr. Chapin, at the funeral servi ces at the Broadway Universalist Church, on Saturday the 26th of December, of Miss Ida L. Waddell, daugh ter of William Coventry H. Waddell; and several of the congregation having expressed, through Mr. Fer don, the sexton of Broadway church, a desire that they should appear in this number of the *Ambassador*, they are published in compliance therewith:

In the sweet morning of her days,
When Life dawned on her rich and bright,

She faded from our yearning gaze,
And passed from mortal sight.

We know not why she went so soon;
We only know she could not stay;
Perhaps some voice of tenderest tone
Lured her away.

Perhaps in some bright realm afar,
Where pain wrings not the heart or brow,
Serene and tranquil as a star,
She dwelleth now.

Pure was she as a sinless child,
And dowered with gifts of rarest worth;
No lovelier spirit ever smiled
Upon this clouded earth.

Methinks the flowers must mourn her death,
The beautiful and tender flowers
Whose graceful forms and fragrant breath
Cheer'd even her latest hours.

They were her playmates all her days,
She watched them with the fondest care;
Alas! her life was like their own,
As fleeting and as fair.

Her thoughts, her deeds, her mission here,
Were all like some melodious tune;
A melody most sweet to hear,
But ended all too soon.

Oh! let us hope this gentle strain,
Too quickly hushed on earth's dim shore
In fairer realms will wake again,
To sound forevermore!

Mr. Waddell is a thorough-bred New Yorker, is secretary of the Geographical Society, and brings down to the present day the free manners of the Old School at the time of his birth. He is the philosopher with or

without fortune, and it seems to make but little difference in his conduct whether he is in success or not. He is still connected with the U. S. Government as he was thirty years ago.

He has been twice married, and has a fine family. His first wife was Miss Julia Cobb of Morris county. His second was Miss Charlotte Southwick, a daughter of Jonathan Southwick of New York. May he live fifty years more to see the city where he was born, contain five millions of souls.

His brother, Francis L. Waddell, was probably the most widely known young man in his day. I could write a book about "Frank," as he was called. He married Miss Smith, a daughter of the famous Thomas H. Smith, the greatest East India merchant of his day. Frank Waddell possessed a gentlemanly impudence that was sublime. Upon our rich nabobs, who possessed no other shining quality than money, Frank absolutely looked down. There were men in the city that Frank would not have borrowed money of in the days of his hardest need, and Frank did see some tough times. It was a curious trait about Frank, that he would spend his money as free as water when he had it. He had no selfishness. He was clever in every sense and meaning of the word. He was a shining light in our highest society. He was courted by every one, and when he died, no one in our great living crowd was ever more missed. Frank left no heirs, and William Coventry Waddell and his children are the sole descendents of the then celebrated families of Waddell, Coventry and Daubeney.

No one was better known at our celebrated watering place, Saratoga, than Frank Waddell. He never failed

to be at Marvin's United States Hotel, as the season came round, and probably no person was ever more identified with the gayeties of a fashionable resort — like this, — than our friend Frank. He was the Beau Brummel of the place.

On no account could he miss being at Marvin's — and to no one was the host, now the Hon. James M. Marvin, M. C., — more entitled for the fashionable, recherche character of the House than he was to our interesting friend; and Frank utterly ignored all other houses for the "United States."

"The Lake," the favorite point of the elite at Saratoga, with its famous game suppers, and its *celebrated* fried potatoes, cooked to the consistency of the dryest wafers, so that they were the *unrivalled* boast of mine host of the Lake; its frappé champagne were nothing without Frank. Frank was a *bon vivant* of the first order. He was the most remarkable man for wit and humor at the table that we ever saw, and could place in accord, the most incongruous materials, and make the whole affair pass off under all circumstances with the greatest eclat. One little instance came under our observation. A few years since Saratoga was honored with a visit from Sir Charles E. Gray, Governor General of the British West India Islands, on his return from Jamaica upon his resigning that trust.

Sir Charles was a gentleman of mature years, accustomed to the very best society, and made himself very agreeable. Frank determined to give him a dinner at the United States in conjunction with his friends Alston, Beekman, Finlay, and others. Of course Frank was the presiding genius. The company consisted of about a dozen gentlemen and three or four ladies. Pursuing

his favorite plan of causing each of the company to change the location of their seats several times during the entertainment (which lasted till the small hours of the morning,) thus bringing each one in immediate contact with new material; the affair passed off most agreeably, enlivened with wit, humor and repartees. Everybody was drawn out — ladies and all — in some sentiment or response. When Frank called upon his brother Coventry, who was one of the number, he of course made use of Frank (as he said he had a right to do as his senior,) to put forth some of his originalities in lieu of himself. Says Frank, "Sir Charles, you must have heard of General Jackson." "Why, of course I have Mr. Waddell; I esteem him as a shining light in the galaxy of worthies — as one of whom your country is deservedly proud." "Well, Sir Charles, I will essay to impart to you, and the company, an interesting anecdote relating to the General, which I learned from my brother, although of course you would no doubt be more entertained in hearing it from him, than in a second-rate form from me. Of course his brother C., (the General as Frank always called him,) was obliged to respond. At the close of the entertainment, Sir Charles made this remarkable acknowledgment — remarkable, when we consider his nationality, his age, and the opportunities which he had had for observation.

"Ladies and Gentlemen; I have arrived at the very respectable age of three score years and ten, born and educated under the most favorable circumstances, having been in public life since I obtained my majority, and consequently (when the institutions of my country are taken into consideration,) have participated in as much society, as any one now living. I arrived in this country, a perfect mass of prejudices, in relation to the gov-

ernment and the people. I shall leave it with the very highest estimate of both; and, ladies and gentlemen, I can truly say that during my long and eventful life, I have *never* passed such agreeable hours as I have this evening.

CHAPTER VI.

Some of our merchants have lived to a remarkably old age, ninety and ninety-five years of age being a lifetime not at all unusual. After having reached sixty-five years of age, the merchant, if he has been unfortunate, is forced to retire from the active pursuits of life; and if he has been fortunate and acquired property, he naturally seeks relief from the cares and the toils of active mercantile business. Their demise is announced quietly. Here is a sample of such an announcement:

DIED — At Port Richmond, Staten Island, on Tuesday, Oct. 15, Winant J. Bennett, in the 91st year of his age

Go back ninety-one years, and we find this city, in 1770, a small place. Mr. Bennett must have been a boy in this town or neighborhood, through the war of the Revolution. He might have breakfasted with Washington, as the aged Henry Riell is said to have done.

We do not know any thing respecting Mr. Winant J. Bennett. We do not know whether he was a merchant, mechanic, farmer, or a lawyer. We allude to him as both parts of his name — "Winant" and "Bennett" — are the same as the succession of merchants we had selected for writing about in this number: Wynant Van Zandt, in four different persons and generations.

There is a splendid old list of Wynant Van Zandts. Wynant! Where did they get that name from? I am not a Van Zandt, I have not a speaking acquaintance with anybody named Van Zandt. I dare say, if I was the one, or I were a right Van Zandt, I should know where to put my hand upon piles of old papers in Dutch and English, family records, account books, and old Bibles. As it is, my basis rests on a small slab, not over eighteen inches square, that covers a vault close to Trinity Church. The regular attendant upon that church almost treads upon it, if he enters the yard by the southern gate.

You pass the tree, and about two feet beyond the monument to Lawrence, and but a few feet from the church, is the vault. You look earthwards, and read in capital letters that have been cut into the red stone:

WYNANT VAN ZANDT'S
VAULT.

There is no date, no century even cut upon that stone. If it had 1600 and odd, 1700 and odd, or 1800 and odd, we should have known which Wynant Van Zandt's vault that was. It may hold all of them that have lived and been merchants in the city.

The Wynant who had the vault built and the stone cut, must have been a marked character, unless he was the first Wynant that I know of. He must have been born about 1670 to 1680, and most probably he was the first Wynant Van Zandt ever born in this country, and certainly did not die until the burying ground about Trinity was used exclusively for Episcopal burials — say after 1696.

There are many old men who carry threescore and more years upon their shoulders, every time they enter the sacred portals of old Trinity, and listen to the chimes,

that think they know the worthy Wynant, who built that vault. I do not believe anything of the sort; for I believe the old Hapsburg of the Wynants was buried 100 years before the one they knew was buried, and yet their Wynant of modern years was a good, worthy man.

Others will say that so Dutch a name as Wynant Van Zandt should have belonged to the old South Dutch Reformed Church, and not to Trinity. Marriage makes many changes, and I dare say one of the Wynants did not join Trinity until after he had married one of the rector's daughters; and if a man, and practical merchant, would not change his religion from the Dutch to the English church, under such considerations, he is hopeless.

There are many living who knew a Wynant Van Zandt that regularly attended Trinity until he died; many more who knew another Wynant Van Zandt, Jr., a son of the other; who was also a vestryman of Trinity Church from 1806 to 1811, and about 1815 moved to Little Neck, where he died.

They were both merchants and good men, and both did a large and successful business from after the first Revolutionary war, 1786, until the last war in 1814. Then the old gentleman died at 35 William street, where he had lived from 1789 — this in the first year was 17 Smith street, the house being the same. That part of the town in those early years was called the Dock Ward, and the father, Wynant, was elected Assistant Alderman of it in 1788, and in 1789 Alderman of the same ward, and continued to be elected until 1804. Wynant, Jr., was also Alderman after the wards were regularly numbered. He was Alderman of the First Ward from 1802 to 1806. He lived with his father part of the time,

and in his own house at 24 Wall street, where the Phœnix Bank now is. He went into business as early as 1702, with William Lawrence, under the firm of Lawrence & Van Zandt, at 170 Water street. Wynant Jr., lived at Golden Hill. He afterwards moved to 177 Water street, and the firm kept in the same building until 1798, when the store was moved to 26 William street. This firm did a very heavy business as late as 1809, when they dissolved.

He was one of the Building Committee of the Board of Aldermen that put up the present City Hall. He was opposed to putting up the front white, and rear with red stone, as he remarked, with wonderful sagacity, that the city would in a few years extend far beyond the City Hall. His colleagues laughed at the idea, and so they used brown stone, for the sake of economy. Again, when it was proposed to lay out Canal street sixty feet wide, he opposed it, and plead for one hundred feet, for the reason that the street was destined to be one of the greatest thoroughfares in the city. They derided this idea also, but finally yielded, and for the width of Canal street the city is indebted to Alderman Van Zandt.

He married Maria Allaire Underhill, a daughter of Israel Underhill, of Westchester county, who was "lord mayor" of Westchester Co. before the old Revolution. By him she had eleven sons. I believe six of them are living. I have alluded to the vault inscribed "Wynant Van Zandt." The occasion of his having a vault in that yard is singular. He always attended the old Dutch Church — (Post Office) under which lie buried nearly all of the Van Zandt family for generations back. Upon one occasion he was very sick, and was visited by Bishop Hobart. He took such a fancy to the Bishop,

that when he got well, he purchased a pew in Trinity Church, and had the vault built, to which I have alluded. In 1806 he was elected a vestryman and continued so until 1811. In the vault is buried his father, the old Alderman, who died in 1814 — his own partner, William Lawrence, and two others.

About the year 1813, his health not being good, he purchased on Long Island the Weeks Farm, called Little Neck. It stands upon the east side of the beautiful bay of the same name in the town of Flushing. Upon it he built a magnificent residence. (A superb engraving of the mansion and grounds is in "Thompson's Long Island.") It is now owned by the Douglas family. There he passed the remainder of his days until he died, Nov. 1, 1831, aged 63 years. While being in this retirement, he was constantly doing good, and giving liberally to all objects for public improvement. During the later period of his life, finding it troublesome to ride five miles to church, he built on the hill near the main road a church, very neat and substantial, and gave it with the lot to the people. It is called Zion's Church, and the Reverend Mr. Beare now officiates there. It was consecrated by Bishop Hobart, and this was one of the last official acts of his life. Underneath was built a vault at the time of his death, and there he lays with his wife and other younger portions of the family. His vault at Trinity Church, in front of this edifice, did not receive the remains of its builder and owner.

No stone was erected at Zion Church, for this itself was his monument.

In all business and all other matters, he was a man of the strictest integrity. As a merchant he stood among the best and highest.

The old New York Insurance Company, after he re-

tired to the country, desired to retain his services as President at a salary of $1,500, only for his name, but he declined, as he would accept no pay, unless he earned it by attending to the duties. Honest and honorable in all his dealings, he lived a useful life and died a Christian death.

Doctor Charles A. Van Zandt, one of his sons, was born on the 18th of September, 1798. The father in his day and generation was regarded as first among the legitimate Knickerbockers, and who at the same time held a commanding influence in the affairs of this metropolis.

In the year 1813, when young Van Zandt was in the fifteenth year of his age, taking a fancy to the life of a sailor, he entered on board of a ship commanded by Captain Thomas H. Merry, one of the oldest ship-masters in the port, and made a voyage to Liverpool. Immediately after his return to the United States, and after the declaration of war against Great Britain, he commenced a voyage to Brazil with the same commander, but left the ship at Savannah on his homeward passage, and when in sight of Sandy Hook light, the vessel in which he sailed was captured by his Majesty's frigate, the "Belvidere," and carried into Bermuda. In that place Doctor Van Zandt was held a prisoner of war for the long and tedious period of six months.

An incident occurred while the ship was on the voyage to Bermuda, which is worthy of record, inasmuch as it evidences the native pride and indomitable spirit of the Anglo American.

Two British midshipmen had charge of the ship, and the day previous to their arrival at Bermuda the two gentlemen placed their clothes and boots on deck, and ordered Mr. Van Zandt to clean them. The insult

was indignantly repelled with all that native spirit and lofty pride which becomes the character of an American; and, in despite of menaces and threats, he declared that he would die before he would perform any menial service for the enemies of this country. In consequence of his refusal he was attacked by the two midshipmen. He defended himself with a handspike, and drove his assailants into the cabin, but not before he had been severely wounded. After this affair he was kept in close confinement until the ship arrived in Bermuda. He was subsequently returned to the United States in a *cartel*, and remained a number of years at Little Neck, Long Island, then the residence of his father, who, having accumulated a large fortune in the city of New York, had retired from business.

In the year 1820, Mr. Van Zandt entered the office of the celebrated Doctor John W. Francis, who died not long ago. With him he commenced the study of medicine and surgery. In the year 1825, he was graduated at Rutgers College, and took with him the first degrees and highest honors of *Alma Mater*. From that time to this, he has followed his profession with unceasing diligence.

In the year 1832, when the Asiatic cholera made its appearance in this city, he tendered his professional services to the poor gratuitously; and for the great benefits he conferred, and the benevolence he displayed, he received a handsome compliment at the hands of a committee of citizens selected to award to him a substantial token of popular admiration, as will be seen by the following, which I copy from the *Gazette* of 1832.

Beautiful and well-earned Compliment. — We have been shown this morning a superb Silver Pitcher, manufactured by Marquand & Brothers, Broadway,

which is to be presented to Dr. Charles A. Van Zandt, for the gratuitous services rendered by that gentleman in his professional capacity to the poor, during the prevalence of the cholera in this city. The pitcher bears the following inscription in front:

Presented to Dr. Charles A. Van Zandt, for his gratuitous services rendered to the poor, during the epidemic cholera of 1832, in the city of New York, by

Samuel Whittemore,	Peter C. Matthews,
Charles Oakley,	Timothy Whittemore,
John Groshon,	Peter P. Stagg,

Washington Fosdick.

In behalf of the citizens of the Ninth Ward.

On either side is an etching of the Good Samaritan pouring oil and wine into the wounds of the wounded Levite left by the wayside. The shape is truly a beautiful antique model, and the workmanship of the first quality. The chasings, and the wreath surrrounding the inscription, are all exceedingly well and tastefully executed. It is an appropriate testimonial of the value set upon the services of Doctor Van Zandt; and the gentlemen who have presented it have evinced feelings highly creditable to themselves.

In the year 1834, he signalized himself in a similar manner, when the cholera re-appeared, and again received the compliments of our citizens.

In the year 1835, he was appointed Deputy Health Officer of the port of New York, and in consequence of his constant personal attendance, and assiduous duties while attending to the sick — professionally and otherwise — he was attacked with the ship fever, and nearly forfeited his life to the great cause of benevolence and humanity. From that time until now he has been engaged in his profession, though with but little profit to himself, as most of his time and active services have been gratuitously given to the poor of the city who were unable to pay for medical attendance.

Doctor Van Zandt has always acted with the Democratic party, and as a Democrat has at all times been distinguished for his entire consistency and propriety of action. He was nominated at one time for the office of Coroner of the City and County of New York. He is now a resident of Brooklyn.

Wynant, the father of Wynant, Jr., married Jane Colgan somewhere about 1765. She was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Colgan, who was sent out here from England in 1726. He was first settled in Westchester. The congregation of old Trinity had heard Mr. Colgan preach, and they were so pleased with his preaching and reading divine service, that they became very anxious that Mr. Colgan should remain in New York city. He accepted the offer, and became assistant to the Rev. Mr. Vesey, rector of the Parish of Trinity. In 1832 he left it, to take charge of a church at Jamaica. He died in December, 1755. Beside Jane, who married Wynant Van Zandt, Sarah married Thomas Hammersley, an old merchant I have written about.

Wynant Van Zandt, Jr., was the son of this marriage, and grandson to the old assistant rector, Mr. Colgan, who has descendants of his name yet among us. I now go back still farther to another Wynant Van Zandt whom I suppose to be father of the family.

That Wynant, in 1708, married Miss Maria Praa. He was probably thirty years old when he committed matrimony, and if so, was born about 1670 to 1678.

Peter Praa, the father of Mrs. Wynant, was a most extraordinary man. His father was a Huguenot, and came to this city in 1655. Peter was born at Leyden in 1659. He had a sister Anna born in this city, who afterwards married Jan Janson. Peter married a daughter of Jacob Hay. Old Peter Praa became immensely

rich. He owned "Dominie's Hook," which he bought from the heirs of Annetie Jans, of Trinity Church notoriety.

Dominie's Hook took its name in 1643, from its owner, Dominie Bogardus, the first minister of New York; whose widow, Annetie Jans, on Nov. 26, 1652, received a ground brief for the same, then estimated at 130 acres. This tract was bought by Capt. Peter Praa in 1697. Old Captain Praa died in 1740. He left no sons, but his daughters married men of the name of Wynant Van Zandt, William Bennett, Daniel Bodet, Meserole and David Provoost. Dominie's Hook estate was left to the children of his daughter Anna. They were Jacob Bennett, Peter P. Bennett, Mary, who married John Devoé, and Nelly, who married David Van Cott. (I have no doubt Wynant J. Bennett, whose death at ninety-one, commences this article, is from this race, and so got the names Wynant and Bennett).

Though Captain Praa left no son, yet his name was kept in these various families.

As late as 1798 Peter Praa Van Zandt, who was a grandson of Wynant Van Zandt, who married Miss Praa, lived at 180 Water street, where he did business. Wynant Van Zandt, who married n 1765, was a cousin and also a grandson of the old Wynant Van Zandt of 1698.

Peter Praa Van Zandt lost two sons by the yellow fever in 1798. Their names were Peter and Thomas.

There were a large number of the Van Zandts in the city seventy years ago. I think that the one of 1670 rests in that vault. He probably died about 1748. Trinity Parish was commenced in 1698. If he was not the founder of the vault, then it was probably constructed by his grandson, the Alderman of 1786, who unques-

tionably placed his grandfather's bones in it, and placed the proper transcript over it. Undoubtedly himself, and his grandson and his own son were also found in the vault, and in that rests the bones of the Wynants who were born about two hundred years ago.

The Wynant of 1786 was a benevolent man. In 1792 he was one of the Governors of that most excellent institution, the New York Public Dispensary, before it was incorporated. It afforded medical advice and medicine to the sick poor, gratis. Old George Janeway was also a Governor. So, too, was Tobias Van Zandt, a chocolate manufacturer in Water street seventy years ago, and he was Assistant Alderman of the Fifth Ward that year. Wynant was Alderman of the Second Ward, and Peter Pidd Van Zandt was Alderman of the Third Ward.

In 1795 the New York Dispensary was regularly incorporated for the purpose above stated, and to relieve such indigent persons as were not proper objects for "the Poor House or Hospital." It had thirteen Trustees, and was allowed to hold real estate to the amount of $3,000. These trustees also had to manage the kine pox, institution adjoining the Presbyterian Church, near the Park, where *The Daily Times* building is now located.

The credit of founding the institution belongs to the old worthies I have named. I should add Theophilus Beekman and John Wylly, both Governors, and both Aldermen of the city.

When the New York Insurance Company was incorporated, April 2, 1798, with a capital of $500,000, Archibald Gracie was made the President, and among the Directors was Wynant Van Zandt. In 1806 the son, Wynant junior, was elected a director and assistant pres-

ident, and he held it as late as 1821. I do not know when he died. The father, I think, must have died in 1813 or 1814.

The Insurance Company of which I have spoken, the New York, and with which the name of Wynant Van Zandt was so long connected, was the second chartered by this State, and is now, I believe, the oldest. It was chartered April 2, 1798, but the Mutual Insurance Company had been chartered March 30. 1798, three days ahead. However, the Mutual was established as an independent Mutual Assurance Company in 1787. When chartered it was with a capital of $350,000. Long ago it ceased to take marine risks, but was a fire company. It ended its career I think in 1845 or 1846. George Ireland was its last President. The New York Insurance Company still exists. Charles McEvers succeeded Mr. Gracie in 1799. I remember his venerable form very well. In 1830 his head was as white as snow.

Young Wynant Van Zandt, in 1806, was elected one of the Governors of the New York Hospital. A fair test of the standing of a man in this city is to be found in the fact that he has been a Governor of the New York Hospital. Perhaps the best, as it is the oldest for selecting worthy men, is the corporation of Trinity Church. For 160 years that society has selected its vestrymen from the very cream of the cream of our best citizens. You cannot point to a black sheep in the entire list from 1698. Of course, the selection is made from that church alone. For the hospital it is different. These governors are the best men that can be found in the city, without reference to religion. Wynant Van Zandt, Jun., was in both corporations. In 1805, he was elected a director in the Bank of New York. His colleagues that year were such men as old Nehemiah Rogers, John B. Coles,

and John Atkinson (of whom I have written), Jacob Le Roy, John McVickar, Rufus King, all of whom, save two, had been vestrymen of Trinity.

The genealogy of the rare old race of merchants, the Wynant Van Zandt's was extant in Dutch, in an old Bible taken to Iowa, by William Van Zandt. His house was burned and with it the valuable record, which is as follows:

Myen heeft u Van Slaen als vat myen Vader Johannes Van Zandt heeft een dochter gehaet — Barens eisten vron houde — als try Margaret Vanderpoel en daar een dochter beisgehat het kind naam is eyte en dochter haar moeder tuck in de craen.

Vader Johannes Van Zandt is geboren in de Staet Arnheim ingel det laut ontrent het jaar 60. Zyen Vader naen Adam Wensel Van Zandt.

Moeder Margretta is Geboren in Fort Orange een dochter van Wynant Van der Poel out trent jaar 65, den 20 October, 1681. Benne Leis te Saammegetrout.

Den Augustus, 1682. Is geboren een dochter Jaunate. Is doot out 3 mandern-den 17, Dec. 1683. Is de erst Zoon Wynant Geboren.

Den 16 Maart, 1685. Is Jannate de tweede van die naem geboren.

Den 10 Oct., 1687, is Adam geboren.

Is doot out 16 jaar dochers Storf 10 bagen na me laer in de lichlike.

Den 2 Augustus, 1690, is Johannes geboren. Is doot out 14 jaar dochers Storf trit.

Den 24 Novemb, 1692, is Catrina geboren.

Den 8 Maart, 1695, is Isaac geboren, der erate in New York.

Den 4 Feber, 1697. Is arguerite geboren.

Den 8 August, 1703. Isaria geboren.

Den 3 October, 1700. Is Barnardus geboren.

Den 8 August, 1703. Is Korneilus geboren. Is ge Slowen sonder kinders.

Den October 15, 1724. Is Myen Vader Geestorven Johannes Van Zandt.

Den Oct. 26, 1724. Is Myen Moeder Geestorven Margreta Van Zandt.

Myen Vader aen de teergy.

Myen Moeder aen een Zeer been.

Then comes an English entry:

Catherine, wife of Thomas Witten, departed this life, 7th October, 1775.

Dutch again:

Het Reggster van jaaren van geborsten out jaar 1683.

Den 17 December, bin ich geboren Wynant Van Zandt, der son van Johannes Van Zandt (the first).

Out jaar 1692, April 27. Is geboren Cattrina Ten Eyck, een dochter van Tobias Ten Eyck, myen seconde Vrow.

[He was the old Founder Van Zandt. The portraits of these two personages are in possession of Thomas Van Zandt, now in France. They were on exhibition at Peal's Museum, in Broadway, at the time of the great fire. The pictures were found by Wynant Van Zandt in his father's garret, rolled up in a bundle and by him given to old Paff to restore.

Mrs. Wynant Van Zandt was very beautiful. She had a fine figure and magnificent black eyes, and is painted holding a tulip in her hand.]

Iut Jaar, 1075, 17 Aug. Ben Ich met Maryer Praa getrout de dochter Van Peter Praa.

Iut Jaar 1706, Den 5 August is gebosen myen Zoon Johannes Van Zandt.

Iut Jaar 1708, den 29 May, is geboosen myen son Peter Praa Van anZdt.

[He was a great merchant in his day, and was Alderman of the Third Ward in 1791, '92 and '93. In the yellow fever of 1798, his two sons Peter and Thomas died.]

Iut Jaar 1709, dem 17 Oct., Is myen vrou gestoreen.

Iut Jaar 1710, 30 Juin, bin ich wedeer gectrout met

Catherina Ten Eyck, te tochter Van Tobias Ten Eyck, den Ersten geberen Zoon. Dochter geboren.

Iut Jaar 1712, in geboren Elisabet Van Zant den 18 Aug, dressin Dochter, 2 Jarr at out. Iut Jaar 1714 is gebore Marguerite Van Zandt den 5 Sept.

Jut Jaar, 1716, is gebore Tobias Van Zandt den May 4, diesen Tobias is doot manden outt Jut Jar, 1718, is gebore Tobias Van Zandt de tweede, den 16 March diesen Tobias is doot 18 Manden outt.

[Above are recorded the death of two sons in succession named Tobias. It seemed to be a favorite name with Wynant. The name of the father of his wife was Tobias. Perhaps he wished to do away with the foolish prejudice, the bad luck attended the naming of a second child. He tried it a third time. Of course I suppose all my readers understand Dutch. As they may not I will translate the above record.

"In the year 1716, Tobias Van Zandt was born. May 4 he died, aged one month. In the year 1718, Tobias Van Zandt the second was born. He died 18th March, 18 months old. We shall see by this time there was a third.]

"Iut Jaar 1719, is geboren Cattrina Van Zandt den 29 Sept. dresen dechter is doot 14 dagen oult." [How simple is the birth or death recorded. In the year 1719 Catherina was born the 29 Sept. This daughter is dead. 14 days old.]

Iut Jaar 1721, is geboren Wynant Van Zandt, den 29 January. Diesen Zoon is doot. 20 manden oult. (Another birth or death recorded.)

Iut Jaar 1722, is geboren. Elizabet Van Zandt den 24 July."

Iut Jaar 1726 is geboren myen zoon. Jacobus Van Zandt. Jacobus Van Sandt de 15 Sept. te 4. urren in de achter middag (At 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This is a novel record, or the father seems so surprised, that he notes the fact, of the afternoon birth.)

Iut Jaar 1728 is geboren Maria Van Zandt, Satur-

dagh snagle te 4 urren in morgen stout den 29 January. Diesen Maria is gestorven 3 Jaar 4 manden oult.

Out jaar 1729, Aug. 15. Is geboren Johannes Van Zandt, te tien urren in de avent.

Out jaar 1730, May 17, myen zoon is geboren Wynant Van Zandt, te urren voor de middagh twiede van diesen name."

Iut jaar 1732, Oct. 21, myen zoon Tobias Van Zandt, geboren donderdagh morgen ten fief urren.

[This was the third child he had named Tobias. He lived and thrived, and after the Revolution became a great chocolate manufacturer at 92 Water street. He was Assistant Alderman of the Montgomory Ward from 1786 to 1793.]

Out jaar 1735, Maatz 10, is geboren Marya Van Zandt diesen Maria Storven out tine jaar.

On het jaar 1772, den 11 Aug. is meyn moeder Catherine Van Zandt, gestovven van de Koorse out zeinde 80, 80 jaaren 3 maander.

In het jaar den 11 Dec. moyen Zuster Margaretta Bourson gestovven van de stiriphe out siende 58 jaaren 2 maanden 27 dagen. Jacobus Van Zandt was born ze 15 Sept. 1729, Old Style.

Johanna Manschalk, Ze 18, Nov. 1729, an we married 10 Feb., 1750. Old Style.

Wynant, son of them, born Sept. 30, 1751. Died in 1756.

Johanna (daughter), born ze 22 Feb., 1754. Died 12 July following. Buried in the old Dutch churchyard.

Jacobus, son, born 3d Sept., 1755.

Johannes, son, born Aug. 12. 1757.

[All those records were made by the old Wynant, who was born in 1685. His son, the old Alderman Wynant, who died in 1814, then writes.]

Wynant Van Zandt, my father, departed this life ye 6th of October, 1757, in the 73rd year of his age.

Catherine Van Zandt, my mother, departed this life 11th Aug., 1772, aged 80 years and 23 months.

[This was the celebrated Catherine Ten Eyck.]
Wynant Van Zandt. Born August 11, 1767.

[The following is a copy of the old middle Dutch Church record of burials in the family vault: "Remains found in Vault No. 16, Old Middle Dutch Church, with plates on the coffins, and placed in separate cases:"]

Wm. V. W. Forbes, Feby, 28, 1843, aged 31 years.
Augustine H. Lawrence Sept. 1828, aged 58 years.
Charlottee Lawrence, Dec. 1, 1817, aged 4 years, 3 months.
William Lawrence, —— 1816, aged 4 years.
Catherine Lawrence, Oct. 6, 1817, aged 46 years.
Johanna Lawrence, May 1809, aged 79 years.
Benj. T. Mumford, Jany. 1821, aged 23 years.
John G. Mumford ——1809, aged ———
Peter P. Van Zandt, Aug. 1812 aged 82 years.
Ephraim Brasher, Nov. 16, 1810 aged 66 years, 7 months.
James McCrea, Aug. 1819 aged ———

"Also the remains of about nine adults and six children. The coffins were without plates and very much decayed and broken up, and the remains so mingled together that they could not be separated. They were put in cases and removed, Feby. 16, 1858, to vault No. 33, in the cemetery in Lafayette Place."

A fitting conclusion to this chapter will be the mention of one of the distinguished female members of the family, I allude to Catharine Van Zandt, who was born in the City of New York in 1760, was the daughter of Jacobus Van Zandt, a gentleman of Dutch descent, and an early and zealous friend of the Revolution, in which he took a very active part. Miss Van Zandt was carefully educated by the Rev. Dr. Auckmuty (father of Major-General Sir Samuel Auckmuty), at that time Rector of Trinity Church, and deemed one of the best scholars and instructors in the colonies. When the

English army under Lord Howe arrived at Sandy Hook, Miss Van Zandt, with her mother, fled from the city to Morristown, New Jersey, under protection of the family servants, her father and brother being with the army on Long Island. At Morristown she resided some seven years, in the midst of war alarms, suffering all the inconveniences and deprivations incident to those troubled times, and returned to the city at the peace, in 1783.

The residence of her father being in the vicinity of General Washington's headquarters at Morristown, led to an intimacy between the families, and it was in this family she made the acquaintance of many talented, gallant young officers of the army, who became afterwards attached friends. Among them were James Madison, James Monroe, Aaron Ogden, Morgan Lewis, Wilkinson and Alexander Hamilton, and other gentlemen who some years subsequently filled the highest offices of the U. S. Government. In after life her graphic descriptions of those officers, their adventures connected with the stirring incidents of the Revolution, were very interesting, and often drew around her a circle of ready listeners to her thrilling stories of the "times of trouble."

During the Revolutionary War travelling in New Jersey and southern parts of New York was very unsafe, and Miss Van Zandt often availed herself of the escort of Gen. Washington to make visits in different parts of the colonies, and thus had the opportunity presented of visiting many of the encampments, forts and outposts, *en route.*

On one of these occasions, on her way to Trenton, she was stopped by the advance of Lord Howe's army. On their retreat from Philadelphia, supposing the army

would take the old road to New York, Miss Van Zandt and party were compelled to return, and for safety took the road to Freehold, which happened to be the very route unexpectedly taken by the English army. The difficulties of obtaining conveyance arrested their progress, and the English army passed at a short distance in sight of their place of concealment, where the ladies remained and saw the first attack by Gen. Lee, and the second by Washington, on the English army; the last compelled Lord Howe to retreat and change the direction of their march. Taking advantage of this movement, Miss Van Zandt with her lady companions, under the care of old and faithful servants, effected their escape by a bridle path through the forest, and safely reached her home. On the strength of this incident, she often, in conversation with the heroes of Monmouth, facetiously claimed for herself and party a share in their glory, as having been present at the battle.

When the army were in huts at Morristown, in 1780, to relieve the *ennui* of the officers, Gen. Washington caused to be collected all the books that could be procured; a building for their reception was erected, and a small library thus established. At the suggestion of Mrs. Washington, two ladies were selected and appointed as librarians. Miss Van Zandt was one. As these librarians were all young, handsome and interesting, and ever accompanied by three companions equally prepossessing, it is not surprising that the young officers became applicants for books, or often made the exchanging of them an excuse for visiting the library.

After the peace, on the 25th November 1783, Miss Van Zandt, attended by her father and relatives, formed part of the cavalcade that joyfully returned to their native city, after an absence of seven long years of exile.

Miss Van Zandt's reminiscences of this glorious day, with its incidents, formed another of those themes she loved to describe. Her return to her home, the reunion of relatives and long separated friends, amidst the roar of cannon, the roll of drums, the raising of flags, the rejoicing of the army and citizens, must have been a green spot in the memories of the actors in those extraordinary times.

In 1788, Miss Van Zandt was married to James Homer Maxwell, of New York, the son of the gentleman who projected and established, with Gen. McDougal, the first banking establishment ever instituted in the State of New York.

At the great ball given in honor of the inauguration, Miss Van Zandt (Mrs. Maxwell) appeared as a bride, was noticed and complimented by Gen. Washington in a most marked and gratifying manner. The compliment, extended to her in the midst of her relatives and friends, was ever highly appreciated and regarded, and well she might be proud of it, considering who paid it on the occasion.

Mrs. Maxwell passed half a century in unalloyed happiness with the husband of her choice, surrounded by her devoted children and troops of attached friends, possessing a full share of the comforts and luxuries of life. She lived to the ripe age of 70, long enough to see her country resuscitated after all the calamities of a seven years' war, the population trebled, the people free and happy, with every prospect of soon becoming the most powerful, if not the most enlightened nation in the civilized world.

She did not live until 1861, to see all such hopes blasted.

CHAPTER VIII.

The New York merchants seem to know so litt.e of their own history, or of the great names that have adorned commerce in this city, that no steps have been taken to honor any one of them. Boston boasts with pride of her John Hancock, whose bold signature stands prominent among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. So, too, might New York boast of her merchant, Francis Lewis, whose name stands on that same glorious list; he, too, was a merchant, and from New York City. Why, in any other city in the world, this man would have been deified. He did an act that will stand through all recorded time, when the names of Governors and Presidents shall be forgotten, or only dug up out of the musty records of history, but when the names of all the signers of that Declaration will be honored in every house; children in the streets where they belonged will be taught to lisp their names. They will descend through all time to an era when 2000 millions of population are counted in 200 States of the Union, and in remote ages a thousand generations hence, men will point to the golden scroll on which are recorded the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They will be more honored than the bold Barons of England who extorted *Magna Charta* from the bad King John.

If the Chamber of Commerce knew what was for its glory in the coming times, it would raise any amount required, and erect on the Battery a monument 600 feet high, with a statue on its top, that could be seen far out to sea by the mariner, growing larger and larger as he came towards the city. This statue should be of Francis Lewis, one of the merchants of New York, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and consequently is ranked as much a peer above all merchants in this city as Hancock is in Boston.

How proudly the commercial city of the continent could point to this statue looming up in grandeur almost in the clouds, and visible at a great distance far out to sea. The traveller coming from a distant land, as he approached our shores, would ask in awe, "What is that?" How proud would be the reply: "It is the statue of the merchant of a city who signed the Declaration of Independence that made us a free people, and paved the way for our city becoming in grandeur the greatest on this continent, and perhaps in the world: his name was Francis Lewis." It would be a monument to after ages, that there had been a political genius among the ancient merchants of New York, and they were not always the uninfluential class of the present day, without political importance in the country or nation.

It would be a proud thing to do. It would be a still juster thing to do. Here was a great merchant in his day, who sacrificed all to the times and the events in which he lived, and whose name shall and will stand forever while this country exists. He was the merchant of this city who signed the great document. This country will produce a million of governors, justices of the peace and Presidents of the United States. She

can never produce but one Francis Lewis, signer of the Declaration of Independence — for millions of years will not bring forth such another eventful period as 1776.

The history of Francis Lewis should be as familiar to New Yorkers as the Lord's Prayer. He came to this city in 1735, with a cargo of merchandize that he had inherited from his parents, who died when he was only five years old. He was born at Landaff, in Wales, in 1713. His father was dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. A few years after the death of his parents, he was sent to London, and apprenticed to a merchant. He learned the business thoroughly. No doubt but the merchant, whose name we do not know, was engaged in trading to New York City. There is evidence that young Francis had his attention turned to it in that way, for the year after he was of age he came out here, with all he had. Soon after his arrival, he went into partnership with Mr. Edward Annesly, under the firm of Lewis & Annesly. The house went largely into foreign commerce, and Mr. Lewis married his partner's sister, Miss Annesly, who was a belle in her day. It is curious that when Mr. Lewis arrived the entire town was absorbed in Zenger's trial for libel. About ten years previous the *New York Gazette* was started by Mr. William Bradford — the first paper established in New York City. It supported the Government. The opposition paper was started, called the *New York Journal* — opposed the Government party, and was supported by Rip Vandam, the leader of the Liberals. Zenger was editor, and he and his two sons printed it. Zenger had his passage paid to this country by Queen Anne. He had his office in Stone street, where he printed the *Journal* until 1746, when he died. His wife kept it up until 1753

when she gave it up to her son, John Zenger. He continued it until 1752.

When Peter Zenger was acquitted, there was great rejoicing in the city At that time, 1735, Paul Richards was Mayor, and on the 29th of September of that year, they gave the freedom of the city to the lawyer Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, for so successfully defending Zenger. It was in a gold box. I have no doubt the earnest demonstration the year Mr. Lewis arrived, had a great effect upon his mind. For the first time he discovered that the liberal would ever be the popular party in the land he had chosen. The population of the city at the time he arrived was about 8,700, but it did a great business then. Its most northern street at that period, east of the Boston High road, was Frankfort street. It ran from the road or Kip (now Nassau) street to Beekman swamp (now Gold). On the west side of Broadway, the out street, was Crown (now Liberty). All above was the King's Farm. The North River washed the beach along the line of what is now Greenwich street, and up to Stone (now Thames); the yards of the houses on Broadway went back to the river bank. At that time Crosby was Governor. He and his family lived at the Government House, situated in the Fort where the Battery now is, and at the end facing that part of Stone street. The store of Lewis & Annesly was in Dock street, near the Merchants' Exchange, that then stood in Broad street, between what is now Pearl and Water, in the middle of the street. The Custom House stood near what is now the northeast corner of Whitehall and Pearl, and ran back nearly to Bridge street. Mr. Lewis had not been here long, before he took rank among the first merchants in the city. He used to make voyages in his own vessels, act-

ing as supercargo; sometimes he went to Europe, sometimes to the West Indies. Once he visited Russia and established connections; once he was shipwrecked upon the coast of Ireland. During the early part of the commercial career of Mr. Lewis, New York had a good trade. In 1749 there were 157 vessels owned here, the registered tons of which were 6,500. They took 1,220 men to man them. The average was about forty-two tons. Of course, some were larger, and many more of a smaller size than forty-two tons.

These vessels traded to West Indies, Madeira, and Azores, carrying out grain, butter, provisions, stores, beeswax, lumber, chocolate, European and Indian goods, horses, sheep, and other live goods, with their provender. They brought back Madeira wines, pimento, sulphur, liquorice, coffee, hides, deer skins, conch shells, mahogany plank, ebony, and negroes, molasses, sugar, and rum, lignum vitæ, logwood, dyeing wood, cotton wool, and cocoanuts.

They exported to Europe, mainly to London and its outports, naval stores, copper ore, tin, and other enumerated species, plated iron, oil, spermaceti, whale fins, myrtle candles, mahogany plank; and brought back European goods, Indian silks, &c., carriages, turpentine, seal skins, cider, hops, tin braziery, ivory chairs, coal, lamp wick.

The trade to Ireland was good. He exported there flaxseed, rice, sugar and starch, and got back linen and canvas.

To other parts of Europe and Africa our vessels took out assorted cargoes of grain, hides, deer and elk skins, ox horns, sarsaparilla, logwood, indigo, and lumber; and we got back tin, bronze, elephant teeth, beeswax, leather, negroes, &c. At the time of the French war of 1775,

Mr. Lewis had become engaged in the interior trade, in furs, &c. He also acted as agent of the British American Colonies in getting supplies for the troops. He was at Oswego when it was surrendered to General Montcalm. He was also included in the surrender, and was delivered by the French general to the head chief of the Indians. They murdered every prisoner except Francis Lewis. He so won upon the Indians that they spared his life. He was able to converse with them, so that they could comprehend him, owing to the resemblance of their language to the dialect of the ancient Welsh, which Mr. Lewis understood. There is a tradition that a Welsh prince once settled in the West, and this gave rise to the beautiful poem of "Madoc" by Southey, the poet.

The British Government gave Mr. Lewis 5,000 acres of land for his conduct in the contest at Oswego. The Indians wanted to set him free. The French general would not consent, but sent him to Paris as a prisoner. He was shortly after exchanged, and came home to New York city.

By his marriage with Miss Annesly, he had several children, but three survived their infancy — Francis, Ann and Morgan.

In all the relations of life which the great old merchant sustained, as merchant, as statesman, as husband, father and friend, there is no act of his whole life, embracing nearly a century, that will not bear the most searching scrutiny except one. He disinherited his daughter Ann for marrying a British officer. The feelings of the stern old patriot got the better of the father. Captain Robinson, a British naval officer, was floating about the town, and fell in love with Miss Lewis. It was mutual. The old Declaration signer would not lis-

ten to it. There was nothing left for the lovers except to run away, or get married by the Rev. Charles Inglis, at Trinity Church, who was afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia. Captain Robinson took his wife to England. They became parents to two sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter married a Mr. Robinson of the East India Company service. A second married I. Bird Sumner, the then Bishop of Chester. Bird Sumner is now Archbishop of Canterbury. A third married Sir William Moncrieff, afterwards a Lord of Session in Edinburgh. One of his sons was Judge of the Supreme Court of Calcutta. The fourth daughter married a Bishop of Calcutta, (successor to the celebrated Bishop Heber.)

The English decendants of the signer, by his daughter Ann, are well placed. He did not live to see it.

Notwithstanding his extensive commercial operations, and with all parts of the world, and the fact that he personally attended to them, as for instance when he went to Russia, he established commercial relations, as agencies, not only in every port between St. Petersburg and Archangel, but in every port in the north of Europe; yet he found time to look after the interests of his city and of his country. He was elected a delegate from this city to the Constitutional Convention that met here in 1765, and he gave his support to every measure adopted by that body in opposition to the odious Stamp Act passed by the British Parliament, and when attempts were made to put the law in force he withdrew from business and went to reside at a country seat he owned at Whitestone, in the town of Flushing L. I. He removed back to New York in 1771, for the purpose of establishing his son Francis in business under favorable auspices, which he did under the firm of

Francis Lewis & Co. He again gave up business when hostilities commenced in 1775. In April of that year, he was elected a delegate from the New York Provisional Congress to the Constitutional Congress at Philadelphia, and was continued for 1776, when he rendered his name immortal on the continent of America by signing the Declaration of Independence. He was employed by Congress to import military stores from Europe, and to do other secret acts of an important character, that only a merchant could have done. In the summer of 1776, while he was at Philadelphia, his family removed to Flushing. In that year, his dwelling was plundered by a party of British light horse; and his valuable and extensive library was destroyed. Mrs. Lewis fell into their power and was kept several months. Through the exertions of General Washington she was released, but she had suffered so much that her health was destroyed, and she soon after died. In May, 1771, he received a vote of thanks from the State for his long and faithful services to the country, and in October of that year, he was elected to the Constitutional Congress. In 1778 he was appointed to the same office for the last time, and soon after his retiring from Congress, that body appointed him a Commissioner of the Board of Admiralty, which he accepted.

Up to the time of the Revolution, Francis Lewis was the first among the merchants, and also the most wealthy. He was a king among them, and he gave all he had for the cause of his country. He periled everything, and he lost everything. The close of his days were spent in this city at 26 Courtlandt street. Although he sacrificed the bulk of a large property in the cause of his country, yet he left a considerable estate to his descendants. He is hardly mentioned dur-

ing the later years of his life in any way. Probably he took no part in public or private business. He died on the 30th of December, 1803, aged 90, and was buried in Trinity churchyard. That was a great age, and is good reason why he is scarcely remembered by any of those now living in the city. He left a name to his descendants more precious than gold. He ennobled his race and name, for there is no patent of nobility that will sooner be recognized in America, through all time to come, than to be able to point to the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and say, "There stands the name of one of my ancestors."

The elder Francis worshipped at Trinity, and was a vestryman from 1784 to 1786. His eldest son, Francis Lewis, was a man of influence in his day, but his name was overshadowed by the more illustrious one of his father. He afterwards became a partner, in 1800, of Augustus H. Lawrence, under the firm of Lewis & Lawrence, at No. 40 Wall street. They were insurance brokers at first, but afterwards extended to stock and insurance brokers. They made a large fortune in the business. He was born about 1742. He married Elizabeth Ludlow, a sister of Daniel Ludlow, one of the most eminent merchants of New York in the last century. By this marriage there were several children. Morgan died young and unmarried. Juan Francis Lewis was the second son; he married Susan Tucker, a sister of Fanning Tucker. He did a large business at No. 87 Maiden Lane as early as 1801. He left one child, a daughter, who married Doctor E. G. Ludlow, one of our most eminent physicians as well as respected citizens, and a son of the Daniel Ludlow whose sister Francis Lewis married.

Another son of Francis Lewis was Gabriel Ludlow

Lewis. He married Ann Champlin, a daughter of John Champlin, of the famous house of Minturn & Champlin.

Another son, Horatio Gates Lewis, named after the old General Horatio, married Eliza Ludlow, a daughter of Gabriel Ludlow, Esq.

Edwin Lewis died young. Anna Lewis married Thomas Battelle, an extensive merchant in the West Indies. Eliza Lewis married Samuel G. Ogden, of whom I wrote a lengthy sketch. She has numerous descendants. Cecilia Lewis died single. Emma Lewis is single, and is yet living. Francis Lewis died about 1814, aged seventy-three.

The second son of old Francis Lewis, was Morgan Lewis. His renown forms a part of the political history of this State. He has held every office almost in the city and State. He was a major-general in the army in 1812. He was born about 1754. About 1779, he married Gertrude, a daughter of Robert Livingston. Her mother was Margaret Beekman, one of the old Dutch Beekman family. They left no children. Who doesn't recollect the old double mansion of Morgan Lewis at 72 Leonard street, corner of Church, when that locality was the most fashionable in town. Morgan Lewis was Governor of the State. He was also Grand Master of the Masonic Order, and he was a grand old school New Yorker.

CHAPTER IX.

In the last chapter, I stated that Governor Morgan Lewis left no descendants. I meant to say that he left none of his name. He had descendants, for he had a daughter Margaret. She married Maturin Livingston, and there were several children. Mortimer was one. He married Miss Depau, a daughter of Francis Depau. He was for many years of the firm of Bolton, Fox & Livingston. That firm was the agent of the celebrated Havre packets. Mortimer Livingston had brothers. I remember now only the names of Lewis and Robert Livingston.

Among the well-known merchants of this city of the highest class are the Ludlows. They are lineal descendants of Edmund Ludlow, who was a lieutenant-general of the whig army in England and one of the stern judges who sat on the trial of King Charles the First. He died in exile at Vevay in Switzerland, in 1693, aged seventy-three. On his tomb was inscribed these noble words: "*Omne solum patria est, quia patris*," which rendered into English is, "To a brave man every soil is his native country."

The first one among the Ludlows that I find as a merchant, was Gabriel. He came out to New York toward the close of the seventeenth century — about

1693. He embarked from England in a ship that was cast away at Sandy Hook. He saved his own life, but lost everything else of any value except his genealogy, which traced his descent from Edward Ludlow, a man of note in the reign of Edward III,—about 1350. This was written in Latin, which showed that its owner was a man of education. Although an entire stranger, he was immediately appointed Clerk of the House of Assembly, that was then in session in New York city; and he soon established an intimacy with the Governor of the Province, and he afterward became connected with him in mercantile operations. They owned several sloops and vessels of a small class that traded up and down the North River. In 1697, Gabriel Ludlow married Sarah Hanmer, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hanmer, who was the first Episcopal clergyman that came out from England and preached in this city. This marriage brought Gabriel Ludlow into immediate connection with the leading Episcopalians; so that when the Assembly, on the 22d September, 1697, established a Protestant church, with ten vestrymen and two churchwardens, and the parish of Trinity Church, Gabriel Ludlow was one of the first vestrymen chosen. He was returned until 1704. He was, in 1697, one of the contributors toward building Trinity Church. Later, in 1711, I find his name among the contributors to building a steeple.

From this marriage came several children. There were four sons — Gabriel, George Duncan, Daniel and Robert. The eldest was named Gabriel. He also became a merchant, about 1725. He was a prominent one and did a large business with Holland. He had a splendid family. He was wedded to the Church of England, and from 1752 to 1769, was a vestryman; so, too, was his cousin, Robert Crommeline, from 1750 to 1784. He

married a Miss Crommeline, a daughter of the great Amsterdam house of "Crommeline und Zoon." There were several of the Crommelines in this city about 1700, — Charles and Robert above alluded to.

Gabriel Ludlow, the second merchant, had four sons. One was Gabriel, who was a colonel of the Provincial forces in New York city. He resided on Long Island, in the house afterwards occupied by the celebrated William Cobbett. He married Miss Verplanck, a sister of Gulian Verplanck, a great merchant in his day, and Daniel Crommeline Verplanck, father of our Gulian C. Verplanck. This Colonel Gabriel Ludlow had his estate confiscated after the Revolutionary war. He went to Nova Scotia, where he became President of the Council, and Acting Governor after the removal of Gov. Carlton. The second son was George Duncan Ludlow. He was before the war one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this city, and a Judge in Admiralty. Judge Charles P. Daly wrote his life. Judge Ludlow also went to Nova Scotia after the Revolutionary war was over, and was appointed Chief Justice of the Province. He held it until his death. The British Government gave these two brothers large tracts of land in Canada, for the losses they sustained in New York. Judge Ludlow married Frances Duncan, a daughter of Thomas Duncan, a celebrated New York merchant in his day (1730 to 1760.) He must have died about 1776.

Daniel Ludlow, a third son, also married a daughter of Thomas Duncan. Her name was Arabella. This eminent merchant, Duncan, had his family residence in Hanover Square. On one occasion his house was burned, and nearly every one in it was consumed. The daughter who afterward married Mr. Ludlow, at the time of the fire was out at nurse; the daughter who

married Judge Ludlow escaped by jumping from the window into the arms of a British officer, who called upon her to do so; his name was Captain Miller; he never recovered from the shock his frame received in sustaining her. All the rest of the family were burned. Some of the servants were impaled upon the iron railings. Old Thomas Duncan escaped in a curious manner. He never smiled afterwards. The following account appeared in Hugh Gaines' paper, the *Mercury and Gazette*, of February 19, 1767.

"On Wednesday morning, between four and five of the clock, a dreadful fire was discovered in the house of Mr. Thomas Duncan, of this city, merchant, which was attended with a melancholy and most fatal catastrophe; for, before the unhappy family, lulled in profound sleep and security, could be alarmed, the flame within the house was universal. Mr. Duncan himself escaped out of a window, by the assistance of a ladder, as he fortunately lodged in the front part of the house; and his eldest daughter, a young lady of about eighteen, being with her mother, and four children sick with the smallpox, in the nursery in the back part of the house, and not having that conveniency, had no other chance of avoiding the devouring fire than by throwing herself out a window three stories high, and was most miraculously received into the arms of a gentleman, who had encouraged her to this dangerous, though only expedient, and who was thus the generous instrument of preserving her life at the risk of his own. The nurse made the like attempt, but did not survive three minutes after she reached the ground. Mrs. Duncan, though earnestly entreated, and assured of receiving the same kind assistance which had saved her daughter, was so overcome by maternal affection and tenderness for her chil-

dren, whom she could not bear to leave in that dreadful situation, that she rejected all importunities, and in a few moments expired with them in the flames. The house, with many valuable effects, were entirely destroyed; but by the industry of the inhabitants, who are deservedly celebrated for their zeal and dexterity in extinguishing fires, assisted by the gentlemen of the army and the soldiers now quartered here, it was prevented from extending farther.

"Mrs. Duncan was a lady as distinguished for her agreeable person as the charms and embellishments of her mind; besides an exemplary piety and boundless charity, she was eminently blessed with every grace and accomplishment requisite to form the best of wives, the best of mothers, and the best of friends. No wonder, then, that so many united perfections rendered her as generally beloved and admired as she was known, and justly adds to the heavy affliction with which such an amazing and most affecting scene must naturally inspire in every breast endued with the smallest spark of humanity or compassion; but more particularly those who by their relations and friendships with her were daily witnesses of her unparalleled merit and excellence, and who by this deplorable event are deprived of blessings as great as they are irretrievable. The only consolation left the distressed friends of this truly valuable lady is a certain assurance that, like Elijah, she is translated, with her innocent babes, from a world of perpetual inquietudes and dangers, from which this sad calamity convinces us that even the best and most deserving can plead no exemption, to the transcendent joys of heaven, — the only adequate residence for such shining virtue and spotless innocence."

There were no fire engines in the city in those days. No one thought of knocking the partition wall through.

Daniel Ludlow, the merchant, who married Arabella Duncan, who so fortunately happened to be out at nurse when the above fire occurred, was born about 1750. He married about 1773. They had several children. The eldest was Harriet, who was born in 1774. She married Grove Wright, an eminent merchant in old New York. He left a large estate. Daniel Ludlow, Jr., was born in February, 1779. He was a partner for many years with his father, under the firm of Daniel Ludlow & Co. He never married, but died about 1827.

Another son was Robert C. Ludlow. He married a lady of Charleston, S. C. Another son was Frederick Ludlow. He was a lieutenant in the U. S. army, and died in Italy. Another son was Edward G. Ludlow, an old and respected New York physician, who married a grand-daughter of the immortal Francis Lewis. Daniel Ludlow, the father of the above children, when young, was sent out by his father to Holland about 1765, and he went into the counting-room of Crommeline & Son in Amsterdam. There he thoroughly learned business in the good old Dutch way, and was also obliged to learn the French and German, as well as Dutch languages. He returned to New York after an absence of four or five years, and entered into business here just before the war, with his father. When his father Gabriel died, in 1769, he kept on alone.

After the war, he went into partnership with Edward Goold. The latter was a merchant; he married in 1773, and had a son named Charles David Goold, who was born in 1774. In 1786, he lived at 48 Wall street. The house of Ludlow & Goold was opposite, at No. 47 Wall street. He dissolved with Mr. Goold about 1790, and afterwards he continued business at 38 Great Dock (Pearl,) under his own name. In 1793, he took in

Gulian, his nephew, a partner, at No. 42 Wall street, and in 1795, at 51 Wall. In 1796, the counting house was in Garden street, corner of New. He lived at 56 Broadway. In 1798, he was director of the United Insurance Company. In 1801, he was appointed Navy Agent by Thomas Jefferson. In 1801, he was the first President of Manhattan Bank, and continued to be at the head of that institution until 1808. His store was for many years at 19 South street, afterwards purchased and occupied by Stephen Whitney. The father and son both lived at No. 56 Broadway, until 1808. It was built by the old merchant, and nearly a cargo of marble was used in its construction. It stood on the south corner of Garden street and Broadway. The lot extended back to New. It was a large double house. Twenty years ago it was standing, and used for the Waverly House. Then Asa Fitch owned it, and it is now a part of the large bonded warehouse. It sold to Cornelius Ray, about 1808, for $28,000. I think old Daniel continued to be Navy Agent during the entire period that Mr. Jefferson was President.

I have mentioned that Daniel Ludlow received a portion of his mercantile education in the Dutch counting-house of his relative at Amsterdam — the house of Daniel Crommeline & Son, still in existence. In after years, when he was established in New York, he went abroad again to establish business connections in different parts of Europe. It happened that he was in Paris at the time Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, were executed. He saw both of these illustrious personages guillotined, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. He used to relate all that took place. He said that the King exhibited fear, and that his fortitude forsook him; but not so with her. He said she

looked with the utmost scorn upon the people during the procession, and upon the guillotine. The crowd made him wear one of the rosettes. He was in London, and lodged at the same house with Paoli, the celebrated Corsican. In the course of his travels for business purposes, Mr. Ludlow saw every crowned head in Europe. He established the largest business that was done at that time in the city of New York.

He was the agent of the Holland Land Company, and all the money and business in this country was done by him.

At one period as I have stated, his partner was Gulian Ludlow, his nephew, and son of Colonel Ludlow. He lived at 13 Whitehall, corner of Stone street.

Daniel Ludlow & Co., were largely in the East India trade. They had a branch there. They imported largely of East India drugs, gums, etc.

Mr. Ludlow lost nearly half a million by underwriting in the first quasi French war. At the time there were but two insurance companies in the city. Consequently it became a matter of necessity that private underwriting should be undertaken. The largest underwriters in the city were Daniel Ludlow, John B. Church, and John Delafield. They all lost immensely, and the President, Washington, in one of his messages stated that their rights should be protected; yet these losses have never been made good.

He also lost an immense sum by the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Bonaparte. His ships were trading to every port in Europe, to the East and to the West Indies.

In 1806 he lost several thousand dollars by the celebrated General Miranda, and the transactions of Samuel G. Ogden.

Mr. Ludlow was a genuine old school merchant. He

had his house in town, and his country seat. That sold for $28,000. It was formerly owned by Joshua Waddington, in Westchester, and now by F. Barretto. He owned his store at No. 19 South street, where he was for so many years.

He did almost all the hospitality of New York to strangers. There were six or eight places kept at his table every day for the use of those who might drop in unexpectedly. General Moreau, Hyde de Neuville, and other distinguished gents.

I think that Daniel Ludlow died in the city about 1813.

The fourth son of Gabriel, the merchant, was Robert Ludlow. He moved from the city to Newburgh in 1796, and died there. He left several children. Among them were three sons. One was Charles Ludlow, who entered the American navy in 1798 as a midshipman. He rose to be a post captain, and greatly distinguished himself in the war of 1812, as he had done in the Algerine war. Another son was Robert. He was a purser in the navy and a great friend of Commodore Bainbridge. He was in the "Constitution" when she captured the "Java."

The third son was Augustus C. Ludlow. He entered our navy in 1804. He was the first lieutenant of the "Chesapeake," under Captain Lawrence, in his ill-fated engagement with the British frigate "Shannon." After Lawrence was killed, the command devolved upon young Ludlow. He fought with desperation, but received a wound which finally caused his death. The bodies of both Lawrence and Ludlow were brought on to New York, and were buried in Trinity churchyard.

It is impossible to say how many of these Ludlows are now scattered in this city, and in the Union, engaged in commerce, but they are very numerous.

CHAPTER X.

In the year 1786 New York city became of sufficient commercial importance to have a City Directory. That same year a child was born in North Carolina, who was in after life destined to earn the proud title of the commercial representative of New York city in the Congress of the United States — a nation that had not then been born. He went to a common school in Newbern until he was fourteen years old when he entered a store and clerked it for two years. Toward the close of 1801 he came to this city, a boy of about sixteen years of age. I allude to Churchill C. Cambreleng, who was an old school merchant. I write the "I" with pleasure when I can speak of a merchant who has stepped out of the old beaten track and risen to distinction in the political world. So did Mr. Cambreleng. He of course clerked it, as many other boys have done. He entered the counting-room of Grove Wright, a celebrated merchant in his day, who at the time did a large business at No. 185 Pearl street. When he had thoroughly acquired a knowledge of business, he went with Mr. Chrystie, a South street merchant, for some time. He was one of the glass Chrysties. Old James kept a glass and china store in Maiden lane, at No. 17, as early as 1790. His widow, Mary, kept it ten years later, about the commencement of this century, lower down the

street, at No. 37, and when the boys got old enough to go into business Thomas took the old china and glass store, same number, and Albert went into a large commercial business at No. 89 South street. In 1812 Mr. Chrystie took young Cambreleng into partnership, under the firm of Cambreleng & Chrystie. The former brought a large North Carolina business to the new firm. They were both young men and boarded with the widow Chrystie, at No. 77 Liberty near Broadway. In 1812 James Chrystie went into business with his brother Thomas and the next year, when Thomas died, the firm of Cambreleng & Chrystie was dissolved, and Albert went into partnership with his brother James, under the firm of Albert and James Chrystie, and Mr. Cambreleng continued along alone at the old stand, No. 89 South street.

Mr. Cambreleng married the daughter of the celebrated John B. Glover, a very eminent merchant of the last century, and of whom I have made frequent mention in these chapters. She still survives her honored husband. They had no children. In 1816, Mr. Cambreleng became a partner of Isaac Green Pearson, under the firm of Cambreleng & Pearson. Their counting house was at No. 67 South street, and Mr. Pearson resided at No. 1 Beaver, corner of Broad street. In 1818, Stephen Cambreleng, a brother of C. C., opened an office as attorney and counsellor, at No. 42 Pine street. He married in the city, and though now a widower, yet he had a fine family of children, and such as will keep the name respected in other generations. The firm of Cambreleng & Pearson continued until 1823, when it was dissolved, Mr. Pearson keeping the old store and Mr. Cambreleng moving to No. 18 Wall street. In 1820 he had changed his private residence to No. 11

Park Place. Towards the close of the year 1819, Mr. Cambreleng became mixed up in an affair that convulsed New York city as much at that time as the Helen Jewett, the Burdell, or any other of the great tragedies of our city. At the time no man's prospects were more bright than those of Mr. Cambreleng. He was in the prime of life; his society was courted by every one, both female and male. He was the life of the Assembly Room. At dinner at the old City Hotel wine was sent to him from every quarter. All the young men looked up to and envied him. He was a partner in one of the most respectable mercantile firms. After dinner in those days — City Hotel dinners — the ton used to stroll up Broadway as far as Chambers street and look at the pretty faces on the promenade. Mr. Cambreleng had a friend named Goodwin, that he esteemed highly. They had been dining together at the City Hotel. They had wined together, and they walked up Broadway together on the afternoon of the 21st day of December, 1819. They were arm in arm, when they left the City Hotel at 3 o'clock, and thus they walked up Broadway as far as St. Paul's Church, and then they returned. On the northwest corner of Broadway and Courtlandt street, second door, then opposite No. 175, Mr. Cambreleng and his friend met young James Stoughton, the son of the old Spanish Consul. I must here mention that James had acted as vice-consul. In that capacity he had caused the arrest of young Goodwin for piracy upon Spanish vessels. Goodwin was locked up in the old stone jail, where the present Hall of Records is, for several weeks. He had a room on the east side of the building, and his room-mate was young R., whose own father had caused his son to be arrested for some trivial debt and locked up, in order that he might not be arrest-

ed and carried out of the State for other debts of more importance. Goodwin had his meals sent in to him every day, and he received company like a prince. Most of the leading young men used to call on him. So did many ladies. While in prison he swore he would kill the young vice-consul, Stoughton, if he ever got out.

On the memorable occasion above alluded to, as young James approached Goodwin and Mr. Cambreleng going up Broadway, the latter observed: "Robert, here is your friend coming." When the two parties met opposite King & Mead's dry good store, as they were within six paces, young Bob pointed at Stoughton with his cane, and said: "There is a coward and a scoundrel." Young Stoughton passed on up about two paces, and then turned quickly round. Mr. Goodwin turned and faced him. Fearing trouble, Mr. Cambreleng pulled his friend Goodwin by the arm, and coaxed him to go on, which he did. The two crossed Courtlandt street, from the northwest to the southwest corner, where Gilsey's large building now stands, and they supposed young Stoughton had gone up Broadway. He had not, but was following Cambreleng and Goodwin. At the corner, he accosted Goodwin and said: "Will you repeat what you said? Goodwin replied, "I will, sir." A blow from Stoughton was as quick as lightning. Then Goodwin struck Stoughton with his cane, holding the butt end of it in his hand. The blow followed immediately. Mr. Stoughton struck Mr. Goodwin near the left shoulder, pretty high up on the breast with his fist. Mr. Goodwin now struck a blow with his cane, and the dagger (it was a sword cane) flew partly out of the sheath. Every one now looked at the weapon.

Goodwin seized the dagger by the handle, and put the blade in his right hand. Three or four blows were

given. Mr. Cambreleng was about twenty feet from the two fighters. Stoughton stood upon the pavement of the cart way. Stoughton retreated, and Goodwin advanced as far as the middle of Courtlandt street. Three or four blows were given, when Stoughton fell. It was impossible to see the cause. Both parties had on those fashionable surtout coats with large capes, worn at that time. Mr. Cambreleng was the first to catch Goodwin, who had also fallen. Mr. Stoughton was lying in the middle of Courtlandt street, a little into Broadway. Cambreleng and others raised up Stoughton. He stood a moment, and then his head rested upon his hand, which was upon the shoulder of a gentleman. All thought he had fainted, except old Thaddeus Phelps, who was passing at the time, and looking him in the face said: "This is a dead man." Stoughton was then taken into a store, and the crowd locked out. Mr. Goodwin observed to Mr. Cambreleng: "I have lost my hat, but I have got Stoughton's. Mr. Cambreleng replied: "You had better wear it until you find your own." He put it on his head, and both parties started on their walk down to the City Hotel, to take a drink. On the way, Mr. Goodwin asked his friend Cambreleng, "I think I had better leave the city."

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Cambreleng. "Stoughton has only fainted, and will recover."

"But you heard Thad Phelps say, '*That is a dead man.*'"

"Then, perhaps you had better quit the city, until we find out whether he is dead or not."

Goodwin then went into the City Hotel, where he was stopping, and Mr Cambreleng went back to see how Stoughton did, and was thunderstruck when he found him lying upon one of the counters in the dry goods

store, quite dead. He had received a stab in his side, about an inch in length, but it had reached a vital part. Mr. Cambreleng went back to his friend, who immediately started for the foot of Catherine street, and got upon the Elizabethtown steamboat. He reached that city about six o'clock, and stopped there over night. It may be interesting to digress a little and speak more of the parties, as they are all merchants.

I do not think any event occasioned more excitement at the time in the little city of 120,000 inhabitants, for New York was not so great as she is now, with her population in city and suburbs over a million.

The respectability of the parties added to the excitement. The young man who was killed was the beloved son of Don Thomas Stoughton, the Spanish consul for this port. Soon after the formation of the present United States, and while President Washington resided in New York, Spain sent to this country a minister, and shortly after appointed consuls for different States. She appointed Don Juan Stoughton consul for the State of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Vermont. His place of residence was at Boston. In the same year (1794) Spain appointed Don Thomas Stoughton consul for New York, his residence to be in this city. He was a son of Don John. Don Thomas did business as a merchant, and when he first commenced he lived at No. 24 Greenwich street, and his counting-house and "Consulate" were in the same building. He lived there some years, but in 1819 removed to No. 9 Murray street. He had sons. One was James, unmarried, who lived with his father, and a popular young man about town. He moved in the first society, of course, and was popular wherever he went. He had been born in the city, was educated here, and

was admitted to the bar. He was "Attorney and Counsellor," and had an office at No. 19 Wall street. He was also vice consul. At the time he was murdered, he was betrothed to a beautiful girl in the city. Such were the surroundings of the victim. He had another brother, Francisco, who succeeded his father as Spanish Consul General in 1825 or '26, when the old Don Thomas died. He never held up his head after the loss of his son James. The brother Francisco is still alive, a care-worn, pale-faced man, who walks the streets of our city as if he was alone in it. He lost a brother. Then he lost a wife, who was as beautiful as ever woman was. James Stoughton was a fine-looking man, and I believe twenty-three years old when he became a victim.

On the other hand the murderer was not behindhand in these pleasant surroundings. He was one of the most splendid looking young men of his day. He was over six feet high, splendidly proportioned, in his physique something like "Beau" Levy, but a better looking man than ever Levy was. He was a Baltimorean. His name was not Robert M. *Goodwin*, but Robert M. *Gooding*. His father in 1818 was dead, but his mother was alive; and it was on her behalf the prisoner's counsel, Emmett, made so eloquent an appeal. His uncle, John Gooding, was a very rich man, and President of the Bank of Baltimore for many years. Robert M. Gooding, the murderer, was an own brother of the late Charles G. Ridgely, of Baltimore. The way that happened was after this fashion. Old Charles Ridgely, of Baltimore, who had an immense property, had no heirs direct; but he agreed to leave it to three persons, if they would assume his name. This was done by Charles Gooding (a brother of Robert

M.), who took the name of C. Gooding Ridgely. He rose to be a Commander in the U. S. Navy. Another was Charles Sterrett (Ridgely) who was in after years always called "Sterrett Ridgely;" and the third was Charles Kernan (Ridgely,) who was known as Charles Ridgely, of Hampton. He was afterwards Governor of Maryland.

Old John Gooding, the uncle of Robert M. and of Charles Gooding Ridgely, although rich was always anxious to make more money, whenever there was an opening. He liked speculation better than he did legitimate business. He did not care about sending out a slaver to the Coast of Africa, if he could double or treble his venture. Privateering he regarded as a perfectly righteous mode of making money. At that time several countries in South America were endeavoring to throw off the yoke of old Spain. Columbia was one. It was a favorite venture to fit out a vessel under the flag of some one or other of these new republics and let the vessel privateer upon the rich commerce of Spain. However, at that time the owner did not care very much what vessels were robbed by their privateers. Unless detected in the act by a superior force, there was no punishment for individual illegal privateering.

Old John Gooding fitted out at Baltimore in 1818 a splendid fast-sailing, well-armed and well-manned privateer. He placed in charge of her his nephew, Robert M. Gooding. Bob knew no more about navigating a vessel than he did about angels' harmony. However, this want was remedied, by having as his mate a thorough-bred sailor and navigator. Bob was a determined, energetic fellow, and great success followed this combination. They captured several vessels under the Spanish flag. Whether it was so or not it made no difference. Priva-

teering is only another name for legalized piracy. They sent their prizes into neutral ports, sold them, and divided the proceeds according to privateer law — Bob receiving the half that belonged properly to his Uncle John as owner. Finally Captain Robert carried his own vessel into a West India port and sold her, paid off the men, and came to the United States with the proceeds. He came to the city of New York, but like a dutiful son, he went at once to Baltimore to see his mother. He was there several days, and *did* not go to see his Uncle John. One fine morning the latter was standing upon the steps of the Bank of Baltimore, corner of St. Paul's and Baltimore streets, when he saw upon the opposite side his handsome nephew, Captain Gooding. He sang out at once: "Bob — I say, Bob!" But Bob kept on. The Bank president gazed at him intensely; he was sure it was Bob, and down the steps he came and put after the scalawag nephew. As he neared him he exclaimed; "Bob? — why you Bob, what do you mean?"

Bob turned and faced him. "Who are you, old man?"

"Who am I?" replied the astonished uncle.

"I don't know you, sir," said Bob, and passed on, leaving his uncle the very picture of astonishment.

Bob never settled with him from that day to this. He shortly after left for New York. He had his pockets full of money, and he gave dinners and suppers at the City Hotel, and treated his crowd to Park Theatre tickets, then one dollar each. His good looks and his money made him a lion in a small city as New York was at that time. Of course, at the head-quarters of all that was going on — the City Hotel — he could not but meet young James Stoughton. The latter, who was a

son of the Consul-General of Spain, knowing *officially* of the robberies of Spanish vessels by this young man, Robert M. Gooding, he regarded him as a sea-robber and a pirate, and one who, instead of being courted and caressed by the most fashionable men and the loveliest women of New York, ought to be swinging on a *gallows*. With such antecedents, it is hardly to be wondered at that a tragedy which horrified all New York followed.

Bob Gooding was acquitted by a New York jury. He was tried at the Court of General Sessions, before Mayor Colden, Alderman Stephen Allen, and George B. Thorp, in March, 1820. The trial lasted five days. The jury was discharged because they could not agree in their verdict. He was tried in the Supreme Court in April, 1821, and the jury found him not guilty. On the 6th of May he was discharged and went South, and married a wealthy heiress in South Carolina, who had sympathized with his misfortune.

Many blamed Mr. Cambreleng for not interfering and arresting the arm of his angry friend, Goodwin, in time to prevent the murder; but it is quite evident that he had no idea of what was going to occur.

While this trial was pending, Mr. Cambreleng was elected to represent the city of New York in the House of Representatives for the Second Congressional District. His associate was the celebrated John J. Morgan, also a merchant. Both took seats in the Seventeenth Congress, that commenced its first session in December, 1821. He was afterward re-elected eight times, holding his seat in the Twenty-fifth Congress up to March 3d, 1839. The last election exhibited the power he held. It was the year of the Loco Foco party, and when Edward Curtiss, Ogden Hoffman, and Gideon Lee were elected. The first was Equal Rights, National American and

Federal Whig. The second an out and out Whig. The last a Loco Foco. Mr. Cambreleng received the vote of the Tammany party and of the merchants, and had more votes than any other candidate. During the nineteen continuous years that he represented this city, no man enjoyed such a commanding influence at Washington. He was all powerful. He fully comprehended the commercial interests of the city, and he faithfully attended to them. He was a man too, in whom there was no dereliction from principle. He was chairman at different periods of the most important committees of the House, — Ways and Means, Commerce and Foreign Affairs. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of every President while he was a legislator — Monroe, Adams, Jackson and Van Buren. He made no attempts at oratory. He rose to speak only when he had something to say, consequently he commanded the attention of the house. He was listened to with pleasure, and his opposition or his friendship to a measure was more felt than ten other men. After he retired from Congress, he was appointed Minister to Russia by President Van Buren, in 1839. He was replaced by an appointment of John Tyler in 1841, and he then travelled in Europe for some months.

He kept on his mercantile operations until about 1827, when he partly withdrew from commerce, but kept his office with his brother at 48 Pine.

After his return from Russia, he retired from public life, and for nearly twenty years has scarcely had a public existence. It was known to a few that he was alive, and but few knew who or what he was. He was a man of note in days anterior to these, when our city and its suburbs are over a million.

He was longer in the House than any other member from the Northern States since the adoption of the Constitution of the United states. This is very creditable to him, and to this city, when we change our Congressmen every two years.

It is stated by one journal, and copied by all the rest, that Mr. Cambreleng was in the employ of John Jacob Astor. That was not the fact. He was intimate with Mr. Astor for many years, in the latter part of Mr. Astor's life. Mr. Cambreleng died at his residence on West Neck, Long Island, on the 30th of April, 1862, aged seventy-six. Here is a man that the merchants of New York might erect a monument to, with profit to themselves and to the coming generation.

CHAPTER XI.

Among those who remain of the old school merchants yet spry, and almost as active as he was when he married a young and lovely girl sixty years ago this same month, is John Haggerty. What a career has been his! What a varied experience! and yet events have marched along so deliberately, the changes have been so slow, the population has increased so gradually from 50,000 to over a million, the houses and the stores have been metamorphosed gradually into palaces, so that Mr. Haggerty probably has hardly noticed the changes, save perhaps that it may have occurred to him that there are more houses and stores, and more people than there used to be when he was young. So it happens with all old New Yorkers, though they may not date back as far as the venerable John. We go over grounds now covered with stately mansions, where we know, from tradition, that we must have strayed and played in open fields years ago; yet we do not realize it, because we do not recall one trace of the olden time. The New Yorker of over thirty-five years ago, as he wanders over the city among stately mansions, tries to recall the feeling of early years, when he knew every house of note down town, and knew the names and persons of social or mercantile distinction in the city — how it has hap-

pened that the city has grown so that there are thousands of handsomer houses than those of his early years, and tens of thousands of people who, evidently, are somebody, though he don't know how or why, except that they are not Clintons, Duers, Bleeckers, Gracies, Kings, Ludlows, Hones, Haggertys, Lynchs, Primes, Whitneys, Lenoxes, Maitlands, McEvers, Costers, Jays, McVickers, Phelps, Rays, Lydigs, or the grand old names of the olden time.

I return to John Haggerty, about one of the oldest living merchants of the city. What millions have passed through his hands! I do not know that I shall be able to give even a faint idea of the business that has been done by Mr. Haggerty. I think he went into business upon his own account, in this city, as early as 1799. In 1801 he was established in the dry goods business at No. 82 William street. The next year he commenced doing the next best thing to going into business. On Sunday evening July 11, 1802, there was a small but select party assembled at the residence of Mr. Peter A. Allaire, No. 29 John street. The Rev. Mr. Beach, the faithful old assistant rector of Trinity Church, and who was such for thirty years, was present in full canonicals. He performed the ceremony of marriage between John Haggerty and Miss Maria Allaire, then one of the most charming young girls in the city. After his marriage he continued to do business and to reside at the old store, No. 82 William street, until 1805, when he moved to 169 Pearl street. In 1806 he went into partnership with David Austin, under the firm of Haggerty & Austin. They kept at the old store, and Mr. Haggerty resided over it, until 1809, when he removed his residence to 69 Pine. In 1810 he started a Mr. Tuttle in business, in the same store he first started in 1799, at

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"In the early winter months of this year, Gen. McQuade made a yacht voyage to the Bermudas and in Caribbean waters, and we are glad to see a record of his agreeable experiences and intelligent observations in "The Cruise

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"Last February Mr. Samuel R. Platt, Rear-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, sailed with three friends, in his schooner yacht Montauk, for a cruise in the West Indies. One of his guests, Gen. James McQuade, wrote from every port, letters descriptive of the voyage. These letters were not dry transcripts from a voyageur's log, but the bare skeletons of fact are clothed with such keen comment on diverse topics as prove Gen. McQuade to be a true son of the Emerald Isle—well-read and of retentive memory, manly in opinion, courteous in argument, eloquent in speech, liberal but respectful in dealing with serious subjects."—*Spirit of the Times, N. Y.*

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82 William street, under the firm of Haggerty & Tuttle, but still keeping up the house of Haggerty & Austin, at 169 Pearl. This year he removed his residence to 239 Broadway, north corner of Park Place. It was about 1814 when Haggerty & Tuttle dissolved. Haggerty & Austin kept on at 169 Pearl until after the war, when their store was changed into 167 Pearl, and there they remained while in business.

I think that about 1833 the house of Haggerty, Austin & Co., was the largest auction house in this city, if not in the world. At that time there was an auction law, that made it imperative for all auctioneers to pay a duty on what they sold during the year. The auctioneers were appointed by the state. In every auction house, one of the partners held the commission in his individual name. In the firm of Haggerty, Austin & Co., David Austin held the commission. That year, the duties paid by David Austin were $52,244 82. His house was the highest on the list of forty-nine auctioneers who reported. The lowest was James Gourley, who paid thirty-one cents. The next was L. M. Hoffman, who paid $34,185 44. The third on the list was $20,000. This shows what an immense business this house did. It was so for many years. They led off in everything. The concern could handle anything in a financial way. If an East India house had teas or silks worth $2,000,000, Haggerty, Austin & Co. could advance all that he needed, and draw a single check for a million if it was required.

The house of Austin & Haggerty continued as dry goods jobbers until 1822. After they went into the auction business, a great contest commenced as to which house should pay the highest auction duties to the State. J & P. Hone were at first the rivals, but in ten years

all were distanced, and in 1833 the Hones paid only $4,000, when Haggerty, Austin & Co., paid $52,000, as I have stated. It was a very difficult thing in those days to get an auctioneer's commission, unless the person applying belonged to the party in power in the State, then the Democratic. Sometimes it happened that a great auction house would take into partnership a person because he had or could get an auctioneer's commission. John Hone took into partnership Charles Town, a Democrat, and gave him an interest in the business, so that Hone could carry it on with Town's commission.

David Austin was the Democratic partner of Haggerty & Austin. He had married the sister of Mr. Haggerty.

When the great commercial troubles of 1827 occurred, and when Edward H. Nickoll, of the house of Smith & Nickoll, tea merchants, needed assistance, a person was present in a public place, who stated that John Haggerty had failed. He was sitting there That day Haggerty & Austin had lent Smith & Nicoll $70,000 in cash on teas, and Mr. Haggerty went to his own counting-room and told what he had had stated to him, and that it was a capital joke.

When Haggerty, Austin & Co., dissolved, two concerns grew out of the old house, first John Haggerty & Son, and Austin, Wilmerding & Co. Young John Haggerty was in the first house. He was a young man about town, and very popular. He was much relied upon by his father to give information about merchants who purchased merchandise of the house at their heavy auction sales.

Plumb, Crandall & Co. were located at 438 Pearl street at that time, and were in high repute. John

Plumb, of Hudson, had put in $90,000. He had great confidence in his partner, Peter R. Crandall, and allowed him to manage the affairs of the concern in his own way. In after life, they removed to Platt street. The firm was changed to Plumb, Crandall, Frisbie & Co. Mr. Frisbie used to live at the old Walton house, now kept by Franklin Backus, in Franklin Square. Crandall was at 436 Pearl street. He was a great gambler and sport. A crony of his was Isaac J. Bicknall. He was a swamp merchant and a director in the Leather Manufacturers' Bank. These two used to travel together about town in all sorts of midnight revels and arrangements. They had their orgies and frolics. It was during one of these that young John Haggerty in his promenades about town discovered that Crandall played high. Next morning, young John met his father, and told him of his adventure, and the experience of the night previous. Although Plumb, Crandall & Co. were held in high esteem up to that moment, the credit of the concern soon ceased with John Haggerty & Sons, and the result was that the house of Plumb, Crandall & Co. soon ceased to exist. Mr. Plumb afterwards died in the city of Hudson.

Mr. Crandall went to Long Island, and opened a tavern. There he spent the remainder of his days, surrounded by all the luxuries that such an establishment affords. I think the house of Haggerty, Austin & Co. dissolved in 1833. The two seniors had lived together pleasantly many years. The concern of Austin, Wilmerding & Co did not last a great while, when another split was made — David Austin & Spicer made one concern, and Wilmerding, Priest & Mount, another. The last concern is still in existence. Mr. Mount had been salesman with Adee, Timpson & Co., for many years.

Haggerty felt much aggrieved by the course pursued by his old partner, Mr. Austin, and for many years the friendly relations that had formerly existed were at an end. Still, in after years, those friendly relations were renewed.

When Austin & Spicer paper was selling at a high rate, John Haggerty, in the most friendly way, bought it up largely. He never got a cent back. Austin & Spicer failed. Mr. Spicer is a brigadier general, and I believe was a salesman for Haggerty & Co. in 1862.

John Haggerty is yet alive, and as spry and active as ever. He has a farm on Long Island, but comes to town every few days to look after the great interests he has on Manhattan Island.

In 1836, when Bennett of the *Herald* published the names of the houses who had failed, he published among the others that of John Haggerty & Sons. Mr. Haggerty went before the grand jury, and had Bennett indicted. The case was tried in the Court of Sessions. Bennett was obliged to pay a very heavy fine. In revenge, the *Herald* called Mr. Haggerty all sorts of names, and among others, John O'Haggerty, and insisted that he was born in Ireland, as though that fact was disgraceful.

Mr. Haggerty lived for many years in Chambers street, near Broadway. He converted his residence into a store, and rented it to Cochrane & Co. for $7,500 per annum, on a lease of ten years. Before doing so, he was offered for the property $52,000 by Francis Pares. This Pares was a wonderful man. He commenced as a band-box maker in a cellar in the city, under the establishment of Katy Ring, who, during his time, was the celebrated milliner of New York, in Pearl, near Oak street. She had two lovely daughters. Mr. Pares,

from his humble commencement, has obtained a position in regard to wealth which is commendable in the estimation of those who rise from low experiences to high expectations. He now lives in a mansion in Brooklyn that is the admiration of the neighborhood.

John Haggerty has earned a reputation which industry and honesty always accomplish. He is a remnant of the great merchants of the past. The house he founded sixty-three years ago still exists as Haggerty & Co.

CHAPTER XII.

One of the most remarkable commercial houses that ever existed in the city, and the most successful dry goods firms, were those in which the brothers Henry & Daniel Parish were connected. They were born in Coxsackie, in this State. Their father was Jacob Parish, a Quaker store keeper in the place. His wife was a sister of the famous Thomas Powell, of Newburgh; Henry Parish was born in 1788. About 1805 he was a clerk in the store of his uncle Tom at Newburgh, and there he became acquainted with his afterwards partner, Joseph Kernochan, who was a clerk in Powell's store. Kernochan was about the age of Henry Parish, and to-day is probably seventy-four years old. He married Margaret Seymour, a cousin of the Parishes.

Old Jacob, the father, died about 1841. He had six children, James, Daniel, Thomas, Anne and Martha. James was blind, and resided at Poughkeepsie. He never had any business relations with the brothers. James had a son named Jacob. Thomas died in 1840. Martha married Allen N. Sherman. Anne never married. The two last resided at Newburgh.

Henry was about nine years older than Daniel. Henry was the pioneer of the family, and came to New York I think, about 1809, and must have gone as a clerk with

Disbrow & Gillespie, merchants, at 98 William street, corner of Maiden lane. I think Mr. Disbrow had been a tailor, and lived for many years in North Moore street. David Gillespie was the other partner. He lived at 69 Beekman street. The firm continued on until 1814. Henry Parish and Holbrook were taken into the concern, and the firm was changed to Disbrow, Gillespie, Parish & Co. In 1815, Mr. Gillespie retired, and then it was made Disbrow, Parish & Holbrook. The store was changed to 162 Pearl street, where it was kept a third of a century. In 1819 the firm was changed to Parish, Holbrook & Co., Mr. Joseph Kernochan being the junior partner. He had been in business some years previous at 213 Pearl street.

In 1819, Mr Holbrook removed his residence from 80 Fulton street to 60 Franklin street

Mr. Parish early established four branches of his house in Southern cities. This was a wise policy. As early as 1816, he established a house in Charleston, S. C., under the firm of Butler, Melvin & Co. He sent to that city his brothers, Thomas and Daniel, and they were placed in the concern as clerks. This was the commencement of their active business life. In 1821, these two brothers became partners in the concerns of Butler, Melvin & Co. Thomas Parish continued a partner in this house nearly nineteen years, or until it dissolved, in 1839, just previous to his death. He acquired in the concern a fortune of about $200,000. Daniel Parish married in 1821, and removed to Charleston to live permanently. He became the head of the house. Its style was now changed to Parish, Corning & Co.

In 1822, Henry Parish kept house at 115 Pearl street. Next year he removed to 52 Broadway, where

he resided some years. Joseph Kernochan resided with him until 1825, when the latter went to housekeeping at 34 Warren street, but after two years removed to No. 85 Chamber street, where he resided until 1839, when he moved up town to Ninth street, corner of second avenue.

In 1825, Henry Parish and Mr. Holbrook both retired from the New York house of Parish, Holbrook & Co., and Daniel Parish came on from Charleston to New York, bringing his family with him, and formed a new firm under the style of Kernochan, Parish & Co. Daniel hired the house No. 12 Beekman street, and he lived there until 1831, when he and his brother Henry bought the lots Nos. 49 and 51 Barclay street, and put up two houses side by side, that were deemed in their day as palaces. They stood on the north side of Barclay street, close by College Place. Our citizens would go out of their way, especially on Sundays, to look at them, then in a fashionable quarter of the town. The Parishes saw their happy days in those houses. They lived merry while they occupied them. When in after years, 1847, Henry moved up to a palace in Union square, corner of Seventeenth street, Daniel resided in his old house No. 51, years afterwards or until 1854, when he moved to Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street. It is said that when Henry bade farewell to No. 49 Barclay, he visited every room, like a child, and the last words he said as he was leaving it, were: "Old house, good-by, I shall never know so much happiness anywhere else."

In 1827, Henry Parish again became a partner of the firm of Kernochan, Parish & Co., and so continued until 1833, when Mr. Kernochan went out of business. He had been a partner of the Parishes from 1819, and had in that time acquired a large fortune, and stood

very high in the mercantile world. In 1832 Parish & Co. kept their counting-room at No. 126 Water street, the store being in the rear of 162 Pearl street when the firm at that time was Parish, Marshall & Co. In 1827, a house was established at New Orleans under the firm of Gasquet, Parish & Co. William A. Gasquet was one partner, and I think John Rutgers Marshall was the other. If so, Mr. Marshall came North in 1831, when the firm of Parish, Marshall & Co. was formed. He had been with Parish many years. He came from the good old Marshall Rutgers stock.

One of his ancestors, I think Jacobus Marshall, was one of the largest proprietors of the island, and I have read a will in my young days, that left a house (Hanover Square now) and farm on the East River side, and spoke of teams and farming utensils in the heart of the city, as a farmer in Orange County would now make a will. The farm lay up along the East River, and his son John was Alderman of the Montgomery Ward, in 1740 to 1749. He was a gallant fellow, that same John Marshall, and never was there a gayer wedding than when, on the evening of the 27th June, 1731, he married Elsje Rutgers. That is where John Rutgers Marshall, the partner of Parish, gets his middle name from — the fair Elsje, his ancestress, who married his great-grandfather 130 years ago. Those Marshalls seem to have left the city about a century ago. One branch went to Connecticut, one to the northen part of this State, and one to Virginia; but their descendants came back at a later period to reside here, and commenced making a new fortune. John Rutgers married and lived in Twenty-third street. Parish, Marshall & Co. dissolved in 1834, and the firm became Parish & Co., Marshall being the junior partner.

J. R. Marshall was of the house of Marshall & James, in New Orleans, at a later period, and also of the house of J. R. Marshall & Co.

In 1831, Le Roy M. Wiley was taken into the Charleston house as a partner. He afterwards came on to New York, and I think was the junior partner of Parish & Co, until, in 1829, the dry goods firm at No. 162 Pearl street was changed to Le Roy M. Wiley & Co. He was by birth a Georgian, and came, I think, from Milledgeville. He was very much esteemed by all who knew him, and was a partner of Parish Marshall & Co., and Parish & Co. I think John R. Marshall was the partner of Wiley & Co.

Kernochan, Parish & Co., in 1826, had a clerk named James McCausland. Like most all of the clerks, he was a Southerner. He was from Baltimore. I think he became a partner of Parish, Marshall & Co. in 1831. At any rate he, in 1832, when the cholera was raging, was the only partner in the city to attend to business, and all the business he had to do was to sign checks and take up the notes of the house as they became due. A friend who was to be married in Newark, asked him to stand up with him at Newark. "Certainly I will," said McC., "although I am the only partner here; but it won't make much difference if I shut up the store; there is no business doing." He married a Miss Davis for his first wife. He died in New Orleans about 1846.

When Mr. Kernochan left the brothers they formed a new firm in 1833, viz,: H. & D. Parish. It was never dissolved, but lasted legally until his insanity in 1849, or his death in 1856. It was composed of Henry & Daniel Parish only. It lasted sixteen years to the attack of Mr. H. Parish in 1849. It was entirely

distinct from the other New York house of Parish, Marshall & Co., Parish & Co., L. M. Wiley & Co., the distinct firm at 152 Pearl. H. & D. Parish did a distinct business. It was distinct from the other Southern houses at Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, and Columbus, Georgia. It carried on a regular business at 126 Water, and did the purchasing for the other Southern houses; so that really the brothers Henry & Daniel Parish had the whole financial business to attend to of the Southern houses. They made all the purchases, and they were immense in amounts, and of course they had to see to all the payments — in fact, were the great capitalists of the concern. The partners in the Southern houses made the sales, attended to the collections, sending accounts to H. & D. Parish for the joint interests of H. & D. Parish in all these houses. It was an immense connection. In 1838, H. & D. Parish retired from all the other houses, and dissolved all. Le Roy M. Wiley having taken the dry goods business in New York, liquidated those at the Charleston house. William J. Gasquet, of New Orleans, succeeded to the old business then, and liquidated those accounts. The outstanding debts and credit amounted to many millions of dollars scattered all over the Union, but mainly in the South and Southwest. After 1838, H. & D. Parish did no business except in liquidating the old concerns, and investing the brother's funds in purchasing stocks, real estates, commercial paper, and in special adventures and speculations, under the name of the firm, and sometimes in their individual names. Their counting-room was at No. 126 Water, in a store that belonged to Henry Parish & Kernochan. The brother kept his books in the same office, as he, too, was liquidating his old concerns for many years.

George W. Folsom was the book-keeper of H. & D. Parish, as well as of Henry Parish, and was in this office.

In 1842 the health of Henry Parish became very poor, and he determined to go to Europe. He left a power of attorney to his brother Daniel, and also to Mr. Kernochan. Both or either could act. His wife accompanied him. She was a Miss Susan Maria Delafield, whom he had married in 1829. I have already sketched Henry & William Delafield, twin brothers and merchants in the city. I have also alluded to Mr. John Delafield, connected with the Phœnix Bank for many years. This lady was sister to these Delafields. After their return from Europe, they resided in the Barclay street house until 1848. On the 19th July, 1849, he was struck down with apoplexy. Up to that time he was one of the best merchants in New York, and wrote a splendid business letter. Up to that time he had no superior. From 1809, a period of forty years, he had devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. He had made his own fortune, and the fortune of hundreds of others. Every one loved him ; he was strictly honorable and just. No sooner was he struck with apoplexy than a change occurred in his history as remarkable and more than any fiction. Nothing like it has ever happened in any commercial country from the earliest times. On the 19th of July, 1849, while in Wall street, Henry Parish was struck down — struck out of a commercial existence and actually was dead for all practical purposes.

Then commenced a system of such sharp practice as was never known before. Mrs. Parish, before she married, was proud and poor ; she was brought up to worship money as a god. Her husband, when he married her, looked upon her as quite a catch. It is too fre-

quently the case, that when one who started in life poor, and afterwards achieves great success, either in wealth or honor, look up to the old families — to a higher strata of society than their parents moved in. So did Mr. Parish. The Delafield wife enabled him to be invited to an old New York set, that would never have tolerated him as merely Henry Parish. It did when he could call himself the husband of Mrs. Henry Parish. He probably, during the twenty years of his married life cared but little for his wife. He never wrote her a letter; he made a will in 1842, and left his wife about $331,000. He left other property, valued probably at two millions. She wanted the rest, and when he was struck down with apoplexy in Wall street, and his mind destroyed, she determined to have all the rest. He was idiotic. What did she care? She had him make a codicil August 29, 1849, forty days after he had been rendered a poor imbecile, who could utter nothing but "nin, nin, nin," — meaning nothing — giving her $200,000 more; another later gave her $350,000 more; and, still later, one giving nearly all. She found a lawyer in this city, to help her do this dreadful work, and to draw, in a legal form, all these codicils.

Literally an imbecile, she would take her poor husband down in a carriage to some celebrated financier, and in his presence ask the poor man several questions, and then render his answer, "nin, nin, nin," to mean anything that entered her brain.

Mr. Parish was never a religous man, except as a matter of family responsibility. Yet she called around him religious persons, and made him give money, by her construing his "nin, nin, nin," to mean $5 to $50,000. In this way she rung in bank presidents, clergymen, and others who were instructed to declare their belief

that Mr. Parish knew what he was about. To keep up this farce and awful fraud, of course it was necessary to keep him away from his brother Daniel Parish, and those who could not long have been deceived had they been permitted free access to the unfortunate man. She denied them all. She slept in the room with him, and all through six long years that he remained upon earth, reduced to a hopeless idiot, from which mental condition he never recovered. His bodily health was good. His appetite returned. He had the use of one eye, and the perfect use of the left hand and arm, and yet he was never able, during the six years, to write, to read, to distinguish one figure or letter from another — to utter one word, or to give a single reliable indication of intelligence or intention higher in grade than such as would be exhibited by the common and unlearned pig.

Yet this clever wife, assisted by the shrewd lawyer, made him on several occasions give away large amounts of property, as he certainly never would have done in his days of good sense. She got all his personal estate in her own name. She or her agents managed all his property. She kept him a close prisoner all the time. She was inspired, and always found out what her husband meant. She opened an account in her own name at the Phœnix Bank in 1849, a month after her husband became an imbecile, and by 1850 she had got everything into her own hands. She speculated to the amount of a million of dollars. She treated her husband as a nobody. She had transferred property to the amount of $900,000 to her own name, up to the time of his death.

She claimed all the property devised to her in the codicils after his death. A long lawsuit followed. She reaped no fruits from the trial, for ere it was finally set

tled she was called to another bar of judgment. So ends a brief sketch of the great commercial house the Parishes were connected with.

There is a celebrated commercial firm in the world, known as the Parish of Hamburg. That firm have always had an agent in this country, and of the name of George Parish, but he is no connection of the Parish of whom I have written.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thomas Suffern is, I believe, the last remnant of the old Irish merchants in the city of New York. James McBride, McGee, John Flack, Mollan, Andrews, Caldwell, etc., are all dead.

There was another Irish house in this city that did business under one name from 1804 to 1833. John White & Co. The former came to Baltimore from Ireland after the Revolution. He was known in Baltimore, where he lived and died, as Doctor White. He had ten sons. The last he named Decimus. Some of these sons were very remarkable men. The eldest was Robert White, who was well known in New York as the cashier of the Manhattan bank — (Bob White). Another was Campbell P. White, who represented this city many years in Congress.

Both Robert and Campbell P. White were leading politicians of the Tammany Hall School. The latter was a member of the Tammany Society.

In 1825 and 1826, C. P. White was Alderman of the Third Ward.

In 1829, he was elected to Congress from this city. His associates were Gulian C. Verplanck and C. C. Cambreleng. Mr. White was re-elected for four successive sessions, and resigned his seat in the House of

Representatives, October 2d, 1835, just before the great fire that year, He was doing a mercantile business as late as 1842, at 80 Front street. He, as well as Robert, was a member of the Chamber of Commerce for many years.

Robert White died at No. 56 Barclay street. In 1840, Jonathan Thompson was elected to succeed Maltby Gelston as President of the Manhattan Bank. Not long after, the quarrel occurred between Robert White, the cashier, and the president. The latter charged Mr. White with being a defaulter. Mr. White caned Mr. Thompson for so saying, and was locked up in the Tombs. He resigned as cashier very shortly after the fight. He was a very dogmatical man. It was supposed that he had lent immense sums to the nephews White, who were in the brokerage business.

Their failure involved every one else. The concern in Baltimore managed by Joseph, had to stop. A long litigation followed. In settling up the affairs of the different houses, some serious difficulties occurred, and the families were completely disintegrated. Joseph, who had married Miss Pinkney, came out poor. The New York brothers were left better off. Joseph was obliged to come to New York, and take a place in the great hospital for maimed and wounded politicians — the New York Custom-House. He was first clerk, then he rose from one position to another until he became Deputy Collector under the famous Augustus Schell. He has since returned to Baltimore, where, I believe, he still resides. His eldest son, a leading Democratic politician in Baltimore, was so indignant at the manner in which the New York brothers White treated his father, that he applied to the Maryland Legislature, and had his name changed to William Pinkney Whyte from White

C. P. White had a large family. All the ten brothers were in the concern. The last, Decimus, died young.

The old Doctor White was a famous man. He was the most elegant man that ever appeared in the old-time ball rooms. He was the very impersonation of what was known as an *Irish* gentleman.

Alexander Brown was a fine old fellow, but he was not a circumstance to Doctor White. The elegance of the latter made his society courted by all the leading ladies of Baltimore. I think he was an Episcopalian. White is not an Irish name. It is originally English, and one of the family went to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and settled in Leinster, at Dublin, where they were Episcopalians.

Another son was Joseph White. He married a daughter of the celebrated William Pinkney of Maryland. He was a great lawyer in his day. He was U, S. Senator from Maryland. He had been the U. S. Ambassador in England previous to the war of 1812. He was recalled just on the eve of the declaration of the war. He came home in the frigate "Essex," Commodore Porter, and landed in New York city early in 1812. The "Essex" was sent out for him expressly, so soon as President Madison had determined on war, in consequence of the repeated British attacks on the commerce of the country.

Joseph White managed the distillery in Baltimore. He attended to it in a manner that few men would do who had a large capital. He was at the distillery early and late, and when the mash tub required it, worked all night. He was affable and popular with the large number of men employed, and was always on the best of terms with them, and with mankind generally. Even

when a boy, his playmates got up a mock military company and made him captain of it. He was dubbed captain then, and though he never held any military appointment in his life, yet even now he retains that title, and is known as Captain White, from the position he held when a boy.

Old Doctor White, the father, was one of the most splendid-looking men that ever walked the streets of Baltimore. He lived in a handsome residence corner of Fayette and Holiday streets. His residence is still standing, though now occupied by the Commissioners of Police. On the same side, in Holiday street, lived Alexander Brown, in his palmy days. Doctor White had an immense distillery in Baltimore. It was famous all over the Union. It made gin known for half a century as White's gin. The same establishment used to make Meder Swan gin, and send it to New York via Holland. Some of the brothers managed the distillery in Baltimore, and others the agency in New York, where they had established a branch as early as 1804, at 62 Pine street, under the firm of John White & Co. This house kept in the same place until 1812, the year of the war, when the store was removed to No. 42 South street. There they kept until 1833.

Robert and Campbell P. White came on to New York to manage the business here. Previous to 1808, C. P. White married Miss LeRoy, the daughter of one of our principal merchants. He managed the business principally of the Baltimore establishment, and the sales here were immense every year. In 1815, Robert went into business at No. 30 Pearl street, under the firm of Robert White & Co. He did not remain there long. He was made a Director of the Manhattan Bank in 1815, and for many years was identified with its pros-

perity. A large amount of the stock was held in Ireland, and Robert held proxies. He was elected cashier in 1819, in place of Andrew Seaman, who had a place at Greenwich Village.

In 1819, Campbell P. White lived at No. 81 Liberty street, and Robert at No. 10 Cliff street. Later, 1832, C. P. White lived at No. 145 Chambers street. Bob was a bachelor, and lived with his brother as late as 1832, when the cholera was here. He did not leave town that season, but could have been seen on the steps of the bank every afternoon.

The house was kept on as John White & Co., at No 42 South street, until 1833; although I think Doctor John White, the father and founder, had been dead some years, and that C. P. was the principal manager. That year a law passed that no name should be in a firm unless there was such a partner. Then the business was done under the name of Campbell P. White, until 1835, December, when the store was burned in the great fire. He then moved his place of business to No. 31 Stone street, and there he continued for several years after.

His sons, in 1839, went into the business of brokers and bankers in Wall street, under the patronage of their uncle Robert. They did the business, and he furnished the funds. Their failure involved Robert, and also shook the business of the Baltimore distillery concern. C. P. White was mixed up in the difficulty in some way.

Those were good old times in New York, fifty years and more ago, when the Whites were two of the most prominent young merchants in the city, when Wall street was filled with residences, and the most notable were then the Messrs. White, of whom I have writ ter.

Years later than that all our leading men could have been found congregated of a summer afternoon on the steps of the house in Wall street. A great haunt of Robert White was at the book store of Peter A Mesier, on the opposite side to the Manhattan Bank. How thunder-struck these old worthies would be now, could they come out of their graves and witness the mighty events of the present year! How their ideas of war, of finance, and of religion would evaporate.

CHAPTER XIV.

I have given sketches of merchants who have flourished in this city for the past hundred years, during various periods from 1762 to 1863. I have had English, such as Gilbert & John Aspinwall, Theop. Bache, John & Francis Atkinson, and Josh. Waddington, Scotch, like Archibald Gracie, William Malcolm, Robert Lenox, George Douglas, Peter Bruce, William Willson, Divie Bethune, David Kennedy, David Hadden, George Laurie, John Johnston, John J. Palmer, and Andrew Foster. Irish, Daniel McCormack, James McBride, Dominick Lynch, Henry Laverty, Felix Ingoldsby, Saul Alley, James Brown, Stewart Brown, John Chambers, Cornelius Heeny, John Haggerty, Thomas Suffern, Carlisle Pollock, William Hill, William Constable, and John Adams. Welsh, such as Francis Lewis. German, such as John Jacob Astor, David Ludig, John B. Dash, Jacob Mark, Christian Wm. Wilmerding, Phillip & Jacob Sherred, Edward W. Laight, Clarkson Crolius, George Meyer, B. P. Meleck, and Peter Lorillard. Dutch, ancient, descended from the old Hollanders, who came out about 1623, such as Verplanck, Anthony Kiersted, Van Ranst, De Peyster, Stuyvesant; and more modern Dutch, such as H. A. & John G. Costar, J. Boonen Graves, Frederick Gebhard. Quaker Houses,

such as Hicks, Lawrence & Co., Shotwell, Fox & Co., Isaac Wright & Son, Jonathan Thomas, Isruel Corse & Co., Francis Thompson & Son. Huguenots, such as Pintard, Kortright, Conon, Mesier.

France has sent us many good old names, of whom I have mentioned Joseph Thebaud, Joseph Bouchard, A. C. Rsosire, and Allien.

There are other nationalities who have merchants here. Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Italy, and Switzerland, where Henry C. De Rham came from. I do not know that any of the great eastern nations of Arabia, Asia, or Africa, have houses in this city, though they have agents. I know of no Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Persian, Arabian, or even Turkish commercial firms in this city; if there are any, I wish some one would give me the facts.

Of the great Israelite houses, we have had such as that of Hayman Levi, Uriah Hendricks, Sampson Simpson, Abraham & Benj. Gomez, Bernard Hart Isaac, Moses, and others.

New York city and State has, among the merchants, a long list. Among the names are such as Leroy, Bayard, John and Sam. Broom, Phillip and other Livingstons, Barclays, Schuylers, and Phillipses.

New England has also a great list. Joseph Howland father of G. G. & S. Howland, Edward Lyde, Gordon Buck, Caleb & John Barstow, Meigs D. Benjamin, Elisha Coit, W. G. Bull, Wm. Codman, John J. Chaplin, John S. Cravy, Peter Cravy, Benjamin Deforest, N. L. & George Griswold, Gordon S. Mumford, Goold Hoyt, Hoyt & Tom, Cornelius Grinnell, Jonas Minturn, as well as B. G. & N. G. Minturn, Rufus King, and Jonathan Goodhue.

There are also from other States many of the highest

rank, though, at this moment, no name occurs to me. From the Southern States there have not been so many merchants as from the Northern. From Virginia, the largest Southern State, but few names occur to me at this moment. Edward Vincent, of the firm of Brette & Vincent, was from Richmond. So, too, was Joel Wolfe, and his brother Udolpho, forming at one time the large house of Wolfe & Co. Joel Wolfe came to this city, about forty years ago, from Richmond, and established himself in business. His younger brother followed him two years later, and became a clerk; but in the year 1828 went into business on his own account at No. 63 Wall street.

There are three distinct species of the mercantile Wolfes in this city. One family is the hardware Wolfes, Christopher and J. D. Wolfe in Maiden lane. They came from Rhode Island. Another family Wolfe is that of N. H. Wolfe, who was so largely in the flour business. I think he was from the South.

Joel and Udolpho are of the Virginian family, and were both born in Richmond. That family, 100 years ago, was a German Wolfe. The son of that Wolfe was named Benjamin, and was born in London after his German father had removed there, about 1774. Soon after, in 1776, the Revolutionary war began, and Benjamin Wolfe entered the American army under the command of General Washington. He went through the seven years war, and reached the rank of Major. After it was over, he resigned his commission, and engaged in mercantile business in Richmond. Soon after the war, he presided at the meeting when James Monroe was first nominated for Governor of Virginia. He was then Mayor of Richmond. He belonged to the Republican party led by Mr. Jefferson, now called the Democratic

party. When the war broke out in 1812, Mr. Wolfe again joined the army, and had command of all the troops in Richmond.

Benjamin Wolfe had eight children, one daughter and seven sons. Udolpho was the seventh son, a circumstance, I believe, that used to be regarded as giving some wonderful gifts in the medical profession. The daughter married Mr. Raphael. She is still alive and resides in the city, where her son, B. J. Raphael, has attained celebrity in his profession, and is one of the Professors in the Medical College. Mr. Raphael has other children.

Of the eight children, four are still living. Mrs. Raphael, Nathaniel Wolfe, ex-Senator, and the most celebrated criminal lawyer in Louisville, Kentucky, where he resides. Brought up in a State that has produced such orators of the Kentucky school as Clay, Crittenden, Morehead, Breckinridge and that set, Wolfe is not inferior to any of the last named, as those who have heard his eloquence in this city can testify. These three brothers, Nat., Joel, and Udolpho, are of about the same size as the late Stephen A. Douglas, and if the four had been weighed individually, when the lamented statesman was alive, there would not have been a pound difference in the weight of either.

The parents of the young Richmond Wolfe died when they were quite young. Nat. and Udolpho were sent to school at Charlottesville, Virginia. Nat. afterwards graduated at the University of Virginia, and Udolpho Wolfe went to New York, and afterwards graduated from the counting-house of his brother, Joel Wolfe.

While the two Wolfes were at school in Charlottesville, General Lafayette came out to this country, and, of

course, was invited to visit the home of his old friend Jefferson, at Monticello, near Charlottesville. Wm. C. Rives was appointed to receive him on his entering the country. Mr. Jefferson wished the children at the school to form a military company to receive Lafayette. It was done, and they were regularly drilled, Udolpho Wolfe being the captain. A stand of colors was presented to them. At the grand dinner given to Lafayette in the rotunda, the *soldiers* were invited to be present, and they sat directly facing General Lafayette, his son George, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Governor Barbour, Rives, Gordon, Southall, and all the chivalry of Virginia. Fancy such a sight! Three men who had been President of the United States in succession!

This is a very pleasant episode in the life of a New York merchant.

In 1828, as I have said, Udolpho, who had been a few years with Joel, where his business qualifications had ample room to develope, and his energetic perseverance full play, went into business on his own account.

In 1832 he took in a partner, and his firm was Udolpho Wolfe & Co.

I forgot to mention that there was a brother named Samuel. He is dead. He left children.

Samuel L. Wolfe married Miss Garland of Virginia, a sister of Gen. John Garland. U. S. army deceased.

Samuel L. left three daughters and five sons. One of them is Hudson G. Wolfe, who lives in this city, having just returned from London, where he had been to establish an agency, now in successful operation at No. 10 Rood lane, under charge of Marshall F. Benton, formerly U. S. Consul at Bremen.

One daughter married. Gen. John H. Carlton, who

commanded the army in New Mexico. One daughter married Col. Garland of the Southern Confederacy. Gen. Garland had two daughters. One married the famous Gen. Longstreet, and one Gen. Davis. The other danghters are unmarried.

In 1832, Joel and Udolpho lived at 122 Houston street, then a fashionable part of the city. They still own the property. In 1834, Udolpho Wolfe & Co. had their store at No. 7 West street. At that time it commenced in Abbey Basin (Cedar street.)

A third of a century ago, New York was not so large but that live business people all knew each other. If not by name, they would know each other by sight. Even now I suppose, I can pick out hundreds of people, now advanced in age, and probably eminent merchants, whose names I do not know, but of whom I can say with truth: "He used to be a clerk with Goodhue & Co. in 1827;" or "he was the out-door clerk of G. G. & S. Howland;" or "he was book-keeper to Aymar & Co.;" or "he was custom-house clerk to Fish & Grinnell." So it was with Udolpho Wolfe. I saw him paddling about the lower part of the city for some years, but I did not know him except as one of the descendants of Adam. I shall never forget my first knowledge of him. I was chief clerk in one of the largest houses of the day. About the general business I had more to say than any of the partners, for only one was in New York. One (who is now a minister of Napoleon) was in Paris, another was in Richmond, another was in Marseilles. The partner here never troubled himself about details. He managed the finances, and they required a first-rate financier to manage. The payments sometimes amounted to millions of dollars a week. Single checks were given for $200,000.

That was more than two millions would be now. This house had sometimes seventeen to twenty ships in port at one time. Some were loading for outward voyages — some were discharging inward cargoes. On one occasion, the old ship "Mary," Capt. Furber, from Canton, was discharging a cargo of teas at one pier; the "Dorothea," from Batavia, was discharging sugar at another, and we had no stores ready. Nine that we had on Washington street were full. So I walked along up Washington street, finding no stores, until I reached Cedar; then I turned to West street, then on the water side above, as Washington was below Cedar street. I found I could get the lofts of Mr. Wolfe's store. That was the first time I knew his name or business, and that was a long time ago. Yet what changes have occurred! Misfortune kept by me so close that I could not shake her off, while I kept company with merchandize. I had to earn my living by penny-a-lining. On the contrary, with Udolpho Wolfe Fortune never frowned, and he has gone on step by step doing an immense business, until now. But I am getting on too fast with my chapter.

Udolpho Wolfe kept in business by himself, as did Joel, until 1841, when they joined together under the firm of Wolfe & Co.

Joel did a large business from 1828, in liquors and wines, importing very largely for several years, but he did not make a specialty of gin until 1839. That year he went to Holland and established a distillery. He visited it again in 1845. He had been burned out at 109 Front street, in the great fire of 1835. Wolfe & Co. were again burned out in Beaver street. in the fire of 1835, and then the two brothers dissolved partnership.

Gin from 1784, was imported in small quantities by almost every house of note. All kept a few pipes. Frederick Gebhard was the first house that imported it in such quantities to make it a leading and a special business. He imported thousands of pipes of Swan gin, and it was the foundation of a line of packet vessels that he kept up for many years between this port and Amsterdam.

In 1848, Udolpho Wolfe carried the gin trade to a greater magnitude than had ever been reached even by Mr. Gebhard. Almost every vessel that came to this port from Rotterdam brought 200 or more pipes of gin, and vessels and cargoes came consigned to Mr. Wolfe, and this continued until 1860, when his gin was sent to every part of this country, North and South, and to every part of the world. He had changed the trade. He imported his celebrated Schiedam Schnapps in pipes, and then bottled it, the bottles so put up amounting to millions every year.

The new tariff, and cutting off the trade between New York and the Southern ports, thus depriving Mr. Wolfe of his enormous trade, made it necessary that he should re-arrange his business. With that energy and prompt decision that has characterized all his undertakings for many years, he took his brother-in-law, Colonel D. H. Burke, of New Orleans, and crossed the Atlantic. He made his arrangements in London; increased the resources of his distillery at Schiedam, and went to Hamburg, where he had facilities for bottling and shipping to Australia, South America, and China, and every port in the world. His bottling warehouse in Hamburg is 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, and Mr. Bürke still carries it on, only having returned here once since 1860, and then to come home and marry the daughter of worthy Doctor Henschel, in Fourteenth street.

Mr. Wolfe is the first large merchant in this city, that I have written about, who has ever been an extensive advertiser. He has advertised judiciously, systematically, and widely. He has employed the pens of some of the cleverest writers in the city. He has paid more than a million of dollars in advertising not only in the columns of the widely circulated and unchangeably priced *Herald*, to the hundreds of ephemerals that were glad to get any price and have only lasted a few weeks. No man of his rank has so extensively advertised, no merchant has been more magnificently recompensed than he has for his liberal advertising. It has rolled up a fortune that is no longer counted by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands.

Udolpho Wolfe is a credit to the merchants. He is a Democrat in politics. Has been a Tammany Hall man for years, and frequently in the General Committee. He never held any office. In 1860, he was nominated to Congress from one of the districts of the city. He resigned his nomination in favor of General Ward, who was elected as the Republican candidate.

Owing to the warm friendship that existed in life between President James Monroe and the father of Mr. Wolfe, the latter took a very active part when the remains of the venerable statesman were removed to Virginia.

When the Seventh Regiment of this city, that had escorted those remains to Virginia returned, Mr. Wolfe published a handsome volume at an expense of several thousand dollars, giving a full narration of all the events connected with the removal, and also a history of the Seventh Regiment. Governor Wise in person presented several hundred of these volumes in Richmond.

Udolpho Wolfe married Miss Burke of Mobile. She

died only a few years ago, leaving eight children — one boy and seven girls, the same number of children his father left when he died, except that there were seven boys and one girl left by the father, and the son has seven girls and one boy, whose name is Joel. He with three others of the children of Mr. Wolfe are now in Europe being educated.

Joel Wolfe has been married twice. His first wife was Miss Marx. His second wife was Mrs. Van Schoonhoven of Troy. She had two daughters. One married Mr. Samuel Thorne of Thornedale. Joel Wolfe is rich, and has retired from active mercantile business.

CHAPTER XV.

The events of a few days have proved the truth of the assertion I made in one of these papers many months ago, viz.: that if the capital of the United States had never been changed from New York to Washington, this war would have been brought to a close long ago. Since then tens of thousands of lives have been lost, millions squandered to protect the city of Washington; and New York City, if any accident should happen to the Federal forces near Washington, will be at the mercy of the advancing, and thus far victorious Rebels. In a commercial view this would not be a disaster. New York has no leading spirits among the merchants to direct her destiny, as she had ninety years ago, when some of the old merchants I have written about walked in the lower part of this city, and took a part in public affairs.

An old merchant of that day, if he was here now, would look upon the present prospects in this point of view.

New York city, above, below, behind and before everything else. What is her greatest need? Commerce. Will she get this most largely with or without the South?

That part being settled, the next thing is for wise merchants and citizens to say, "We will have it, in some

shape, in spite of National or State governments, or in spite of other free States and cities like Philadelphia, that are anxious to rival the city of New York in the affections of the South." The next question for a merchant to ask is, Can Lincoln reclaim the South, keep up the Union, and then give the vast capital of New York City fair play, and enable it to recover what has been lost?

If it is divided, No. Then, with his million of men, and hundreds of millions of money, the prospect is death. What should the merchants or citizens of New York do next?

If the rebels become victors (which I most certainly believe impossible), and capture Washington, or become the actual Government, will it not be better for New York city to unite again with the South, at all costs and at all hazards, and become the Empire City once more, reconstructing the Union by coming together again. These are the two questions that a commercial city has to look at. She ought to decide what should be done. Gracious Heaven! what vital interests are at stake in the city — they extend throughout the world. Compared with this city, what is Washington — its littleness and public buildings, poverty, Illinois lawyers, and politicians — a drop, a fly. Has New York any rulers? Has New York a drop of the spirit of Venice, or the commercial city of Amsterdam in trying times?

Why does not New York city do something? She has squandered untold millions for what, if McClellan should be defeated and the rebels be in Philadelphia, as they say they will be on the 1st of October?

Can New York with her millions of property, and over a million of human lives, sit down quietly and wait for the rebel cannon to thunder at us from Jersey heights?

It will be immediate suicide to permit such a state of things. It is not what the old merchants of New York would have done. They would not have been led by the nose, as the modern merchants are. They hold the purse strings, yet let politicians and opposite party interests bleed them without stint.

A man for the present crisis, if he had lived, would have been the gallant Henry Major. He has been dead quite a quarter of a century, but he was one of the most high-minded, gallant, honorable and handsome, merchants of this city, was Henry Major, and his name shall not pass into obscurity. No merchant ever did more towards the prosperity of New York. Before the commencement of the century, Henry Major clerked it according to custom, with some merchants here. I am not positive, but I think that the house in which he was first employed was that of Colin, Gillespie & Co., 156 Pearl street, corner of Wall. Colin went into business in 1795, having succeeded to James & Thomas Gillespie, who commenced business after the Revolutionary War in 1784, at No. 15 William street. In 1792, George Gillespie was a physician, and lived at No. 63 Beekman street.

In 1802, Henry Major went into business with young George Gillespie and John H. Titus. Their store was at No. 299 Pearl street, and the two first partners lived at 45 Beekman street, where Mr. Gillespie kept house.

In March, 1806, John H. Titus went up to Horseneck, in Connecticut, and married Miss Eliza Knapp.

On Thursday, August 2, 1808, Mr. Major added another partner to the house by marrying Miss Jane Moore, a daughter of Dr. Wm. Moore. She was married to Mr. Major by her uncle, Bishop Moore, at St. John's Church. He thus became brother-in-law to

Henry De Rham and Dr. Hodge, who had married sisters of his wife.

In 1810, Mr. Titus went out of the concern, and it became Major & Gillespie, in the same old store, No. 299 Pearl street.

George Gillespie, resided a few doors from the store, at 211 Pearl.

In 1812, Major & Gillespie removed their store to 211 Pearl, and Titus continued the business at 299. In 1833 the store was changed to 157 Pearl, and Mr. Major removed to 59 Warren, and Gillespie to 12 Dey. In 1814 M. & G. moved to 71 Pearl.

In 1816 they moved to 79 Pine; there they kept until 1819, when the house dissolved. Mr. Major moved to 56 Barclay street.

In 1822 he opened a store at 73 Pine. Gillespie resided at 12 Dey street until he died in 1823. His widow moved to 10 Barclay street. In 1824, Mr. Major moved to 175 Pearl street, and continued in that street until 1833. In 1832 he moved his residence to 11 Walker, and his store to 30 Cedar street. Commercial misfortune visited the honored old merchant of thirty-one years standing, in 1836, and he kept an office in Old Slip, No. 11, that year, and lived at 19 Lispenard street. There he died. His widow, with a large family of fine children, moved up to 71 Mercer street after her husband's death. The family was universally respected. They resided in Mercer street several years. In those days — forty years ago — Mercer street was one of the best in the city for private residences.

Of the children the eldest son, Alexander, is now a banker in this city. The next son, W. H., was one of the firm of Edward Lambert & Co., a large silk house, and both reside with their mother and sisters at 99 St. Mark's place.

It is to be regretted that while some mercantile names of old New York are kept up and continued, others that were famous a hundred and more years ago have passed into oblivion, are unknown to the present generation, and are not found in the City Directory. Such is that of *Curtenius*.

In a former number I have alluded to Peter Goelet, whose grandson lives up at the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, in the house located in a large yard where are domesticated a large number of peacocks.

One hundred years ago old Peter Goelet and Peter T. Curtenius were in partnership, under the firm of Goelet & Curtenius. They kept in Hanover square, sign of the "Golden Key."

Peter T. Curtenius was born in this city in 1734. He was a son of the Rev. Anthonius Curtenius, a clergyman of the Dutch Church, who came over from Holland about 1725, and died in Kings County in 1756. The Holland family traces itself back to Peter Curtenius, who was born in 1390, at Zingoon, in a district named *Curten*, three miles from Eberfeld.

Peter T. Curtenius, in 1755, married Miss Catherine Goelet, a daughter of Philip Goelet, and sister of Peter Goelet, his partner.

The same year that he married, he was recognized as one of the first citizens by being named as one of the corporation of the Society Library, by the charter of George III, and associated in it with such names as John Watts, William Smith, Whitehead Hicks, Peter V. B. Livingston, Peter Ketteltas, Hugh Garine, Isaac Low, Theophilacht Bache, Henry Remsen, Jr., and others.

After Goelet & Curtenius dissolved, in 1665, Peter T. continued on the hardware business in Broadway, between Crown (Liberty) and Little (Cedar) streets,

opposite the Oswego Market, that stood in the centre of Broadway. Mr. Curtenius did business under the sign of the "Golden Anvil."

I have before me one of the quaint advertisements of those days. As a general rule they advertised about twice a year in the *New York Weekly Gazette*, tha was published every Monday, just previous to 1769:

"PETER T. CURTENIUS,

At the sign of the Golden Anvil, opposite the Oswego Market, has just opened a fresh assortment of the following goods, imported by him in the last vessels from Europe, which he will sell wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms for ready cash or produce: Broad and narrow cloths of various colors and prices, shalloons, durants, tammies and callimancoes, buckrams, buttons, narrow naps, kersies, pennistones, halfthicks, long ells, green and spotted rugs, striped and rose blankets, flannels, red and flounced serge, red and blue duffils, plain and spotted swanskin, checkered ditto for horse-clothes, haircloths for entries or brewers, worsted stockings, broad and narrow checks, Irish linen, German and Irish dowlas, brown and white sheeting, osnaburgs, clouting diaper, calicoes, cambricks and lawns, ribbons, peelongs and taffety, silk and cotton somels, bandanas, black Barcelona handkerchief, Scotch and printed linen ditto, camblets, striped stuffs, black bombazine everlastings, &c., &c."

But before I give the remainder of the advertisement, I must remark that the man who could answer to the calls for all such goods must have had a pretty good memory, and be a smart man to understand his business. I doubt whether A. T. Stewart could supply all those articles, although he is supposed to have a general

knowledge of dry goods. Yet it is a matter of tradition that Mr. Curtenius, the merchant, perfectly understood his business, and was very attentive to his customers, whether wholesale or retail. Although at that time, 1768, his mind was engrossed with the welfare of the city, for he was Assistant Alderman of the West Ward that year and the next. He was the first among the names of all the merchants and traders in New York City, who on the 28th of August, 1768, signed the six resolves, as follows:

1. That we will not send for, from Great Britain, either upon our Own Account or on Commission this Fall, any other Goods than we have already ordered.
2. That we will not import any kind of Merchandise from Great Britain, either on our Own Account or on Commission, or any otherwise, nor purchase from any Factor or others, any kind of Goods imported from Great Britain, directly or by way of any of the other colonies, or by way of the West Indies, that shall be shipped from Great Britain after the first day of November, until the Acts of Parliament imposing Duties on Paper, Glass, &c., be repealed, except only the articles of Coals, Salt, Sailcloth, Chalk, Lead, Tin, Sheet Copper, and German Steel.
3. We further agree not to import any kind of Merchandise from Hamburg or Holland (except Tiles and Bricks).

The rest were similar in tone and character. It is evident that Mr. Curtenius had other thoughts than about merchandising exclusively. His advertisement concludes as follows, after the dry goods:

" Also,

Anvils, vices, beck irons, hammers, sledges, files and rasps, blistered German and figured steel, sheet iron,

double and single tin, best gun barrels and locks, neat fowling pieces with blued barrels and water-pan locks, best double gilt pinchbeck buckles, common yellow ditto, brass and steel ditto, mill and cross-cut saws; hand, hannel, tennant, sash, dovetail and compass ditto; carpenters' planes, broadaxes, adze, chisels, hammers, squares, rules, augers and gimblets; brass kettles, nails by the cask, from 4d. to 24d., besides many other articles in the ironmongery way too tedious to enumerate. LIKEWISE, best Bohea tea, Muscovado sugar, genuine Harlem oil, and Neuremburg salve, Dutch folio and quarto Bibles, Testaments, Psalm, and other Dutch books as usual. ALSO, The following goods made at the New York Air Furnace, viz.: Pots, kettles, piepans and baking ovens, chimney backs, elegant grates or Bath stoves for burning coal, square stoves for workshops, perpetual ovens, boiling plates, potash kettles, cart, wagon and chair boxes, half hundred and smaller weights, forge hammers and anvils, which have been found upon proof to be superior to the English hammer.

That company had a large foundry a short distance from the city (where Beach and Greenwich intersect), and they made all sorts of things. Mr. Curtenius was their agent in the city! It is the most difficult thing in the world to ascertain where certain locations were ninety-five years ago. It may amuse the modern New Yorker to take up a paper of that day, and read the addresses of merchants and others. Of course there was no numbering in those years before the Revolutionary war.

"A house is for sale on 'Golden Hill,' where George Hopkins lives."

That was in John street, near Pearl.

"The merchants will convene on Thursday evening, at the Coffee House, at early candle-light."

The celebrated Merchants' Coffee House, in Wall street, where the *Journal of Commerce* office now is.

"Apply to Philip Livingston, at his store on Burnet's quay, near the Ferry Stairs."

North side of Wall street up to Maiden lane, where the ferry stairs were.

Robert McGinniss offers for sale "a commodious two-story house in Chapel" — Beekman now, then called Chapel on account of St. George's Chapel —"with a good yard, pump, cellar, and cellar kitchen."

That Robert McGinniss was ancestor of Robert and Hugh McGinniss, whom I well remember; the latter is now alive, I believe, though a very aged man. John Ahern married his daughter.

"To be sold at Publick Vendue, the house on Burnet street, where John De Peyster lives."

That is now Water street.

"Irish Butter for sale, by James McCartney in Bayard street."

Nearly all the best butter was imported.

"Miss Gunstun has opened a school at Dr. Vandyck's, in French Church street, where young ladies will be instructed in the Rules of Virtue, Genteel Behavior, all sorts of Needle Work, Reading, Spelling, &c., &c."

French Church street, near King, now Pine, where the French Church was located.

"To be sold, at Robert Watt's house, near Peck's Slip, a very genteel canopy, with three very neat mahogany candlesticks, of exquisite workmanship; twelve pair of very curious branches."

In those days it was Peck's slip, not Peck, for the inhabitants knew who Peck was. There was also Peck's

Hill, where Franklin square now is, where Mr. Peck lived. That Robert Watts was grand uncle of General Philip Kearney, whose body was placed in the old Kearney family vault at Trinity, the other day.

"A convenient dwelling-house for sale in Scotch street, opposite the Widow Campbell's."

That is indefinite to-day.

"Brig 'Catherine,' for Hull. For passage apply near the Ferry Stairs."

Foot of Maiden lane, near Water.

"A white young man (a clerk) is to be sold for the term of two years from the 2d of May next, 1768. He writes a good hand, and is well recommended. Apply opposite the College Gate, at the house where the sign of the Grenadier was formerly kept."

That would be in Park place, where Wilmerding & Mount now have their store.

"Gentlemen may have sugars refined by applying to John Child, at Bayard's Sugar House in Wall street, near the City Hall."

That is upon the identical ground where John J. Cisco, a good and true Knickerbocker, keeps the old buildings of the Sub Treasury.

"To let, a house in Princess street now in possession of Dirck Lefferts, and next door to Andrew Gautiers."

That was a favorite way of locating anybody.

"Any person wishing Cotton and Linen Yarn dyed, can apply to John Wood, Weaver, at his Factory at Fresh Water, right back of Mr. Obediah Wells."

That is out by the Tombs.

This might have been an ancestor of our own Fernando, except that his advertisement smacks of honesty, showing that there was no sympathy between 1767 Wood and the late Mayor of 1861.

"A room to rent on the first floor of the corner house, opposite the Coffee House on Rotten row."

That portion of Water street between Old Slip and Coffee House Slip (Wall street,) named after the Merchant's Coffee House, was unbuilt on its outer or eastern side (and called Rotten row.) The water occupied all the space between Coffee House Slip (Wall street) and Fly Market Slip (Maiden Lane) or Long Island Ferry. That which is Water street now was called Burnet street. It was built on both sides, and had a block projecting into the river or harbor. From Fly Market slip a similar projection served as the continuation of Water street to Burling slip, from whence still further north the water occupied the east side of Water street, except that a pier or wharf occasionaly projected into it.

"Apply for freight to Pensacola, upon the dock."

Is not very definite.

"Lost in the yard of Mr. Van Dyck's ball alley, between that and the theatre, a silver watch. Stop it—inform the printer, who will pay the dollar reward."

That would be a puzzle to-day, but ninety-five years ago Abraham Van Dyck's ball alley and yard was at the corner of John and Broadway. He was a good Whig some years later. Into his yard, the carts, with the arms that the British troops were taking to Boston, were driven. He was a good Whig, and the British locked him up. The theatre was a few doors below in John street, and opened every night except Sunday, "By permission of his Excellency the Governor." In those days if anything curious turned up, it was exhibited at Abraham Van Dyck's in Broadway, near St. Paul's Church. An event of those days was the arrival of the most beautiful of animals called the leopard. Van Dyck's advertisement goes on to say:

"The price of admission, one shilling. The leopard is adorned all over with very neat and different spots, black and white; has large, sparkling eyes, and long whiskers on both sides of his jaws, and is greedy in catching his prey, by leaping at it. This leopard is much in shape, nature and color like unto a panther. Said Van Dyck has also several other animals, which will be seen at the same time. Gentlemen and ladies may have a full and yet safe view of the leopard, as he is well secured by a chain."

Poor Van Dyck afterwards saw the elephant, and was cruelly imprisoned by the British for many years.

"William Shipman, opposite the new printing office in Beaver street, has just imported in the "Mincove," Capt. Follet, London, and to be seen, carpeting, satins, wine, glasses, silver watches, paper prints, surgeons' instruments, and card rack.

N. B. One superior Fire Engine, superior to any ever seen in these parts, and one small do. The large engine will discharge 200 gallons of water per minute."

That interests firemen.

"For sale, a house and lot in Batteaux street. Also, a lot of ground in the meadows, facing Captain Smith's. Apply to Paulus Banta in the Bowery."

We will let Commissioner Acton hunt up that locality. Batteaux street takes us down for the moment, although we thought ourselves pretty well posted in the old streets of New York in 1768.

CHAPTER XVI.

I will add that frequently the only address was opposite to some well-known place.

"Ben Booth will sell, at his store, near the Fly Market, at the Ferry Stairs, in the street leading from there to the Coffee House."

This would mean at the foot of Maiden lane corner of Water street — that being the street which led by the Merchants' Coffee House, which was located on the corner of Wall and Water streets — where the *Journal of Commerce* is now published.

"Come to Nicholas William Stuyvesant's Vendue House, opposite the upper end of the Coffee House Bridge."

That bridge was at the same locality, and in those days large vendue sales were had on the bridge.

"Just imported, in the 'Snow Amelia,' Capt. Sinclair, and now opening at the house of Erasmus Williams, in Broad street, near the Exchange, and nearly opposite to Gen. Gage's, an assortment of India goods, bought in London by a competent judge, &c."

The Exchange was in the middle of Broad, between Pearl and Water (now).

Gen. Gage, before the Revolution, at that period — November, 1768 — dwelt in the large house (69 Broad

street now). He had it splendidly illuminated in 1762, for the news of the Stamp Act, repealed, probably as a measure to conciliate the people. In the same house once dwelt Gen. Alexander, afterwards one Earl of Sterling of the Revolution.

The year before, 1767, in June, on the anniversary of the king's birth-day, the General had his house in "great pomp."

Frequently General Gage is mixed up with General Gates. He was a different sort of person altogether, though General Gates lived in the city at the same time.

General Horatio Gates was an Englishman. He was a captain under General Braddock (where General Washington made his first essay in war), and he was afterwards captain and aid to General Monckton, then Governor of New York, and both were out in 1763, in the expedition to Martinique. He had a place on the island called Rose Hill House. The farm extended from Twenty-third to Thirtieth street. The Second, Third, and Fourth avenues would now cross it. He died in this city on the 10th April, 1805, aged seventy-eight. He had been a Major-General all through the war in the service of the United States. In 1792 he was a member of the St. George's Society. In 1757 the first wife of General Gates was reported as riding about the city in men's clothes, from the fact that she wore an English riding-habit, the first ever seen in New York, after the manner of the ladies in England, where she had been born and educated.

"John Dalthus Dash, tinman, has moved from the Oswego market into the corner house, where Nicholas Stagg used to live."

The descendants of that Dash kept the same store on

the corner (Liberty and Broadway) for two generations They became large hardware merchants.

"To be sold, a house and lot of ground in St. George's street, near the New City Hall. Apply to William Beckman, butcher, on the premises."

A wonderful man came out that year. It was John Baker, surgeon dentist. He "begs leave to acquaint the gentry of New York City, that he has given proof of his superior art to the principal nobility, gentry, and others, of Great Britain, France, Ireland, and other principal places of Europe; also, to 2,000 persons in Boston, and is now in this city, at Mr. John Watson's, in the house where Captain Randall lately lived, on the corner of Pearl street, where he fills teeth with lead or gold, and makes artificial teeth, and fixes them with pure gold, so that they will remain fast for many years, and may eat, drink, and sleep with them in their mouths as natural ones, from which they cannot be discovered by the sharpest eye."

We thought artificial teeth making was a modern invention.

"John Taylor, upholsterer, late of Cow-foot hill, in the City of New York, but now of the Glass House, at Newfoundland, the outward of the said city, returns thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who favored him in *that* business. He found it unprofitable, and he has now opened the Glass House as a tavern and place of entertainment." May 9th, 1768.

We defy any one but Uncle David Valentine to get entertainment at that ancient Taylor's Glass House, or to locate it in 1768. We never knew where the modern John Taylor got his idea of a Glass House from, when he opened his saloon, until now.

"To be sold, three doors below Mr. Leary's livery

stables, in Leary street, a variety of new saddlery ware, by Francis Fathergill."

Leary street is a new one to us, but I suppose it was named after John Leary, a Catholic, of whom it used to be said, "He goes to Philadelphia to get absolution once a year." A man did not dare say he was a Catholic in those days.

The city at that time was full of fun and frolic, although on the north side Warren was the highest street now named. The theatre that stood about the centre of the block, now bounded by Broadway, John, Nassau and Fulton, was open every night except Sunday, so that it must have paid well.

The Ranelagh Gardens stood at the head of Broadway (for it did not pass the Hospital), where Duane street now is. It did not pay well, for in July, 1769, the following bill was pasted on its gates:

"To BE LET — The house and about eighteen acres of land adjoining, belonging to Mr. Anthony Rutgers. It is known by the name of Ranelagh Gardens. A very good new house will be built this spring for any gentleman. For further particulars apply to

"ANTHONY RUTGERS."

To have found old Anthony, you would have been obliged to go to Rutgers Hill (Gold street, between John and Maiden lane), where his large brewery occupied the northern corner of Gold and Maiden lane. The Ranelagh did not long want a tenant, and it would be curious to know how much rent he paid.

Old Captain Anthony had a rope-walk. He had been in partnership with Jacob LeRoy, but he dissolved with him on the 1st January, 1769, and afterwards carried it on alone, and sold his cordage at his store in Maiden lane.

Many a pleasant summer evening did worthy Alder-

man Curtenius spend at the Ranelagh Gardens, but there was one place above all that he delighted to frequent. It was the Vauxhall Gardens, kept by a man named Francis, who opened there July 25th, 1768. They overlooked the North River, and the house and grounds were between Warren and what is now Chambers street. Formerly it was occupied by Major James, where the excited populace mobbed and ransacked his place in 1765, for his course in reference to the Stamp Act. The property was bought by Samuel Francis, or Black Sam, for a small sum. He opened it upon the above date from 8 A. M. until 10 at night. The price of admission was four shillings each person. In one room of the Gardens, genteely fitted up for the purpose, was a group of wonderful wax figures, ten in number, rich and elegantly dressed according to the ancient Roman and present mode. The figures Black Sam announced in a really poetical style of composition to

"Bear the most striking resemblance of real life, and represent the great Roman General Publius Scipio, who conquered the city of Carthage, standing by his tent, pitched in a grove of trees (among which are some of different fruits, very natural), attended by his guards with the king, the young prince and princess, and other great personages brought before the general, who were taken prisoners in the city."

Sam, also, had in his collection several very masterly pieces of grotto work and flowers, composed of various shells, &c., the whole affording a very agreeable entertainment, and are declared by those who have travelled and who had seen figures of the like kind, much admired in London and Paris, to be no way inferior. N. B. Tea, coffee, cakes, &c., as usual. Oh! for one night in old New York, at Vauxhall Gardens, between College Place

and Greenwich street, and Warren and Chambers streets, with Black Sam to show the wax figures.

Black Sam had his garden — the West Ward of which Mr. Curtinius was Assistant Alderman, and I think he found in him a banker, or at least a protector. He was very swarthy, and well known as a public caterer. He afterwards became chief cook and bottlewasher to General Washington.

When Black Sam gave up the Vauxhall Building, after the war closed, it was used as the first place of meeting for public worship by the Roman Catholics in this city—the first appearance of St. Peter's Church, now in Barclay street.

His old partner, P. Goelet, was in Hanover square and kept the store of "The Golden Key," when he was an extensive dealer in hardware, brushes, music, ironmongery, and cutlery. Mr. Curtinius was not only a merchant, but he was an active citizen, and felt that his destiny was to do more than wait behind the counter. He was one of the first to enroll his name as an asserter of rights in this city. As soon as the news of the battle of Lexington reached here on Sunday, he was among the few that called a meeting of the citizens, at the Merchants' Coffee-House, where it was they decided to place the affairs of the city in the hands of a committee of 100. Mr. Curtinius was among the first names enrolled; so, too, was old Peter Goelet. Mr. Curtinius took an active part in public affairs, and was one of the most active members of the committee.

He was made Commissary-General of the line in 1776. In June of that year he wrote the following letter to Col. Richard Varick, about a plot to carry off General Washington. It failed, and one of the conspirators, Thomas Hickory, who was a private in the

ranks of the body-guard of Gen. Washington, was hung.

NEW YORK, *June 26th*, 1776.

"SIR:

"Inclosed is Capt. Staat's Recpt. for a tent, &c., which please to Endorse on the back that you have received it. Your father is well, who was at my house yesterday. Your good mother and the rest of the family are also in good health, having seen them a few days ago at Hackensack.

"Last night was discovered a most Infernal plott against the lives of Gen. Washington and Putnam, &c. Some of the Villains concerned are in safe Custody. Among them are Mr. Matthews our Mayor, Gilbert Forbes a Gunsmith, a fifer and Drummer of Gen. Washington's guard &c. The particulars are not yet Transpired (from officers who were employed to apprehend them) that a great sum was offered to assassinate Gen. Washington and Putnam — that a plan was found in their possession of all the fortifications, that whilst the regulars made the attack, some persons were to blow up the Powder House, and others were to destroy Kings bridge to prevent reenforcements coming in from New England. In short the plott was a most damnable one and I hope that the Villains may receive a punishment equal to perpetual itching without the benefit of scratching. I am Sir, Your Most Obt Serv.

"PETER T. CURTINIUS."

About a month later, on the 9th of July 1776, Mr. Curtinius was among the foremost of the men who overthrew the statue of George the Third, that stood on a pedestal in the Bowling Green, and out of it cast over 10,000 balls.

He was Commissary-General, with the rank of Colonel, under the Provincial Congress, throughout the war.

He proved worthy of the trust reposed in him, and

It was fortunate for the country that he held such an important position. He could get credit and obtain what was wanted on his own means, when the young nation could not. In this way he advanced large sums to the army and to the Continental Congress. At one time matters were so bad that the resources of Congress had entirely failed, and yet a supply of clothing and shoes, &c., for a destitute army, was an absolute necessity. It was then our New York merchant showed the stuff he was made of. He sold his own store, "Golden Anvil," corner of Broadway and Liberty street, for cash, and of the amount he received he spent £1,600 for the relief of the army.

All that he ever received from this outlay was the amount, at the close of the war, in worthless continental money. He never would wear any article of foreign manufacture. His wedding suit, even as early as when he married Miss Goelet, was of domestic stuff. April 8, 1782, he was appointed State Auditor, and held the office until 1797, when it was changed to Comptroller. He lived at 217 Water street. In 1789 he was Assistant Alderman of the Dock Ward.

In 1798 this old hero merchant died of yellow fever. He was buried in the vault of the Middle Dutch Church, where the Post Office now is.

His remains were removed from there in 1817, and transferred to Beechwood Cemetery, in New Rochelle, and deposited with the remains of his daughter, Mrs. Jane Roosevelt. She was the wife of Elbert Roosevelt, of Pelham. His residence was pleasantly situated on the side of the Sound, and has fine views of Long Island and the surrounding shore. I have had considerable to say about the New York City Roosevelts. This branch claim descent from Claes Marteneze Van

Roosevelt (literally Nicholas, the son of Martin of the Rosefield), a native of Holland, and the first of the name who came to America. The son of this individual was Nicholas, whose son Johannes was the grandfather of Cornelius, the father of the Elbert Roosevelt who married a daughter of Mr. Curtinius. Mr. Curtinius took one share in Tontine stock, and named it upon the life of this daughter, Jane, who was born December 22d, 1770, and of course was twenty-two years older than some of the other 203 shares.

Another daughter, Catharine, married the Rev. John Dunlap, who was a clergyman in Cambridge, Washington County, New York, and to whom I alluded in my sketch of the Bininger family. He had two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, who died unmarried. His wife died in 1806.

His son, General Peter Curtinius, lost his wife and child in 1798, of the yellow fever. They died at 122 Liberty street.

He was appointed U. S. marshal by Jefferson, in 1806, and held the office until 1812.

Another son, Philip, was a merchant in 1795, and lived with his father at 25 Water street. I think he died before 1800.

Peter Curtinius lived at 283 Greenwich street for some years; and in 1803, '4 and '5, carried on the Air Furnace business at 345 Greenwich street, under the firm of Peter Curtinius & Co. I am inclined to think that was the Air Furnace Company of which his father was agent in 1768 — thirty-three years previous. As late as 1810 he lived at No. 4 Murray street, near Broadway, and his marshal's office was at No. 11 Wall street. He was buried out of the house 4 Murray

street, where he died in 1817. He was a popular member of the Assembly of this State in 1798.

The race is run out in this quarter. The old Peter T. has grandchildren alive in the West. One is John L. Curtinius in the city of Buffalo; Henry R. Curtinius, and Frederick W. Curtinius, of Kalamazoo, Michgan, and their children, as well as those of the late Alfred G. Curtinius, of Peoria, Illinois.

CHAPTER XVII.

There have been families connected with the prosperity of the city that have flourished as early as the Dutch. There are others who date from a more recent period. The name of Haight has been connected with the commercial growth of the city for one hundred years. In 1762 there was a Capt. Cornelius Haight who sailed out of this city. He commanded a sloop at first, but after a year or two he commanded a London packet. In 1768 the favorite of the town people was the "Snow Mercury," a London packet, Cornelius Haight master. Everybody knew Captain Haight in those days. It was a small place a hundred years ago, and an arrival or or departure was a great event to the people, and to the merchants.

There was a line of ships to London, owned by Henry Van Vleck, and Samuel Broome & Co. One was the "Snow Mercury," Capt. Haight; one was the ship "Hope," Capt. Davies. The "Mercury," as well as the other vessel, lay at Murray's Wharf, when in port. At that time the water came up to Water street, and the wharf was on the north side and extended into the river as far as where South street is now, although neither South or Front street were then dreamed of. I have before me one of the quaint notices of those days:

For London.
The "Snow Mercury,"
Cornelius Haight, Master.

Has greatest part of her cargo on board, and will sail, wind and weather permitting, on Saturday next (25th June, 1768.) For freight or passage apply to said master on board, or to Henry Van Vleck, or to Samuel Broome & Co.

N. B. — Said S. Broome & Co. have received by said vessel a parcel of choice Cheshire and Gloucester cheese, hose, shoes, blankets, shot, corks, Scotch snuff, men's castor hats, ditto felt, nutmegs, sealing wax, silk knee gaiters, large and small Bibles, Testaments, Dilworth's Spelling Book, and Young Man's Best Companion, iron and brass jewsharps, penknives (Barlow and other sorts,) and brimstone by the hogshead.

The paper — *Weekly* — had a jolly time when such an arrival came. It announced that Captain Haight spoke such and such vessels at sea, saying nothing of his vessel's name, as though he was the *only* captain in port. Then the heading — "Thursday morning last arrived here the 'Snow Mercury," Capt. Haight,' eight weeks from London. We have the following *fresh* advices." Of course, such articles only appeared about once a month.

Then watch the advertisements of all the leading merchants of those days. Every one had "Just imported in the 'Mercury,' Capt. Haight, and to be sold cheap" by John Hammersly & Co., Peter Goelet, Isaac Low, Robert Sinclair, Smith Ramage, William Shipman, Mary Phillips, at her store in Smith street, (William;) she was the great milliner of this city, Dixon & Morse, Hubert Van Wagenen.

Then when Captain Haight went away in his ship, what crowds went down to take leave of him, when his ship went down to the "Watering Place." There was

the worthy captain sailing backwards and forwards, making his three voyages, or six trips a year, between London and New York, and doing well at that. How long he continued I know not, but he was sailing out of this port just before war was declared in 1776. In 1772, Captain Cornelius joined the old Marine Society of this city, and his certificate of membership was numbered 283. He married Miss Elizabeth Benn, May 8th, 1758.

I believe the Haights were from Westchester, for I see their names upon records there as early as 1741. Jacob and Samuel Haight were captains in the Revolutionary war, from Westchester. Samuel married Abigail Simmons in 1771. Captain Sam Haight was a member of Assembly from 1782 to 1792; sheriff of Westchester, from 1792 to 1795, and State Senator from 1796 to 1800 — a period of a quarter of a century.

The branch in this city first appeared after the war. It came from the stocks I have named, and from Nicholas Haight, an extensive farmer in Westchester County. I am inclined to think the captain was a brother. Three sons of Nicholas were extensively engaged in this city not long after the War of the Revolution. They were Benjamin Haight, David L., and Gilbert. The celebrated Benjamin commenced at 52 Broadway, about 1784. From this stock have sprung a race of citizens eminent in all professions — theological, legal, commercial and naval. In 1795, Benjamin Haight was the only Haight in the city. That year he moved to No. 152 Broadway, east side, between Liberty and Maiden lane, and he never left it until he died in 1813. He kept a saddlery and harness store.

We can have no idea in this day of steam engines, railroads, steamboats, of the paramount importance of the saddlery business in those days, when even wagons

and wheeled vehicles were rare. A saddler's store was the important of places to nearly every one. Old Abraham Van Nest, still alive among us, commenced that business, following in the footsteps of his worthy father as early as 1795. Cap making was a branch until about the close of the last century, when the saddler and harness making was a distinct business. At all times it was a mercantile business, for the saddler kept all the articles that belonged to the saddlery or harness making business. It was a sort of hardware store of itself. He sold bits, wooden frames, irons, blankets, leather, whips, buffalo robes — in fact, everything that belonged to the business. Old Benjamin attended to his business faithfully, like a good old time citizen, and he was very much respected, as he deserved to be.

In 1805 he was elected Assistant Alderman of the Third Ward, and in 1808 was re-elected.

The contest between the Federalists and Republicans (Democrats) had commenced a few years previous, but this year (1806) it became very exciting, and the Federal party in this city determined to overthrow the Clintonian. They succeeded; Mr. Haight was elected by 131 over Simeon Van Antwerp, a Clintonian. Mr. Clinton was overthrown, and Marinius Willett was made Mayor.

This may seem curious to many of my readers, who know that 152 Broadway is on the east side and in the Second Ward. In 1806 it was different. Then the Third Ward began on the West side of Hudson River, at the north-westerly corner of the First Ward, thence due east along that line across Hudson River to the middle of Thames street, thence along the middle thereof to a place opposite to the middle of Pine street, thence along the middle of Pine street to and along the middle of Nassau street to a place *opposite* to the middle of

Murray street, thence to and along the middle of Murray street to Hudson River, and thence continuing the same course across Hudson River to low water mark on the west side thereof, or so far as the bounds of this State extend thence, and so down along the west side of Hudson River at low water mark, or along the limits of this State, to the beginning.

Alderman Benjamin Haight died at his old house, No. 152 Broadway, in 1813. His funeral was celebrated in the real old Knickerbocker style. The Mayor —De Witt Clinton — and the Common Council attended.

In 1796 David L. Haight, the next brother, commenced a saddlery store at 169 Broadway.

In 1801 David L., in addition to his store at 169. opened another at 199 Broadway (block between Fulton and Dey street, next door to where Franklin House used to be kept, at 193 to 197), for dry goods. His firm was Haight & Hoyt. He dissolved the house in 1803, and moved his dry good store to 195 Broadway. He did not move away from that store until 1824, when he moved to 18 Maiden lane. D. L. lived for some years at 4 and 35 Dey street, until 1819. He moved his residence then to No. 5 Whitehall.

Gilbert carried on the house of D. L. Haight at 195 Broadway until after the war, under his own name. In 1815 he moved to 165 Pearl, between Pearl and Wall streets, and took into partnership J. E. Haight, his brother, making the firm D. L. & J. E. Haight. The latter lived at 313 Greenwich, and his mother Mary lived with him. Benjamin Haight, a celebrated lawyer for many years, was a brother of John E., and lived with him. He went into partnership with Disosway in 1826. In 1825 D. L. & J. E. Haight moved to 88 Maiden lane. In 1826 Richard K. Haight was taken into the

firm, and it was changed to D. L. & J. E. Haight & Co. In 1827 David H. Haight was taken in. Both sons lived with their father at 5 Whitehall. I shall have much more to say of this house and its distinguished partners and branches down to the present day when it is Haight, Halsey & Co.

In 1800 Gilbert Haight, their brother, opened a saddler's store at 153 Water street. He probably was a younger brother. On the 3rd of October, 1801, he was married by Bishop Moore to Miss Alicia Mary Ball. There was an aristocratic wedding on that day. The Balls were a great family in this town sixty-two years ago. Flamen Ball was the great counsellor-at-law in the fashionable part of the town, near Franklin square, and occupied two buildings, Nos. 36 and 38 Cherry street. Doctor Isaac was the celebrated physician, at 40 Chambers street; and the most celebrated boarding school for young ladies was kept by Miss Isabella Ball, around the corner from D. L. Haight's store, at 38 Partition street, now Fulton.

Gilbert Haight, after he married, kept steadily on at 153 Water street up to 1829 — a quarter of a century. Once he was tempted to keep two stores, as David L. had done. He opened at 127 Broadway, as well as at 153 Water, but he gave it up after one year's trial. In 1827 Gilbert took in his son John G. Haight, under the firm of Gilbert Haight & Son. That year he died, and the son took in young Osborn, a son of Isaac Osborn, who kept a store next door to Haight at 151 Water. He dissolved, and in 1842 was alone at 248 Pearl, and died at 286 Fourth street in 1843 or '44.

In 1807, Benjamin Haight, Junior, the son of the old Alderman Benjamin, formed a partnership with

Halsted E. Haight, his cousin, under the firm of B & H. Haight, at 207 Broadway.

They kept in that store corner of Fulton, west side, opposite St. Paul's church-yard corner, under the same firm, until Halsted died at his residence, 213 Fulton street, 1831. Then Benjamin kept under his own name until 1833, when he moved to 60 Pine street. They were together nearly twenty-five years. B. & H. had been in business but a year when Halsted E. Haight married his cousin, A. Haight, a sister of his partner, and daughter of the venerable old Benjamin.

Young Benjamin had been married a year or two previous. He married at Bedford, Westchester County, on the 24th of September, 1806, to Miss Catharine Holly, a daughter of Colonel Holly of that place.

At the same time Jonathan Smith married Abigail Haight, a daughter of Nicholas Haight, and thus became brother-in-law to Benjamin, David L., and Gilbert. It is somewhat curious that the children of Benjamin Haight and the fair Miss Kate above named, were Edward Haight, the Member of Congress from Westchester County and now President of the Commonwealth Bank of this city, and also, the Reverend Doctor Benjamin I. Haight, of Trinity parish, and a daughter, who in turn married Jotham Smith, a son of the above named Jotham Smith Miss Abigail Haight.

It is quite evident that the father of Jotham Smith was a clever man, as he did not fall into the common custom and name his son John, instead of Jotham. Had he have done so, Jotham would have passed into oblivion, as it is utterly impossible for any biographer to separate any of the John Smiths from each other fifty years ago. Jotham Smith was the A. T. Stewart of his day. He went into business at No. 218 Broadway,

where Barnum now keeps, as early as 1808. Then he moved to No. 214 in 1810, next door to where John N. Genin made a fortune forty-five years later, opposite St. Paul's. Jotham Smith kept everything that was elegant in the dry goods line; silks, laces, lace veils of all shades; and nets, and capes, and handkerchiefs. He sold, wholesale and retail, cloaks, shawls and handkerchiefs.

On the opposite side, at No. 207, B. & H. Haight did also a large wholesale as well as retail business in bed ticking, sheeting, checks, blue and white stripes, chambrays, apron checks — all sold by the fifty and sixty cases.

In 1815 Jotham Smith moved over to No. 233 Broadway (Astor House now), and there he did an immense business. His residence was pretty well out of town (No. 527 Broadway), and he kept a carriage to ride down to his store; but he found the inconvenience out in 1817, and moved into No. 235 Broadway, house on same block as his store.

That year he also went into the auction business at No. 171 Pearl street. In 1818 he took into partnership in his Broadway store the afterwards celebrated Adron Fountain, and the firm was Smith & Fountain. They kept together for three years. In 1821 they separated. Fountain kept the old store at No. 223. Old Paff kept his picture gallery next door, at 221. Jotham Smith kept at 235, one door this side of Park place, where young Fred Tracy now keeps. He went out of business in 1822.

Jotham Smith was from Westchester, I believe. He was a fine, large, healthy-looking man, and he was an honorable, fair dealer. Every one who had dealings with him spoke well of him. He was industrious and

prudent. During the war, of course, there was much speculation as to its final result. United States stocks were worth only 60 or 70. Specie was worth 25 or 30 per cent. premium. Sugar was worth 30 cents a pound. Dry goods brought fabulous prices. Jotham had worked hard for his money, and he has obtained a considerable fortune. He did not want to lose it. He went to a friend and told him, "John, I've got $60,000 in specie. It is the only thing that will keep its value. I have hired a house out in Westchester, and I have also hired two men at the wages of day laborers to go out and take charge of it and the specie." He could have sold his silver at the premium of 30 per cent. and invested in U. S. stocks at 70. Instead of this he kept it until peace was declared: then specie fell to par and U. S. stocks rose to par, and Mr. Smith had his $60,000 instead of $86,000 he might have had, had he invested in U. S. stocks. To his friend, who had bought every dollar of U. S. stocks that he had money to purchase, he said: "You are lucky and I am unlucky. You hit the mark, while I missed." And he went steadily to work again to make up what he might have made in the war times.

The Haights descended from old Benjamin of the Revolutionary period became very numerous.

There was the old house of B. & H. Haight, at 207 Broadway.

There was also the Benjamin Haight Jr. of this house in 1813. He lived at 4 Robinson street. It was named Park Place in 1814, when Benjamin, Jr., became Benjamin Sr., by the death of the old saddlery merchant. In 1831, after his partner Halsted's death, Benjamin moved into his house at 213 Fulton street. The next year, he moved to 75 Anthony. In 1842, he lived at

8 Rutger's Place, but kept the store at 60 Pine. His son Augustus H. Haight, was in business at 54 Maiden Lane. He married a Miss Ogilby. She is dead, but left a son Benjamin.

Another son, Edward, the member of Congress, already alluded to, was of the firm of Cromwell, Haight & Co., cloth merchants, at 68 Maiden lane. He married Miss Burgoyne, a daughter of Doctor Wm. Burgoyne a splendid old English gentleman, who came to this city in 1832. For several years previous, Doctor Burgoyne had been the principal partner in one of the largest drug houses in Charleston, S. C. He had married a lady of that city. Thirty years ago, I used frequently to meet him in the lower part of the city, where his son William had an office at No. 34 Broad street. I remember his venerable appearance when the cholera raged that year. Then Broad street had not five stores in it. Nearly all of the houses were private residences. I saw out of some of those houses five and six dead bodies carried in a day. Old Doctor Burgoyne lived to within a year, and died leaving a large estate.

A son of Edward Haight and a grandson of old Mr. Burgoyne is now a Captain in the army, and one of the aids of General Pope.

Edward Haight is still the merchant, as well as president of a bank, and Member of Congress. He is of the firm of Richards, Haight & Co., No. 30 Barclay street, large clothing merchants, the partner being Chas. W. Richards, of Brooklyn.

I never can sufficiently praise those merchants who do meddle with politics, and rise to political distinction. As I have said a thousand times in these articles, a commercial city should be ruled and represented by

merchants. It is creditable to the city, and creditable to them individually; the more so, as few merchants meddle with politics successfully in this city. They frequently meddle when used as tools to forward the designs of some shrewd politican of another class. True, Mr. Haight represents a country district; but he is in every regard a citizen of New York. He was born here, made his money here, and here are centered all his interests.

The brother, who is a clergyman, is an Assistant Rector of Trinity Church, and one of the most worthy of the Haight stock. He married a Miss Coolidge, of Boston, a daughter of one of the merchant princes of that city. His health was so poor, that his life was despaired of about a year ago. He went to Europe, where he recovered his health, and he now bids fair to have a long life of usefulness in his profession. He has an only son, a youth named Charles. He graduated at Columbia College last year. As I have said the only daughter of Benjamin Haight married her cousin, Jotham Smith, an extremely clever person, who at one time was one of the principal editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*, before that sheet was submerged into the *World*.

Old Mr. Benjamin Haight died in the year 1848. His wife died a few years previous. He was a fine old man — an honest, upright merchant — an active citizen — and he fulfilled his destiny. There are thousands of such who have been born here, lived a long life of usefulness, adding to the wealth of the city, of whom never a line has been written, until these sketches appeared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The last chapter, relating to the Haight merchants of this city, will have an imperfect appearance, when it is not so, on account of my having left out many of the Haight names that are more familiar to the present question. I allude paticularly to Richards K. and David Henry Haight, also George Haight and Nicholas Haight.

John E. Haight died at No. 129 Hudson street, in 1845, although he had been out of the house of D. L. & E. Haight & Co. since 1833, when his interest in the business was purchased, and he left the firm. At that time the store was at No. 170 Water street, where the house did business for twenty-seven years. After his retirement, the firm was R. & N. Haight, being selected from a part of each of the Christian names of the two partners, Richard K. and David Henry Haight the two sons of D. L. Haight.

In 1811, John Haight started a carpet store at No. 218 Broadway (where the American Museum now is).

In 1814, John took into partnership his brother Nicholas. They were nephews of D. L. Haight. John was a bachelor. They sold carpets in their store, and had a manufactory out of town, where Pavonia now is. They invented the Kiddermeister carpet.

In 1827, J. & N. Haight gave up the carpet store in this city, but letters for the manufactory were left in a box, at the store of B. & H. Haight, No. 207 Broadway.

They finally gave up business together. John moved out to Westchester, and was engaged in a small manufactory for cloths, near the Bronx River. Sometimes he was called John O., to distinguish him from John E (of the firm of D. L. & J. E. Haight & Co.), who was a son of the old Alderman, Benjamin, and a nephew of D. L.

In 1835, Nicholas and A. Haight kept at No. 60 Pine street, the partner being Augustus H. Haight, a son of old Ben Haight. In 1838, Nicholas did a commission business at No. 16 Courtlandt street. After that he became an Insurance broker; then a notary; and, finally, a regular lawyer, and kept his office at No. 65 Chatham street, up to 1856. Nicholas Haight, who died in the above year, was one of the 1812 Veterans, and was instrumental in giving that title to the soldiers of that war. He was active in his efforts at Washington, in the passage of the various acts of Congress, whereby land warrants were given to all who served the country in the army of that period. He was elected Colonel of the survivors of the Veterans in this city, and opened an office in the Chatham Bank building, corner of Chatham and Duane street, where, in connection with the late Nicholas C. Everett, formerly a Justice in the Ward Courts, an extensive business was done in the obtainment of land warrants of 160 acres each. Judge Everett was one of the Veterans; John Robins was another. He holds a warrant of 160 acres, for services in an artillery company. He fought, bled, and — lived with Peletiah Perit, President of the Chamber of Com-

merce, in the same company. Since the death of Colonel Haight, the Veterans have been commanded by Henry Raymond, who has assumed the title of Brigadier General. He was brought up to the profession of a house carpenter, and for a while carried on that business in the Fourth Ward, in Oak street, near Roosevelt. He was quite a politician in those days, always active in carrying out the purposes of such men as John Targee, David Bryson, and their political coadjutors. The Adjutant of the Veterans requires more than a passing notice. Isaac McPhyfe is no paper soldier; he has not only smelt gunpowder, but has felt its effects; he belongs to the gallant heroes of active service, and was wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and although he drank a glass of wine in celebration of his 70th birthday with his friend, John C. Hamilton, son of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, who was born on the same day, about a month ago, he is now ready to draw the sword, so long sheathed, to strike another blow for his country, before he joins the Army on High. He holds a subordinate office in the Receiver of Taxes departmen . Were patriotic services and merit fully rewarded, he would change places with some of his superiors in that office.

Col. Haight was about seventy years of age when he died. He was greatly respected while living, and his memory will not be soon forgotten.

George Haight, a brother of J. E., started the dry goods business of Haight & Ebbits, at 216 Broadway, in 1820. His partner was Edward N. Ebbits. In 1825, H. & E. removed to No. 77 Maiden lane.

The house of George Haight & Co. became an opposition in the hat-trimming business to the old house of D. L. & J. E. Haight & Co., at 129 Maiden lane. George lived with John E. Haight, his father, at 154

Greenwich street, as his tenant; Ben, the lawyer, who was a partner of Attorneys Haight & Disosway, at 28 Pine. The mother, Mary, widow of the old founder, Benjamin, of 1784, died at 51 Wall street, if I am not mistaken, in 1821.

In 1834, both of the houses moved to Water street. George Haight was called "Spectacle" Haight, because he wore glasses. George Haight & Co., the opposition, dissolved in 1838, but George carried on the business under his own name, at 174 Water street, until 1840, when he moved to 45 Liberty. In 1841 he gave up business, and died at the house of his sisters in 1854.

John E. Haight lived at 129 Hudson street until 1846, when he died.

The house of D. L. & J. E. Haight was, during its whole existence, one of the most prosperous in New York City. It was originally engaged in the dry goods business, but in the war of 1812, and afterwards, nearly all of the dry goods jobbing houses failed. The D. L. Haight firm determined to engage in a new business about 1816, and they went into the hat and shoe trimmings, and it eventually became an enormous business in the city. At first, a few skivers were quite a sufficient stock to be kept on hand; now, a stock of 20,000 dozen is sold year after year.

In 1835, D. L. & J. E. Haight & Co., or R. & H. Haight moved to 170 Water street, the partners being Richards K. and D. H. Haight. The two brothers were remarkable men up to 1835. Old David L., the founder of the house, had early removed from Dey street to No. 5 Whitehall. Upon his old ground, where he had his store, he had erected a hotel, the Franklin House. It was the second hotel of any note put up in this city, the City Hotel, on Broadway, be-

tween Thames and Cedar streets, being the first. In 1835, D. L. moved his residence up to Waverley place near Mercer street. In 1843, his son David Henry built a house next door to his father, at No. 13, where he continues to reside to this day, when in the city. He has a country seat in one of the adjoining counties, where he goes in the summer.

In 1838 R. & H. Haight formed a company, and John Halsey, Jr., was taken into the firm. He had been identified with the house as a clerk for many years and he was familiar with the business, and was one of the most esteemed men in the city. He was a son of a prominent old New York Merchant, John Halsey, of the 1792 school of Old Merchants. He died about fourteen years ago, aged eighty-six. About the same time Nicholas K. Anthony was taken into the firm of K. & H. Haight & Co. He was a son of Jacob Anthony famous as the principal teller of the U. S. Branch Bank in this city many years ago. Jacob Anthony married a Miss Kip. So did Daniel L. Haight, and in this way the Haights and the Anthonys were connected. In 1848 David Henry Haight went out of the firm, and then it was changed to Haight, Halsey & Co., and so it continues to this day, at No. 57 Broadway. Mr. Anthony went out of the house in 1852. He married a Miss Sewell, of Philadelphia.

The old founder of the house, that has been continued from 1795 until now, David L. Haight, died at his residence in Waverley place, in 1851. He was a splendid old gentleman in his day. He belonged to the Dutch Church.

He started the store in Broadway, No. 195, as a wholesale and retail store. In 1815, when he moved from Broadway to No. 165 Pearl street, he gave up

related to the most magnificent Austrian officer that he had ever seen. He defied the world to produce such another man. He wondered that there was a virtuous woman left in the Austrian dominions. Dick could not stand it any longer; he had listened attentively, and then he rose and exclaimed: "Upon my honor as a man, I was that Austrian officer." The shouts of laughter with which he was greeted by all the Americans present, did not at all discompose him. But that is all nonsense. He is clever. He has got up wonderful contrivances with machinery for making hat trimmings, and I think he introduced into this city the machinery for making watered silks, moire antique. When he built his celebrated palace on the Fifth avenue, corner of Fifteenth street, he designed every portion of it. So he did with the furniture. About three years ago, he rented the house to a New York club for $7,000 a year. He is the only Haight left of the old firm in it at present — Haight, Halsey & Co. With him arose the saying, "As queer as Dick's hat-band." He is queer, and yet harmless. When his father, the venerable old D. L., died, there were many of the clergymen of the Dutch Collegiate Classes or Church present. They had prayers and other services; when over, there was a solemn silence in the room. Richard broke it, and astonished the clergymen by a few comments upon his late father. He said:

"Well, father lived to a good old age, and I reckon he had a pretty good time of it — there is not much to regret in his case;" and continued on in this common-sense strain for some time. But he really has great originality of thought and design.

These Haights have made a name in the commercial annals of the city. They have added greatly to its

wealth, its power and its magnificence, in the past 100 years, commencing with Captain Haight, when the city had 9,000, down to the days of Haight, Halsey & Co., and the other prominent descendants, when the city and its precincts count nearly 1,200,000 population. It is a wonderful city, and too much cannot be written about the commercial men who have produced this wonderful result.

CHAPTER XIX

The name of Ogden is familiar in the records of commercial men in this city. I have already written sketches of two of these names — Samuel G. Ogden and J. De Peyster Ogden.

I have now to write respecting Jonathan Ogden. There were two Ogdens in business after the Revolution in 1783 — Lewis, who kept at 44 Great Dock street, and Samuel at 25 Water street. The former kept for many years at same place, or until it became Pearl street, when the number was 78, where he died in 1800. Jonathan Ogden commenced his mercantile career in this city in 1793. He ended it in 1883, when he died. His first place of business was at 243 Queen street. Later, in 1797, he moved to 123 Pearl street. His brother David carried on the business in 1798, when I think Jonathan went to Europe. He kept in the same store, in his own name, up to 1802. In 1803 he took in a partner, and the firm was J. Ogden & Co. This partner of Mr. Ogden was James Willink, who afterwards died in Havana, the 30th of March, 1803. He was a young man of great promise. He had a brother, John A. Willink, who in after years became one of the famous merchants in New York. He lived at 13 Broad street as early as 1816, and in after years was

the first to open a store in Broad street, which previous to that (about 1829) was filled with private residences. John A. was the perfect model of a Holland merchant. I think the race is quite extinct in the city now.

About a year after the death of his partner, Mr. Ogden, on the 13th of March, 1804, was married at the Walton House, in Franklin square, by Bishop Moore, to Miss Charlotte E. Walton, the daughter of the Walton of that day. A year previous in June, 1803, the friend of Mr. Ogden, Edmund Morewood, married Miss Jane Glover, a daughter of John G. Glover. She died about one year after her marriage, leaving one daughter, Helen, who afterwards married John Ferguson. In November, 1805, Mr. Morewood became the brother-in-law of Mr. Ogden, by marrying a Miss Walton, sister to Mrs. Ogden. Edward Lyde married another of the sisters Walton. Jonathan Ogden was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first members of the St. George's Society in this city. He joined it in 1791. He afterwards became the seventh president of the society. He was small in size, thick-set, and was one of those pleasant, jolly-countenanced, English gentlemen, of great moral worth and integrity. In 1811 he moved his residence to No. 4 State street, fronting the Battery. He had purchased the property before he built upon it. He lived in handsome style, had an elegant equipage, &c.

After he moved to No. 4 State street, he continued business under his own name until 1820, when he formed a partnership with John Day, under the firm of Ogden, Day & Co., at No. 3 Coenties slip. John Day had been in business as early as 1812, at the same place, under the firm of Day, Downs & Eastburn.

Jonathan Ogden did an immense business for many

years. He owned ships, and he was a great shipper upon his own account. He had a house in Liverpool, under the firm of Bottom & Ogden. To this house he was constantly sending cargoes of cotton, flour, and other articles of American produce.

In 1824, Ogden, Day & Co. moved from the old store in Coenties slip to No. 22 Whitehall, corner of Bridge street. That venerable and remarkable store is still standing, and is now occupied by the house of Herlman, Walbridge & Co., commission merchants, of which the Hon. Hiram Walbridge, who represented this commercial city in Congress so well for many years, is a member.

That store must have been erected about 1809, by the great house of Archibald Gracie & Sons. I have frequently alluded to the immense business the house did for years. Their operations were enormous. In the war of 1812, their losses were very heavy. Afterwards old Mr. Gracie went to Europe, leaving the business to be carried on by his son, William Gracie, and his son-in-law, Charles King, who formed the "Sons" of the firm. He left with them full power of attorney to act for him, and, if need be, to sell his real estate. While the old gentleman was abroad, the Sons went into enormous cotton speculations and lost immensely. They borrowed $100,000 of the Bank of New York. I think Rufus King was security. At any rate, the Sons used the power of attorney to convey to old Mr. King the real estate of Mr. Gracie, comprising in it the country-seat at "Gracie's Point," near Hellgate, opposite Blackwell's Island. That had charged against it in Mr. Gracie's books $50,000. Mr. King sold it to Joseph Foulke for $17,000. It has since sold for an immense sum. The old store that had cost about

$28,000, was sold to Jonathan Ogden — I think for about $9,500. Everything was very much depressed at that period. Mr. Ogden, was a vestryman of Trinity Church for many years.

In 1826, Mr. Ogden was an immense shipper of cotton or flour. He lost very heavily, but did not fail; he reduced his expenses, and remained in the old house, No. 4 State street.

In 1825, the house of Ogden, Day & Co., in New York, was changed to Ogden, Ferguson & Co. John Ferguson, of this firm, married a daughter of the Morewoods. He was an Englishman also. So, too, was John Day, of this firm. Curious enough, there was a large house of Ferguson & Day, that existed in this city as early as 1803. It lasted until after the war in 1814. They were "color merchants," alias paint store.

Ogden, Ferguson & Co. continued until 1833, when Jonathan Ogden died, and his son became the Ogden of the firm. Old Mr. Ogden died in harness. He never gave up business, but was at it steadily over forty years. He was buried from his house, No. 4 State street; it is still standing. He was for many years a prominent and influential member of the Chamber of Commerce. He was Director in Banks, Insurance and Benevolent Societies. He had several young men in his employ as clerks, who afterwards became eminent as merchants. A. B. Lyde clerked it with him in 1803 — went into business a year later. He was a relative of the Hyde who married Miss Walton.

George Hunter, in 1804, was his clerk. He was a son of a grocer. George, Junior, became in after years a celebrated grocery merchant.

Another clerk, in 1805, was Henry Kermit. He

was a son of Captain Henry Kermit, an eminent sea captain in the early part of this century. Another son was Robert Kermit, who years later had a line of Liverpool packets out of this port. Father and son lived in the same house, No. 86 Greenwich street, for over forty years. The widow of old Captain Henry lived there as late as 1842. All of the Kermits are dead, except the widow of Robert. She was a Miss Carow, a daughter of Isaac Carow, a celebrated merchant forty years ago. There were two brothers, Isaac and John. They both lived together at No. 29 Courtlandt street. I believe Robert's widow lives in Fourteenth street.

Johattan Ogden had but one son. He carried on the house of Ogden, Ferguson & Co., at the old Bridge street store, until 1836, and the counting-room was moved to No. 51 William. In 1843 the firm was changed to Johattan Ogden & Co. The next year I think young Johattan died at No. 4 State street.

Harry Walton, an old bachelor, a brother of Mrs. Ogden, lived with the Ogden family at No. 4 State street, after the death of old Mr. Ogden in 1833.

Young Johattan Ogden married a very stylish woman, the second daughter of Daniel Oakey, a large merchant years ago. Mr. Ogden, like his father, was small; the wife was large.

One of the sons of the late John G. Coster married another Miss Oakey.

Mr. Ogden had three daughters. One married Robert R. Goelet, a son of Peter P., and brother of the bachelor Peter, who lives in the large house with a larger garden, corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street. She is yet living. Another daughter married Dominick Lynch Lawrence, a son of William Lawrence, of Broadway. Both are dead. A third daughter mar-

ried her cousin Joseph Ogden, of Yorkshire, England He came out to this city when very young. Both are living. David Ogden, who married the daughter of Andrew Foster (Foster & Giraud), is a brother of Joseph.

Old Jonathan deeded to his son the old house No. 4 State street, in addition to the other handsome property he left him.

When old Jonathan was in his prime, and when an operation of half a million (a tremendous sum in those days) was frequently undertaken by him, he made a heavy operation in flour. He had calculated upon a short crop of grain, and he bought all the flour he could find in market. I think it was in 1818. His calculations were wrong. Flour fell, and Mr. Ogden lost immensely. The report went to England that this loss had affected the mind of Mr. Ogden. It brought over to this country by the first packet his partner, Mr. Bolton. It was not so. His mind was as good as ever, and the losses, although severe, were not such as to affect in any way the credit of the house.

Jonathan Ogden, Jr., in 1844, just previous to his death, went into large cotton speculations, and lost immensely.

I believe John Ferguson, of the old house of Ferguson & Day, is still alive and in business. He lives some where in Connecticut. John Day, I think, went to England.

CHAPTER XX.

It is nearly a hundred years ago, and perhaps quite, when one of the first merchants in this city was Samuel Broome, head of the house of S. Broome & Co. I say a hundred years ago, for I presume that Mr. Broome went into business before he married, and he married the amiable Phœbe Platt, June 27, 1763. His partner in business was John Broome. In 1767, the house did the largest business in the city. Their store was large, and recently erected on Burnet street, opposite James De Peyster's. They owned and acted as agents for three ships — the ship "Hope," Capt. Davies, traded to London. They also had a ship called the "New Hope," the other had been so lucky. Capt. Gifford commanded her. She traded to Hull, in England. They also had a London packet, the "Snow Mercury," Capt. Haight. In addition to their ships, Broome & Co. imported immensely — brown cloths, blankets, silks, shoes, hats, hardware, books, crockery, cutlery, fancy articles, paper, tin, and also Connecticut beef and pork.

That year Mr. Samuel Broome went over to London in his ship "Hope," and took his family with him. They returned in the same vessel, and arrived here April 25th, 1768. Their ships also brought in coal, which was sold at 45s. per chaldron — about $11.

This house continued to do a large business until the war of 1776.

Fancy, if it is possible, a merchant doing business in 1762, when the city contained a population of 13,040, of which 2,272 were black, many of them original slaves brought from Africa, and as black as the ace of spades.

The merchants, however, of that day were very public-spirited, and small as were their numbers they made themselves felt. They had their own exchange. It stood in the middle of Broad street, near where it intersects with Pearl street. It was erected in 1752, ten years previous to the time when the house of S. Broome & Co. was in its glory. It was the first public exchange ever erected in this city, and the Corporation gave £100 towards it. The rest of the money was raised by private subscription, by John Watts and other merchants. It was let for £50 per year. Besides being used for the wants of the merchants, it was frequently occupied as the place for public meetings, when that section of the city was the chief seat of trade. It was turned into a market place, April 14, 1784. During the war of the Revolution, 1780, a coffee-house was opened by a Mr. Smith, and frequented by the British officers and merchants in Wall street. The Tontine Coffee House, of which John Broome was a trustee, was erected in 1794, by the merchants, on the same spot where Smith's coffee house had stood. That building continued to be the Exchange, until the Merchants' Exchange, was erected in 1827. The foundation stone was laid in 1821. It was burned in 1835. A new one was erected, and that has been abandoned this year, 1862, to the United States for a Custom House, and the merchants now meet in a building

in Pine street. But to go back to the old Exchange of 1752.

The Corporation that gave £100 towards the first Merchants' Exchange was largely tinctured with merchants. Edward Holland was the Mayor. There were seven Aldermen and seven Assistants — fourteen as trusty city worthies as ever congregated in the City Hall, that then stood in Wall street, where the present marble-pillared Custom House now stands. Robert Benson, Leonard Lispenard, and such men, were members of it. The old Exchange — in Broad street, near Pearl — stood until the 15th of March, 1799, when it was ordered to be removed. A pier extended in front of it as far as Water street, where another from the east and west side projected at right angles, only leaving sufficient space for the entry of vessels, and thus forming a spacious, safe, and secure dock.

The house of S. Broome & Co. did a large business in every branch of foreign trade that was then permitted to colonial merchants. Of course, they were excluded from the East Indian trade, or from importing teas from any other port than London.

At this time (1768) the British possessions in North America that now form the United States, owned an inward tonnage of 331,482 tons. A large part of these vessels was owned by persons — British subjects — who did not reside in the colonies. A part of the vessels alluded to as being managed by Broome & Co. was owned in London. Over 100,000 tons, in 1770, were employed in the coasting trade. The building of ships just previous to the war was very large, for the American subjects could build vessels cheaper than they could have been built in Great Britain.

The English East India Company was then in full blast, and as they could afford to sell their tea on full as good terms as the Dutch, they controlled the American market, even if the prohibition had not been so strong.

During the war, Samuel Broome took an active part in it, and in every patriotic movement. So did John, his brother. Sam was an officer in the local militia of 1776. Both he and John were members of the famous committee of 100.

After the war, he went into business again, in this city, on a large scale.

Before the war, there were no banks in this city, the first one started being opened on the 9th of June, 1784 — A. McDougall being president, and Wm. Seton cashier.

Maritime law and insurance policies were scarcely known. The lawyers that have since got rich out of these incidents of commerce, and now take precedence in society of their makers, were then of little account. Their practice was restricted to small local affairs.

There was a New York insurance office opened at the house of the Widow Smith, adjoining the coffee house; another at the coffee house, in 1759, is called the *old* insurance office. But these were certainly very different affairs from nowadays, and were probably offices where the private underwriters of the day met.

Hats were imported largely by the house of Broome & Co., although there was a hatter in the city — an Irishman, from Dublin — named Nesbitt Deane, who made "the finest beaver hats for clergymen, and other gentlemen — black, white and *green* hats; riding hats, and flat-crowned ditto; ruffled and plain for ladies and

children ; beaverets and castor hats. He turns and dresses old hats."

After the war, I think Samuel Broome moved out of the city, to a place called Greenfield Hill.

He was, however, a partner in the house of Broome, Platt & Co. The partner in the house was his brother-in-law, Jeremiah Platt, a merchant of the city.

The company was Colonel Joseph Fay — at least he signed by power of attorney for the partners, Sam. Broome and Jeremiah Platt. Mr. Fay lived at No. 6 Stone street.

In after years, 14th January, 1804, his daughter Caroline married Joseph D. Fay, a son of the Colonel. Young Fay became an eminent lawyer, and lived in Murray street about fifty years ago. Samuel Broome had twin sons, born during the war, 4th June, 1779. He baptized one George Washington Broome, and the other Horatio Gates Broome.

Samuel and John Broome were both honorary members of the old Marine Society, having joined it before 1770.

The house of Broome, Platt & Co., was among the first to go into the Indian trade after the Revolutionary war had closed.

Canton was an open market, accessible to all nations. So soon as we became a nation, American ships were dispatched thither from New York and Philadelphia. We had gensing in abundance, and then it became an export. Broome & Co. were early in the field. In 1791 we imported from China direct 2,601,852 pounds of tea.

This altered the tea trade very much. That year old English houses imported 416,625 pounds of tea from London. But a comparison of prices in New

York on the 5th of November, 1791, and in London on the same day, was proof that tea could never be imported save from China direct:

	NEW YORK.		LONDON.	
Bohea,	1s. 3 1-2d. or	30 cents.	Bohea,	1s. 5 1-2d or 32 cents.
Souchong,	3s. 4 1-2d. or	75 cents.	Souchong,	4s. 6d. or 100 cents.
Hyson,	4s. 6d. or	100 cents.	Hyson,	6s. 0d. or 133 1-4 cts.

Soon after there was an end of all China trade except on American vessels; and we got our porcelain, nankeens, silks, and all other China commodities direct.

What a glorious Old Merchant was old John Broome? Why do not the merchants erect a statue to him, and keep it in the present Exchange. He rose to a higher rank in this State than any other merchant ever did, except the present E. D. Morgan. But then Broome was a merchant in a more enlarged sense of the word than Morgan. One dealt in speculations — groceries; the other sent ships and cargoes to all parts of the world. One was the same as A. T. Stewart of the present day. To the world at large he appears a merchant, but to the real Simon Pure merchants of the present or future generations, he will never be more than a successful shopkeeper.

As soon as the British had cleared out in 1783, we elected a Mayor, James Duane. The first Alderman elected was John Broome — that year. He was re-elected in 1784, '85, and '86 for the East Ward. He lived at 6 Hanover square, where he had his store. He had not been idle during the War. He was a colonel, and he was also elected to the Provincial Congress in 1776, and he was of the body that reported a Constitution for this State in March, 1777. After peace, John Broome went into active mercantile life again. He was at 6 Hanover square from 1786 to 1795, when he removed to 75 Stone street, and took into partnership his son,

John L. Broome. The latter was also a military man, and was an officer in one of the regiments of the city as early as 1793.

As early as 1784, John Broome was elected Treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1785 he was elected President of that body, and held it until 1794 — a period of nearly ten years. This, in the olden time, was an honor that was not bestowed upon any except the most worthy merchants of the city.

John Broome was actively engaged in commerce until 1801, when he was elected to the Assembly of this State. In 1802 he was re-elected. In 1804 he was elected to the State Senate. That same year he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and Morgan Lewis for Governor. So great was the preponderance of the republicans in the Legislature at that time, that the address recommending these two candidates to the favor of the electors was signed by 104 out of 132 members. Mr. Tompkins succeeded Lewis as Governor, and John Broome was re-elected Lieutenant-Governor. Again on 5th February, 1810, he was put in nomination for re-election without a dissenting voice. He was elected, but died that summer. A law was passed authorising the vacancy to be filled at the annual election in April, 1811. De Witt Clinton was nominated and elected to the office, in spite of the opposition of the Martling men. (The disaffected, sore heads, Levites, Burrites, and other Republicans, were so called.)

We can have no idea at this time of the popularity of John Broome, our old merchant.

In 1806 a new county was taken from Tioga and named Broome, after him.

In 1808, the name of Bristol, in Schoharie county was changed to Broome, in compliment to our old mer chant.

Between 1806 and 1810, the Broome street in this city was called after him. Still, he never gave up the "ship." His son, John L., was his partner at the old store, No. 75 Stone street; was retained from 1797 to 1810, and John L. lived there until 1813.

His first wife, Rebecca, died previous to 1803. By her he had several children. Caroline was born Sept. 5th, 1783.

Another child was Wm. Temple Broome. In 1797 he commenced practice of law in this city, at No. 13 Wall street. He went to France for his health, and died at Paris, in August, 1804, of consumption. His loss was severely felt by his father, although that year elected to the second office in this State.

On the 29th of April, 1806, his eldest daughter married James Boggs, of Philadelphia. I think he was a Nova Scotian by birth. He afterwards — in 1808 — founded a house in this city under the firm of Boggs & Livingston. His partner was his brother-in-law. A few years later, 1815, it became Boggs & Thompson, and afterwards Boggs, Thompson & Co. About 1830, it was Boggs, Sampson & Thompson.

In 1812, the New York Manufacturing Company Bank was established, with a capital of $1,050,000. In 1815, Mr. Boggs was elected its President. It was afterwards changed to Phenix Bank, and Mr. B. continued its President until 1834, when he was succeeded by Henry Cary. Mr. B. lived many years at 113 Chambers street, where he dispensed a grand hospitality

In that house Richard Ray, a brother of Robert Ray, and a splendid mild young fellow, married his daughter. Ray died many years ago, leaving a daughter, who married a Russian nobleman, and I believe Mrs. Richard

Ray, the mother, spends a large portion of her time in Europe.

Old James Boggs died in 1835, at that same house, No. 113 Chambers street. His widow lived until within a few years, and I do not remember to have heard of her death.

At the same time, but by another clergyman, his second daughter, Caroline, married Colonel John W. Livingston. He was for a short time a partner of Mr. Boggs, and I believe he went West afterwards, and was U. S. Marshal of the western part of this State.

His daughter married Joseph Sampson, of the firm of Boggs, Sampson & Co. Mr. S. is a retired merchant and gentleman, and lives at the corner of Bond street and Broadway, in the famous house built by Samuel Ward in the days of his banking glory.

The eldest daughter of John Broome was married by Dr. Rodgers and the youngest by Dr. McKnight.

As soon as he had got rid of these daughters, he had Dr. Rodgers marry him to the lovely Mrs. Hunter, widow of the late George Hunter, on Wednesday, July 9th, 1806. Robert Hunter was one of the firm of George Hunter & Co., Auctioneers, 153 Pearl street, before 1798.

CHAPTER XXI.

George Hunter, whose widow John Broome married, died in 1799. The widow owned the house No. 137 Greenwich street, and she lived there when she was married to John Broome. Her name was Ruth. She married Mr. Hunter in 1777, during the war. She had a son born 4th August, 1788. He was named John Hunter. He resided at 5 State street for many years, from 1801 to 1812. He was the Hunter of Hunter's Island.

He became very distinguished in after years, and was well known to many of the present generation. In a convention to amend the Constitution of this State, John Hunter was the oldest, and Lorenzo B. Shepard the youngest member present.

The widow of John Broome lived some years after his death, at her house, 135 Greenwich street, at least until 1820. I think she died at about 1840, up town. The son, John L., made a considerable figure in our city affairs for some years. After the death of his father, he seems to have given up commercial business. In 1815 he was appointed County Clerk, and held the office two years.

In 1820 he married Mrs. Frances A. Justice. The issue was John L. Broome, Ann Charlotte, George T. and William H. Broome — all living.

John L. Broome is the commanding marine officer in Admiral Farragut's squadron, an officer distinguished for his gallantry in all the brilliant achievements of that squadron. In February, 1821, John L. Broome, the senior, of the house of John Broome & Son (1801), was reappointed County Clerk, and held the office until 1822, when his successor was elected by the people. Mr. Broome was the last County Clerk appointed.

In 1823 he was elected to the State Legislature. I think he died in 1836. His widow resided in the city as late as 1845, and is still living.

What has become of the good old Samuel Broome race of merchants, I never knew.

In 1836, a Samuel Broome went into business at 103 Water. He founded the house of Chamberlain, Broome & Co., large fruit importers for many years. Mr. Chamberlain, his partner, was Alderman of the Eighth Ward in 1839 and 1840. In 1842, Samuel Broome was in business under the firm of S. Broome & Co., at 103 Front street. He lasted until 1844, when he and his house ceased to have an existence. He died in New Orleans about eight years ago. There are Broome merchants in the city now, but whether related to the old stock that grew and flourished one hundred years ago, I am not aware.

I have alluded to the fact that John Broome was one of the founders of the "Tontine Coffee House," in 1792. As the end of that extraordinary trust will be in our generation, I will allude to it further This constitution commences as follows:

Whereas, The several persons whose names are hereunto subscribed and set, have, at their joint expense, purchased several lots of land in the Second Ward of

the City of New York (the Second Ward at that time ran down Pine street, from Nassau street to the water, across the East River to Nassau Island — Brooklyn — at low water mark, and along the shore to opposite the middle of Ferry street, across the river to Peck slip, up Peck slip to Ferry street, thence into Gold to George street — Spruce — up to Nassau, back to Pine) and erected a building thereon, called the Tontine Coffee House, to be kept and used as a coffee house, in the said City of New York, and have taken conveyances for the same premises in the names of *John Broome*, Gulian Verplanck, John Delafield, William Laight and John Watts, five of the said subscribers, in joint tenancy, as trustees for themselves and the other subscribers; and whereas, the property in the said lands, and buildings, and furniture is divided into 203 shares, which belong to the persons whose names are hereunto subscribed and set, in the proportion mentioned opposite to their respective names, and the owner of the said shares, or his executors, administrator or assignee, is to have and receive the profits of such share during the natural life of the person named, and described opposite to his name, as his nominee for such share, and to which description such owner has subscribed his name, and upon the death of any such nominee the share which depends upon the life of such nominee is to cease, and the whole profits of the said premises are continually to go to and be equally divided among such of the said owners, whose nominees shall be living on the first day of May in every year, until the said nominees shall by death be reduced to seven, when the whole of said property is to vest in the persons then entitled to the shares standing in the names of the seven surviving nominees, and the trustees of their heirs, in whom the fee of the said land and premises shall then be vested, are then to convey the same to the person so entitled in fee, equally to be divided between them. Therefore, in order to carry the said plan into execution, it is hereby agreed, by and between the said owners, as follows — that is to say:

First. That the said building shall be used and kept as a Coffee House, and for no other use or purpose, until the number of said nominees shall be reduced to seven.

[It is needless for Walter Barrett to remark that this clause has already been broken, and consequently, the heirs of the 203 shares are entitled to the property. I have their names and shall publish them.]

Secondly. That Comfort Sands, Cornelius Ray, Anthony L. Bleecker, James Tillery and William Henderson, who have been chosen and appointed a Committee for that purpose, shall settle all the accounts of the said purchase and building as soon as conveniently may be, and divide the surplus, if any, of the subscription money paid by the present owners, and the net profits already arisen among the said owners, in proportion to their respective shares, and take care of, and manage the said business for the interest of the said owners, and receive the rents and profits of the said premises until the first day of June next, and shall then divide the net profits thereof, between such of the said owners whose nominees shall then be living, in proportion to their respective shares.

Thirdly. That it shall and may be lawful for the owners of the said several shares for the time being, to meet together yearly in every year at the said Coffee House, on the first Monday in June in every year, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, and then and there by a majority of the votes of the persons so met, to elect or choose five of the said owners, residents of the City of New York, as a Committee to manage the said business for one year; and that the Committee for the time being, or the major part of them, or the survivors or survivor of them shall always superintend such election, and make return of, and give notice thereof to the person elected. But no person shall have more than one vote at such election, although he may be entitled to more than one of the said shares.

Fourthly. That every such Committee, hereafter to be chosen as aforesaid, shall have the care and management

of the said house and premises for the said owners, and take care of, and keep the same in repair, and make leases thereof as occasion may require; which leases shall be confirmed, when necessary, by the person in whom the fee of the said land may be vested. The Committee shall also settle and adjust the accounts of the preceding Committee, and shall receive the rents and profits of the premises aforesaid, and divide the net proceeds thereof, on the second Tuesday in May in every year, between such of the owners of the said several shares, whose Nominees shall be living on the first day of the same month of May in the same year, in proportion to their respective *shares*.

Fifthly. That until the said nominees shall be reduced to seven as aforesaid, each of the said shares shall be considered as personal estate, and upon the death of the owner, if not disposed of by him, shall go to his executor or administrator, and it shall be lawful for any person entitled to such shares, to sell and transfer the same to any other person; but all such transfers shall be in writing, and signed by the person making the same, in the presence of, and attested by the witnesses at least, and shall be registered in a book kept for that purpose by the said Committee, and no transfer shall be valid until the same shall be registered as aforesaid. And all such transfers shall be in the following form, to wit:

KNOW ALL MEN by these presents that I (*here insert the name and addition of the owner, and if such owner claims as Devisee, Executor, or Administrator, insert such description*) do hereby for value received, sell, grant, and convey unto (*here insert the name and addition of the purchaser*) my share in the New York Tontine Coffee House, to which I am entitled during the natural life of (*here insert the name and description of the Nominee*) and all my rights, title, interest, claim, and demand, of, in, and to the same. IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this — day of — in the year of our Lord, one thousand —, and no person

claiming any shares as Devisee, Executor, or Administrator, shall be entitled to the profits thereof, or to sell, or transfer the same, or to vote in respect thereof, until the Will, and Letters Testamentary, and Letters of Administration, by which such Claims shall be made, shall be recorded in the proper Office in the State of New York, and a Registry entered thereof in the said Book of Registry of Transfers by the said Committee.

Sixthly. That the present Trustees, in whom the *Fee* Simple of the said Land and Premises is now vested, shall, as soon as conveniently may be, execute such Declaration or Deed as Counsel shall advise, as necessary and proper to answer the several purposes aforesaid.

Seventhly. That when the said Trustees, in whom the Fee Simple of the said Land and Premises, shall by Death be reduced to less than Three, the said Committee for the time being shall give notice thereof, in at least two of the Newspapers printed in the City, and request the then Owners of the several shares to meet together at the said Coffee House, at a certain time therein to be mentioned, not less than Ten Days from the first publication thereof, to nominate and elect Five other Persons to be Trustees for them; and such Five Persons as shall at such Meeting be elected, by a majority of the Votes of the said owners so met, shall be the Trustees for the whole of the said Owners: And the Survivors or Survivor of the present Trustees shall thereupon on demand, in due form of Law, convey the said Land and Premises, with the Appurtenances, unto such new Trustee, and the Survivors and Survivor of them, and the Heirs of such Survivors upon the like Trust as aforesaid, with a Covenant therein to be inserted, that if such new Trustees, shall by Death be reduced to less than three, before the said Nominees shall by Death be reduced to less than seven, that then the Survivors or Survivor will, in due form of Law, convey the said Land and Premises, with the Appurtenances, unto five other Trustees, to be chosen in the manner aforesaid,

upon the like Trusts as aforesaid, and with the like Covenant to be therein inserted.

Eighthly. That when the said Nominees shall by death be reduced to seven, then the Trustees or their Heirs, or when the Fee Simple of the said Land and Premises shall be vested, shall in due form of Law convey the same Land and Premises, with the appurtenances, and all the Estate and interest therein, to the Persons entitled to the shares standing in the names of the seven surviving Nominees, and to the Heirs and Assigns of the Persons so entitled forever, equally to be divided between them.

Done in the City of New York, the fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety four.

Names of owners, and shares owned by each, and names and descriptions of nominees for each share:

John Broome, of the city of New York, merchant, one share. Caroline Broome, daughter of the said John Broome, and Rebecca, his wife, born 5th September, 1783. In witness whereof, the said John Broome hath hereunto subscribed his name. — *John Broome.*

Samuel Broome, of the city of New York, merchant, two shares. George Washington Broome, born 4th June, 1779, son of the said Samuel Broome, and Phebe his wife, for one share. Horatio Gates Broome, born 4th June, 1779, son of the said Samuel Broome, and Phebe his wife, for the other share. In witness whereof, the said Samuel Broome hath hereunto subscribed his name, by Joseph Fay, Esq., his attorney for the purpose. — *Joseph Fay*, Attorney.

Jeremiah Platt, of the city of New York, merchant, two shares. Sidney Platt, born 19th April, 1781, son of the said Jeremiah Platt, and Abigail his wife, for one share. Amelia Platt, born 20th July 1782, daughter of the said Jeremiah Platt, and Abigail his wife, for the other share. In witness whereof, the said Jeremiah Platt, hath hereunto subscribed his name, by Joseph Fay, Esq., his attorney for the purpose. — *Joseph Fay*, Attorney.

The other subscribers were:

	Merchants.	Shares.		Merchants.	Shares.
Comfort Sands,	do.	8	Gilbert Saltonstall,	do.	1
Abraham Varick,	do.	2	John Speyer,	do.	1
Abraham Brinkerhoff,	do.	2	William Laight,	do.	2
John Delafield,	do.	2	Robert Lenox,	do.	1
William Denning,	do.	1	John De Wint,	do.	1
Daniel Phœnix,	do.	1	George Douglass, Jr.,	do.	1
Andrew Van Tuyl,	do.	1	Mathew Clarkson,	do	1
John McVickar,	do.	2	Walter Rutherford,	do.	1

	Merchants,	Shares.
Andrew Mitchell,	do.	1
Levinus Clarkson, Jr.,	do.	1
William Green,	do.	1
Samuel Corp,	do.	1
Henry Sadler,	do.	1
William Denning, Jr., took a share on his own life although born on 12th September, 1768,	do.	1
John Berry,	do.	1
H. & S. Johnson, & Co., on the life of Horace Johnson, one of the firm born in 1766,	do.	1
John Rogers,	do.	2
George Lewis,	do.	1
Robert Gilchrist,	do.	1
Robert & Peter Bruce,	do.	1
David Gelston,	do.	1
Edmund Seaman,	do.	1
Moses Rogers,	do.	1
John Blagge,	do.	2
John Shaw,	do.	2
James Watson,	do.	1
David Reedy,	do.	1
William Bayard,	do.	4
Daniel Penfield,	do.	1
Joshua Waddington,	do.	1
William Constable,	do.	8
William Rhodes,	do.	1
Peter T. Curtenius,	do.	1
Francis B. Winthrop,	do.	1
Gulian Ludlow, one on his own life, born in 1764, and the other on his wife, born 1772,	do.	2
Roger Alden,	do.	1
James R. Smith,	do.	2
William Neilson,	do.	1
George Codwise, Jr.,	do.	2
Daniel Badock,	do.	1
John Bailey,	do.	1
William Kenyon,	do.	2
Charles L. Cammann,	do.	1
Henry Cruger,	do.	1
John Ferrers,	do.	1
William Rhinelander,	do.	1
John R. Livingston,	do.	1
Frederick Jay,	do	1
John Alsop, he took his share on his grandson, John Alsop King (Gov. King,) yet alive, born in 1788.	do.	1
Thomas S. Clarkson	do.	1
William Thomas,	do.	1
James Stuart,	do.	1
Jacob F. Sebor,	do.	1
Widow C. Wilkinson, wife of Abraham Wilkinson,	do.	1
George Scriba,	do.	2
Henry Seaman,	do.	1
James Mc Evers,	do.	1
Benjamin S. Judah,	do.	1
William Henderson, on his own life, though born in 1767,	do.	1
Thomas Maule,	do.	1
Andrew D. Barclay,	do.	1
Samuel Ward,	do.	1
Edward Goold,	do.	1
Christopher Lewis Lente,	do.	1
Joseph Blackwell,	do.	1
Harman Hendricks,	do.	1
Gulian Verplank,	do.	2
Paschal N. Smith,	do.	2
J. & F. Atkinson,	do.	2
Robert Dale,	do.	1
James Arden,	do.	1
James Sadlier,	do.	1
Samuel Shaw,	do.	2
Daniel Ludlow,	do.	8
John B Coles,	do.	2
Herman LeRoy,	do.	1
Alexander Stewart,	do.	1
William Edgar,	do.	1
Thomas Buchanan,	do.	2
Robert Watts,	do.	2
Thomas Ten Eyck,	do.	1
Anthony L. Bleecker,	do.	1
Nicholas Gouverneur,	do.	1
Theophylacht Bache,	do.	2
Peter Kemble,	do.	2
John Jacob Astor, on his daughter Magdalena,	do.	1
James Homer Maxwell,	do.	1
Martin Hoffman,	do.	2
David Grim,	do.	2
William Rogers,	do.	1
Dominick Lynch,	do.	1
Robert Hunter took his share on the life of his son John, of Hunter's Island, alluded to in this sketch, and who was born in 1778,	do	1
Alexander Macomb,	do	1

Robert T. Kemble	do	1	Cornelius Ray,	do.	1
Archibald Gracie,	do.	1	Anthony A. Rutgers of		
William Armstrong,	do.	1	Curacoa. W. I.	do.	1
John Frost,	do.	1	Thomas Eddy,	do.	1
William Wilmerding,	do.	1	William Hill,	do.	1
Theodocius Fowler,	do.	1	Robert Elder,	do.	1
Jacob Mark,	do.	1	Mathew M. Clarkson,	do.	1
James Greenleaf,	do.	1	Josiah Adams,	do	1
Jonathan Ferris,	do.	1	Jacob Reed,	do.	1
Daniel Cotton,	do.	1			

Persons of other professions were allowed to take shares, viz.:

Samuel Jones,	Counsellor-at-law,	1
Brockholt Livingstone,	do.	1
James Tillary,	Physician,	1
Samuel Bard,	do.	1
John Henry,	Broker,	1
Edward Livingston,	Counseller-at-law,	1
Thomas Randall,	Mariner,	1
Francis Childs,	Printer,	1
John Lawrence,	Counseller-at-law,	1
George Turnbull	Esquire,	1
Margaret Cunningham,		1
John Peter De Lancey, of Mamaroneck,	Esquire,	1
John Sloss Hobart,	do.	1
Phillip Livingston,	do.	3
Joseph Winter,	Counsellor-at-law,	3
John Moore,	Bricklayer,	1
Robert Boyd,	Esquire,	1
Philip J. Livingston, Throg's Neck,	do.	2
Daniel Crommeline Verplanck. One was for his son Gulian Crommeline Verplanck, born in 1786, yet alive, and may be live fifty years more,	Esquire,	2
Abijah Hammond,	do.	2
Rufus King, or his son Charles King, born 1781, alive and President of Columbia College,	Counsellor-at-law,	1
Nicholas Fish,	Esquire,	1
Jabez Bowen,	Executor,	1
John Watts,	Esquire,	1
John Anthony Rucker on his own life,	Guardian,	1
Richard Varick,	Counseller-at-law,	1
Jacob Morton,	do.	1
Peter Allaire, Westchester,	Yeoman,	1
John Johnston,	Counseller-at-law,	1
Gabriel Furman,	Esquire,	1
Josiah Ogden Hoffman,	Counseller-at-law	1
Effingham Lawrence,	Gentleman,	1
Nathan Bond, Boston,	do.	1

That is an aristocratic list. Those who have ancestors whose signatures grace the Declaration of Independence, may point to them with pride, but not more so than the descendants of the Signers to the Tontine Shares.

They were the crême of the crême of New York society. They were the founders of our great commercial city, and their names should be honored as long as the city endures.

Those shares have been picked up, and bought up by speculators at prices varying from fifty cents to five dollars, and, I believe, are in the hands of the De Peysters. Father and son for forty years have devoted their whole lives to eventually getting hold of this magnificent property.

But it is evident that it is forfeited by the very terms in which the old merchant signers drew it up. Shortly after it was signed, on the 3d day of September, 1704, one of the signers died, and from that moment, that body never could have met to change the document solemnly signed by all. It was to be "*kept and used as a Coffee House, and for no other use or purpose, until the number of the Nominees shall be reduced to seven.*"

It has not been. Not a sign of a coffee house is in or about the building, and consequently the heirs of the original signers can claim the property, and the law will give it to them. The heirs of the Broomes, the Gracies and others can get it, if they take the necessary steps.

Mr. Valentine, in his "Manual" for 1852, page 458, has a long article about the Tontine, and it makes some statements about the rights of the proprietary being changed by an order of the Court of Chancery. The article was prepared by Mr. F. De Peyster, the Secretary of the Tontine, into whose hands the property will fall, he owning nearly all the shares.

The interest of the shareholders, it is said, demanded a change in 1834. It would be curious to be furnished with a list of the shareholders at that time. Probably they were at least two-thirds De Peysters.

It would be well if any living person holds a share but the De Peysters.

Who owns the two shares depending upon the life of John A. King, or upon his wife, who was Miss Ray, and both were nominees?

Or upon Mrs. Pearsall, who was a daughter of old Thos. Buchanan, who is still alive? Or upon Charles King, who is President of Columbia College?

These transfers and speculations should he overhauled, as it will be found that the original subscribers, or their heirs, can now claim and hold this property.

We will give any information to those interested, that may be asked for.

CHAPTER XXII.

There were many curious incidents connected with the Tontine stock. Several of the nominees were twice selected. Old Paschal N. Smith named one of his own daughters. She was also nominated by a merchant named Samuel Shaw. I now return to the old merchant, Governor John Broome.

I have before me a copy of two letters he wrote when Broome County was named after him. They are in his own handwriting:

NEW YORK, *August 8th*, 1806.

ASHBEL WELLES, ESQ. *Broome County — Dear Sir*: Within two or three days last past, I have received your esteemed favor of the 25th ult., expressive of your wish, in conjunction with a number of my other friends, to have me present the County of Broome with a seal of office. This request will on my part be very cheerfully complied with. I wish the device had been fixed upon by the county. However since it has been very politely referred to my discretion, I shall naturally prefer one emblematical of the name.

As soon as the seal is prepared, I will be careful to forward it by the first private conveyance that presents. With my sincere wish for the prosperity and

happiness of your county, with which I consider my name highly honored, I remain, with great consideration dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JOHN BROOME.

NEW YORK, *Sep. 29th*, 1806.

ASHBEL WELLES, ESQ. — *Dear Sir:* I wrote you 8th ult., to which I ask reference. I have now the pleasure to send you by the bearer, Mr Thomas Witney, a seal of office for Broome County. The device, I fondly hope, will meet the approbation of the county, it being considered a handsome one by some of our best judges in this city. Wishing it safe to hand, I remain, dear sir

Your obedient humble servant,

JOHN BROOME.

Here is a model letter that the merchants of this age would do well to imitate. It is addressed to a mercantile firm that owed them money:

NEW YORK, *May 29th*, 1804.

SIR: As we are much in want of money, and as it is more than two years and a half since you have made us any payment, we request you will let us hear from you before long with a handsome remittance. A longer delay will exhaust our patience, which we think has already been sufficiently tried. We are sir,

Your obedient servants,

JOHN BROOME & SON.

Here is a letter to the Hon. Edward Savage at Salem, Washirgton County, New York:

NEW YORK, *May 30th*, 1804.

DEAR SIR Your obliging letter of the 8th instant I duly received, and I thank you for the information it contains. The success of the Republican cause at the last election (Democratic) is even beyond what you and myself calculated upon before we left Albany.

Your good friend, Doctor McKnight, enjoys his usual health. We have engaged his son to preach for us till next fall, in order to assist Doctor Rodgers. I am, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JOHN BROOME.

To comprehend the letter, it is necessary to say that this old merchant was a leading member in the Wall street Presbyterian Church, that stood on the north side, between Broad and Nassau streets. Its first pastor was Doctor Rodgers. He became a pastor in the Presbyterian church here as early as 1765. He found the Broomes among his members. After the War of the Revolution, in 1784, the Legislature incorporated the First Presbyterian Church, and among the trustees was William Neilson, Daniel Phœnix, and Samuel Broome. That church was destroyed during the war by fire. There was a poor box in the church, and every one put in it such a sum as he saw fit. The collections were not taken up as now. For years every Sunday was found in this box a gold Joe (Johannes). No one knew, or was it imagined who placed this valuable contribution in the box. Nor was it known until after the death of John Broome, when there was found in his desk a roll of these same rare pieces.

He was born on Staten Island, in 1738. His father, Samuel Broome, came from England in early life, and

married a lady of the name of Latourette, of a Huguenot family, who were among the ancient nobility of their native country. John Broome was destined for the legal profession, and studied for a time with William Livingston, afterwards Governor of New Jersey. He did not like the study of law, and about 1762 went with his brother Samuel, who was of the house of Samuel Broome & Co., already written about. He was more enterprising than his brother Sam, and after the war they separated. It was while of the firm of S. Broome and Co. that the troubles of the war began. He took a decided stand, and I have already spoken of his being on every important committee. In 1776 he was associated with John Jay, Governeur Morris, William Smith, John Morin Scott, Robert R. Livingston, William Duer, John Sloss Hobert, Robert Yates, Henry Wisner, Abraham Yates, Chas. De Witt, and Samuel Townsend, on a Committee to prepare and report a State Constitution for New York.

While deliberating upon the subject, the Americans were driven from the city by the British troops, who took possession of Long Island, this city and Staten Island, in 1776; and Mr. Broome was not present when the report of the Committee — after being so long delayed — was made to the Convention at Kingston, in March, 1777. Being thus forced from his home in the city, Mr. Broome returned with his family to Connecticut, and then he devoted his energies and means to annoy the commerce of England on the ocean, by fitting out privateers from different ports of New England. The great losses sustained by British merchants by the captures made by the private armed vessels of the Americans, no doubt had a powerful influence in exciting disgust towards the war in Great Britain, and inducing the

sufferers to use their influence to bring it to a close. Peace was restored in 1783, and he returned to the city with his family. Previous to the evacuation he came into the city, and after his long absence he called at his handsome house, No. 6 Hanover square. It was still occupied by British officers, as it had been during the entire war. He asked if he could take a run over the house, adding, "I am the owner, and I should like to make some arrangement respecting the rent."

A British major took up the joke, and replied in the same pleasant vein, "You are perfectly welcome to look at your house; the fact is we looked for you very carefully at the time we came into the city, in order to arrange about the rent; but you left in such a hurry we did not have the pleasure of arranging terms." Of course, if Mr.Broome had been caught then, he would have been hung.

I have already stated that he was elected Alderman in 1783, and for two successive years after. He was appointed in 1784 Chamberlain or City Treasurer.

The New York Insurance Company, the first incor porated Marine Insurance Company in this State, elected Mr. Broome their President, and he held the office until his other engagements compelled him to decline it. It was related by Charles King, the President of Columbia College, in an address made to the Chamber of Commerce, that many merchants who owed large amounts in Europe, regarded the amounts as cancelled by the war. Not so John Broome. He remitted every dollar his house owed abroad after the war closed.

In 1800 Mr. Broome was elected to the Assembly on the celebrated City Legislative ticket concocted by Colonel Aaron Burr for his own advancement and

that of Mr. Jefferson, on which was placed the name of George Clinton, General Horatio Gates, Henry Rutgers, John Broome, and other distinguished Republicans, who, by their votes for Presidential Electors, gave the ascendancy to the Democratic party by the choice of Jefferson and Burr to the first offices in the Union. In 1801 Mr. Broome was appointed one of the Commissioners in Bankruptcy under the Act of 1798. In 1803 he was elected a State Senator, and placed in the Council of Appointment in February, 1804. That year he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor.

He then writes the following letter:

NEW YORK, *June 12th*, 1804.

HON. JOHN WOODWORTH — *Sir*: Having received official information of my election to the office of Lieutenant Governor, I request your opinion, as the law officer of the State, on the following question:

Will it be consistent with the Constitution and laws of the State to retain my seat in the Council of Appointment, and act as a member of that body, from and after the 1st day of July next? I am respectfully, sir,

Your obedient servant, JOHN BROOME.

It is a singular coincidence that I have before me the following letter:

NEW YORK, *Oct. 24th*, 1806.

WILLIAM HAWLEY, ESQ: Your letter of Sept. 20th last, introducing Seth P. Beers, Esq., of Litchfield, Conn., was duly received, to which I shall pay due attention when any business occurs in the part of the country in which he lives. Your obedient servant,

JOHN BROOME.

Although years have elapsed, nearly sixty, yet when

the Episcopal Convention met in this city, a few weeks ago, among the delegates from Connecticut was the same S. P. Beers — a hale, healthy, firm-looking old man, looking younger than any one in that Convention; although, as he was a squire sixty-three years ago, he must be over eighty-five now! He was Commissioner of the School Fund of the State many years.

In 1795, he moved from No. 6 Hanover square to a house he had built in Stone street, No. 75. He was extremely anxious about his son, William Temple Broome, the lawyer. He hired him an office of Vincent Tillou, at £40 a year. It was at No. 13 Wall street. Vincent was a rush-bottom chairmaker, at No. 3 Broad street, and Francis Tillou was a chamber chairmaker at 22 Stone street. The celebrated lawyer, Francis R. Tillou, was a son of these old worthies, and the landlord of young Broome. His melancholy fate I have already alluded to. He died abroad, of consumption. Here is a document the original of which is before me:

"Received, New York, 18th January, 1802, of Mr. John Broome, the sum of two hundred and ten dollars in full for the passage of his son William to Cadiz.

WILLIAM PELL."

Fancy what melancholy feelings the worthy old merchant must have had when he paid that amount! His son, from whom he had hoped so much, was going to the mild climate of Southern Europe to try to get well. He never came back alive.

One daughter, Adel, married J. W. Livingston. They had a daughter Julia. She married a Lieutenant Turc, but the Legislature changed his name to Livingston. One daughter of Julia married Henry P. Tappan,

Chancellor of the University of Michigan. Another, Rebecca, married Professor Brunow of Prussia. A son of Mr. Tappan is John L. Tappan

Caroline, who was a nominee of her father in the Tontine stock, married Major Noon. He died many years ago. She lived until within two years. They left no children. Another son of John L. Broome is William Henry Broome. He married Miss Boorman, a daughter of Commodore Boorman. I believe he is in business in the city.

As I have said a daughter of Mr. John Broome married James Boggs.

When John Broome lived at No. 6 Hanover square his residence was above his store. On one occasion a customer had been buying goods, and after a settlement had been made, he took him up stairs, where they had a glass of wine. A piano was a rarity in those days. The gentleman asked what it was, and Mr. Broome kindly called on one of his daughters to play a tune for the visitor merchant. He listened with evident delight, but appeared uneasy, as though conscious that something was expected of him. When she had finished, he pulled a half dollar cut of his pocket, and laid it down before her. She was surprised, and did not know what to say or do until she caught the eye of her father, which said take it, and she did so.

John L. Broome left several children. One was John L. Broome, the commanding officer in Commodore Farragut's squadron when it attacked the forts below New Orleans, of whom I have already spoken. Another son, George J. Broome, is a merchant in this city. He married Miss Franchere, a daughter of Gabriel Franchere, one of those old pioneers of John Jacob Astor to the Columbia River. He was one of the members

of the American Fur Company, and was associated with Ramsey Crooks, who has been dead some years. Mr. Franchere is still in the fur business at No. 12 Broadway. They have children.

In 1797 he gave $250 "as his subscription to the merchants' frigate."

There is a little mystery about the frigate, but I suppose sixty-three years ago they expected a war, and the merchants were preparing for it.

After the death of Mr. Broome, his house, No. 75 Stone (now No. 115 Pearl street), was sold to John Flack, a well-remembered old shipping merchant, for about $19,000.

Mr. John Broome died while Lieutenant Governor in 1810, on the 8th of August, aged seventy-two years. He possessed a strong and comprehensive mind. His talents were rather useful than imposing, — formed more for efficiency than display. In all his public and private conduct he was distinguished for practical good sense, decision of character, economy in his affairs, and strict integrity in the fulfilment of all his duties.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Second Volume of "Old Merchants" was advertised in the New York Trade sales, but when it was reached the auctioneer announced that none could be sold, as the first edition was exhausted, and a second could not be procured in some days. Now this speaks well for the popularity of old New York. It is evidence not only that there is an old New York feeling alive, but that many of the young New Yorkers are anxious to know something of the old city as it was a few years ago, or more especially of the living, moving, active merchants of the city, that only 200 years ago was a mere *dorp* or village, and now the third city in the world, or the greatest on this continent. Yet, there are men living in it now who were alive when New York did not contain 12,000. We who are alive now, cannot appreciate this wonderful growth. Well may the buyers and the readers of the "Old Merchants" be anxious to read something of *the men, and merchants* who first engineered this metropolis on the road to magnificent commercial greatness.

Those who are here now, cannot look upon the building erected by the original Dutch Knickerbockers. Many ancient buildings remain, like the Walton House and the Hall of Records (old jail), erected about a hundred years ago; but the old Dutch buildings of two

centuries ago have been gone many years. Yet I and many others who read this will recollect the old snuggeries of Garden street. It was a glorious privilege after church every Sunday, to go from our house in Liberty street down to Broad, on a holy pilgrimage to look at the tokens of a generation passed away. Two of those houses were levelled with the ground about 1827. The two oldest bore on their fronts, in sprawling letters, 1701 and 1698. There was one still older, built in 1689.

Many years later a very ancient Dutch house stood at the northeast corner of Beaver and Broad streets, occupied by H. N. Ferris & Co., as grocers.

As late as 1835, a Dutch house, built in 1690, stood in William street, No. 21, opposite to Sloat lane, and next door to Delmonico's *first* building, No. 23. It was occupied as a bakery. The great fire swept all of them away, and thus perished all vestiges of the famous old Dutchmen — a race of men that lived under tiled roofs and gable ends, and loved Dutch chimney corners. They lived in and loved snug, low houses, making up in breadth and solidity for what they lacked in height, with huge chimneys and little windows, and would have been wretched in any other room than one whose walls they could touch with their heads, when standing tiptoe. That old race would have scorned to live in any such wonderful building as the St. Nicholas Hotel. The old saint himself never would have built a hotel higher than one story, and he never would have used "sea" coal. I often wonder if Treadwell does not have one room for St. Nicholas to dwell in when he visits the city, where there is a good wide fireplace, its sides ornamented with instructive painted tiles of Bible stories. But I am getting away from my subject. It is a source of regret

to me, that those who could have corrected any errors that I have made, should have failed to do so until the book had gone to press. It is not too late now; there will be a second, third, and, I hope, fortieth edition: and each successive one will be more correct than the preceding, if I can so make it.

When I wrote about the difficulty of ascertaining about Samuel Broome and his race, I never expected to see any more. But this morning I found this notice of him in a Boston book: "Long after the Revolution, Samuel Broome was a resident of New Haven, in Connecticut. He was grandfather of the talented Theodore S. Fay, who was at one time associated with Morris & Willis, in the New York *Mirror*, and since then somewhat celebrated as a diplomatist. The Broomes were from first to last staunch patriots, and John Broome, brother of Samuel, in latter times Lieutenant-Governor of this State, loaned (without interest) a large sum of money to arm and equip McDougall's Regiment, to enable it to reach the Northern army." Samuel Broome was also one of the Trustees of the New York Hospital when it was incorporated by George III, in 1771.

I notice that Theodore S. Fay has become again connected with Morris & Willis, in the *Home Journal*, and will write for it from Europe. I do not believe that he is aware that Mrs. Richard Ray, the grand-daughter of Mr. John Broome, was his second cousin. Mr. Fay became associated with Geo. P. Morris in 1830.

I promised to allude to James Boggs, who married the daughter of John Broome. He was of the house of Boggs, Sampson & Thompson, auctioneers — in their glory 30 years ago. At that time auctioneers were appointed every year by the Governor of the State.

None but a Democrat could get appointed. Consequent , many wealthy auction firms had to give a partnership to some one who had political capital. He was obliged to give a bond to the State for $5,000, with two good sureties, that he would faithfully pay the duties issued by law, and accruing on his sales. These auction duties formed one of the items of the canal fund, except deducting therefrom the annual sum of $33,500. This sum, by an act passed April 15th, 1817, is appropriated thus: $23,500 to the New York Hospital, the Economical School, and the Orphan Asylum Society; and $10,000 for the support of the foreign poor in New York. There was one period when none but a Democrat could get an auction er's commission. Under such circumstances, a wealthy house had to take in a partner who could get a commission as auctioneer from the State.

The income from the vendue sales thirty-two years ago, say in 1830, was $217,043 07 in this city alone. That year there were fifty-nine auctioneers in the city. There was a contest among them as to who should pay the largest duties. The competition was confined to three houses. Henry Hone, a Democrat (and in 1834 a member of Assembly from this State,) held the license, or was the auctioneer from the auction house of John Hone & Co., No. 61 Wall street. Their store was a very large brick one, and occupied all the ground now covered by the Seaman's Savings Bank and offices. H. Hone paid: Duties — $45,979 98.

Next was David Austen. He was of the house of Haggerty, Austen & Co., No. 167 Pearl street. He paid $42,113 16.

The third was Lindley M. Hoffman. He was of the celebrated firm of M. Hoffman & Sons, 63 Wall street. He paid $25,882 74. That house sold all the principal

cargoes of wines, fruits, molasses, teas, &c., that arrived at this port, when they were sold at auction.

The next in rank was the old auction house of Shotwell, Fox & Co., No. 172 Pearl. The auctioneer of the firm was Thomas W. Pearsall. He paid duty $16,157 02. Their business was principally dry goods.

The next highest was Adee, Thompson & Co. Their store was opposite to the above, and was No. 169 Pearl, corner of Pine street. Wm. Thompson was the auctioneer, and paid $11,233 88.

The next was Woolsey, Ward & Beach, No. 171 Pearl street, corner of Pine, and next above A. T. & Co. H. C. Beach held the auctioneer's commission for the firm, and paid $7,768 58.

George A. Ward, of that house, is still living, and resides at Staten Island.

Corlies, Mabbett & Co., was a heavy house at No. 157 Pearl street. The auctioneer was James Mabbett. He paid duty $6,906 21.

W. F. Pell & Co. kept at No. 15 Wall street, next door to M. Hoffman & Co. The two auction houses were in the same line of business. Pells sold all the dye woods, mahogany, and other kinds of wood, that came by cargoes to this market. The auctioneer of the house was Anthony W. Bleecker. He paid a duty of $6,376 07.

The next was David M. Moses, who paid $5,990 87. The next firm was Hicks, Lawrence & Co., No. 190 Pearl street. Cornelius W. Lawrence, afterwards Mayor, Collector, &c., was of this firm. The auctioneer's commission was held by Richard Lawrence, who paid annually to the State of New York $5,830 64.

The eleventh house that paid duties was Boggs, Sampson & Thompson. Abraham G. Thompson paid

$5,676 01; and Edward G. Thompson $4,337 36. Both belonged to the one house. James Seton paid $5,439 11. Rowland R. Minturn $4,943 76. He was of the house of N. G. Minturn & Co. William Gerard paid $4,479 91

Peter McCarty, of the firm of Peter McCarty & Co., 121 Water street,	Paid 3480 80
Gills K. Coates,	2871 93
Archibald Brice,	1920 62
William W. Wetmore,	1860 50
Thomas Tripler,	1604 11
Jesse Cady,	1429 78
William P. Knapp,	848 67
Samuel Phillips,	599 35
James M. Miller,	423 58
William G. Bull,	369 75
William McLaughlin,	328 88
John D. Brown,	292 44
Peter Stagg,	247 15
Cornelius Agnew,	194 93
Jacob B. Clark,	141 09
Michael Kenny,	135 03
Sidney P. Ingraham,	131 27
Jacob Van Winkle,	114 08
Marmaduke Ward,	113 36
Ebenezer Irving,	96 51
Richard N. Morrison,	95 26
Solomon Sexas,	79 02
John P. Dietrich,	75 61
Stephen R. Wiggins,	67 36
Abraham Le Foy,	64 65
Aaron Levy,	64 43
John Fellows,	59 43
Lawrence Powers,	88 86
J C. Smith,	86 45
John Sniffen,	82 62
A. A. Waterhouse,	29 09
Aaron Sargent,	25 30
Leonard K. Robinson,	19 53
James Bleecker,	15 66
James Gourlay,	14 88
Gilbert Lewis,	11 83
Willet Seaman,	9 98
John Landon,	9 85
William K. Strong,	7 87
George McRay Morrell,	7 74
Richard Crawford,	4 55
Peter B. Van Buren,	2 71
Joseph Daymon,	2 66
Robert McMennomy,	1 05
Total,	$217,048 07

Many of those names were of note in their day. Some were noted politicians. I have not room to give the houses to which they belonged.

Many of the above list are now men of an advanced age. James M. Miller is still alive, the same open faced man — he was thirty-three a third of a century ago —if anything looking younger than he did then. I frequently go to the Exchange to see him sell real estate, in order to bring to my mind a man of note in other days in this great city. At that period real estate had not become an item. A few years later when the sales of this species of property became very large, the Bleeckers headed the list, and sold nearly seven millions of dollars. James M. Miller, to whom I have alluded, sold a million.

Sidney P. Ingraham is still alive. I see him every now and then fluttering in and out of a furniture sale. That was his particular line in the auction business many years ago.

The next year, 1831, Thomas Bell, John J. Bedient, Isaac T. Doughty, Lindley M. Hoffman, Henry Hone, Thomas M. Hooker and William D. McCarty were added to the list; all of them, at that time, young and handsome fellows. L. M. Hoffman was about thirty-six — the youngest of the Tontine stock. He held the commission in L. Hoffman & Sons.

Thomas Bell was for years the pink of furniture auctioneers. His wife possessed a large property — owned the building on the north-west corner of Court landt street and Broadway. When she died it went to Tom's pretty daughter. She married a gay young fellow named Breevoort. Tom Bell used to be quite intimate with Amos Leeds. They were like David and Jonathan of old — inseparable. When Edward Windust took

the celebrated Athenæum Hotel, corner of Broadway and Leonard street, the basement was a famous resort for every man of note in New York City. Mitchell of the Olympic. Burton, of Burton's, Tom Flynn, Tom Hamblin, and a long list could always be found in the basement bar-room, as well as Tom Bell and Amos Leeds. What an old class was in the hotel. Fluttering through its halls or up the staircases were Windust's beautiful daughters and nieces. All old married women, I suppose, now.

I thought Tom Bell had gone, until last Sunday, when I was straying over the city to see if my old buildings were all right, I passed through the New Bowery and discovered Tom Bell's sign, still "going, going."

John I. Bedient was a good fellow. He died long ago. Handsome Hone was envied by all — died suddenly, envied by none. Bill McCarty died long ago. He was son of old Peter, named in the list. Peter, too, had a family of lovely daughters. I used to go to church with them a quarter of a century ago. Augusta married Jacob Little, one of the financial pillars of New York. Another sister married a fine young fellow in the coal business. McCarty was with W. Coventry Waddell, remarkable for two things. One was being particularly cool — and I like cool people. His brother Frank was a cool person. With all his faults, I liked Frank Waddell. There are not many Frank Waddells. I have been broke with Frank in Washington. I have loaned Frank money. He was a prince in liberality. He would spend money. He did not care a stiver whose money it was — it was all the same to him. There are no such people now. I would give a thousand to-day, to have the pleasure of loaning Frank a hundred. That

was a fine set of fellows: — Harry Herbert, William McLeod, the Wolcotts — all gone.

Thomas M. Hooker was of the house of Mills & Co. He married a daughter of John H. Howland; has been to Europe, and is still alive. I have him marked for a place in a sketch of another firm.

I have been highly complimented by a letter just received from the venerable Francis Hall. President Lincoln, or any other modern outsider of note, might write me dozens, without disturbing my equanimity: but a note — no, a bona fide square *letter* from a grandfather of the press, from one who has been a practical printer for more than fifty years — half a century — is enough to make one vain.

True, he corrects errors — but kindly and mildly. I give the letter as it is written, merely adding that in the corrected edition of the book, all these errors, omissions, &c., will be made straight:

OFFICE OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER,
October 30th, 1862.

"WALTER BARRETT, *Clerk*:

I have just read your first series of "The Old Merchants of New York," and have noted a few items that, I *think*, might be termed corrections. I submit them to you.

Respectfully, FRANCIS HALL."

Page 37. — You have Matthew for Matthias Buren, three times.

Page 148.— The Oswego Market was in the middle of Maiden lane, reaching to Broadway, not *on* the site of the Howard Hotel.

Page 158.— The Rev. Mr. Lyle's (Christ Church) was in Ann street, near William street, for many years

—much longer than in the new building in Anthony street.

Page 174.— Was Pine street ever known as Queen street?

Page 175.— Was not the Museum in the Park kept by John Scudder, the father of the doctor, known as "The American Museum?"

Page 189.— You say that James Brown (Brown, Brothers & Co.) is a member of the Episcopal Church. Is he not a member of the Rev. Dr. Potts' Church?

Page 191.— James W. Lent was Register, not Recorder.

Page 235.— Is not Hiram Barney the son-in-law of Lewis Tappan? not Arthur.

Page 269.— Are you correct in the location of Grant Thorburn's seed store? I think it was next to the New York Society Library, a few doors south of the present site of the *Evening Post*. He resided east of the *Post*, opposite the Dutch Church.

Page 272.— Hugh and William Maxwell were not brothers. Hugh came to this country in the same ship with Grant Thorburn, when an infant.

Page 286.— The Oswego Market was not "on the north-east corner of Broadway and Maiden lane."

Page 306.— Commodore Chauncy, not Chancy.

Page 330.— You say "W. H. Ireland took $2,000. He *is* rich and *prosperous*." He died many years ago.

Pages 331 to 333.— In the War subscription I think you will find the largest subscriptions were for Banks and Insurance Companies; as for instance the $500,000 by G. B. was for the City Bank. In page 333, Walter "Bowen" should be Walter Bowne; he was Mayor.

Page 350.— When Isaac Riley's store was at No. 4 City Hotel, I think Brisbane was at No. 1— a large bookseller.

Page 361.—Speaking of the "Western and Northern Canal," of which Thomas Eddy was the Secretary you say you cannot make out what company that was It was the canal built at the Little Falls, to pass the boats through that place on the Mohawk.

Page 405.— The James Thorburn of whom you speak was a younger brother of Grant.

Page 409.— Robert Hoe; the *first* press built by that gentleman was for the *Commercial Advertiser*

CHAPTER XXIV.

Among the merchants of this city in former years, few have been more conspicuous than the Swartwouts. They not only figured as merchants, but held important civil and military offices at various periods. Originally they came from Duchess county. Abraham Swartwout was out in the English expedition to capture Havana long before the war of the Revolution. He was also in the Revolutionary war. He had sons — John, Robert, Samuel and Henry. They all came to New York city after the Revolutionary war. They were all splendid looking men. Henry died young and unmarried.

Jacobus Swartwout, a brother of Abraham, represented Duchess county in the Assembly of this State, from 1777 to 1783, when he was elected to the Senate from the middle district (Duchess) from 1784 to 1795. He was a member of the Convention that was elected to deliberate on the Federal Constitution, and voted for its adoption.

There was another branch of the family (cousins,) merchants in the city. Bernardus Swartwout was an ensign in the Revolution, and retired on half pay. He continued a member of the Cincinnati Society until the day of his death. He went into mercantile business in

this city as early as 1788. The firm was B. Swartwout & Son. The son was Bernardus junior. They kept store at No. 8 Little Dock street (South street, between Whitehall and Old slip.) Old Bernardus also owned a lumber yard in Thames street.

Old Bernardus, I believe, died about 1795. Young Bernardus, in 1789, was a Captain of Infantry in the First Regiment; in 1792 he was Major. In 1798 he was an Assessor of the First Ward. In 1800 he represented this city in the Assembly. He did a large business. I think he died about 1806. The widow lived at No. 3 Albany Basin for many years.

John Swartwout, the eldest of the sons of Abraham, went into business in this city in 1787.

In 1794 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Peter Dumont, Jr., who married his sister. Their store was at No. 66 Water street. Old Peter Dumont (the Doctor) was an extensive surgeon and druggist at No. 16 Stone street.

John Swartwout lived at No. 9 Water street at that time. He had married Miss Smith, a relative of Melancthon Smith, a great merchant of those days. The eldest son of John was named after him.

Swartwout & Dumont did a large business in paints and dye woods, buying the latter by cargoes. About the close of the century John went extensively into politics. In 1798, '99, 1800 and 1801, he was elected to the Assembly of this State. He was elected again as late as 1821.

In 1801 President Jefferson appointed him U. S. Marshal for this District. The President named him for Collector of the Port, but the intimate friend of John Swartwout was David Gelston, who had been a merchant, but was unfortunate; and Mr. Swartwout went

for his friend for the first office in preference to himself. The merchants of the old school used to do such things. In these degenerate days we are much more selfish, and more wise. We go for ourselves first, and our friends second.

Robert Swartwout was taken into the house of Swartwout & Dumont, and conducted the business for many years, while John was Marshal and while he was West. He was removed by President Jefferson when he entered office on his second Presidential term in March, 1805. John Swartwout had been on a visit to Charleston, S. C., and on his return found that he was removed from office. The cause was this: Mr. Jefferson removed all of Burr's friends. In the previous election, he had given Mr. Burr, the Vice President, all the New York appointments. Mr. Swartwout had succeeded to Mr. Giles, and he was succeeded by Colonel Peter Curtenius. As soon as he became a free man, he went out West to Montezuma, in Cayuga County, in this State, where he had extensive salt works. He remained there until 1810.

The attachment of John Swartwout to Mr. Burr led to a duel between him and the celebrated De Witt Clinton. They fought at Hoboken on the old dwelling ground. Mr. Swartwout was wounded in the thigh.

Richard Riker, known as Dickey Riker, who was a great friend of Mr. Clinton, made some unfavorable comments upon the conduct of John Swartwout; this led to another challenge from Robert Swartwout to Dickey. They fought at Hoboken, and Mr. Riker received a wound that made him limp for the rest of his life.

In 1802, Henry Swartwout was taken into the concern of Swartwout & Dumont as a partner. They

still kept in Water street, and a Co. was added to the firm.

All this time, Samuel Swartwout, who was destined to hold a still higher office than his brother John had held, and to make more noise in the world, was in the South. He was with Aaron Burr through all those scenes in the West and South, that finally culminated in the trial of Vice President Burr at Richmond for treason. Mr. Samuel Swartwout was his particular friend as well as his Private Secretary. He, too, had been arrested, and had been locked up in prison in Richmond while there in 1807, and about the 18th of October, sent a challenge to General Wilkinson, at his quarters in Richmond. Mr. Smith on being questioned, stated that he had a challenge from Samuel Swartwout to the General. The latter returned it unopened, and remarked to Smith that "he held no correspondence with traitors and conspirators," and ordered him to leave the room, which he did. Immediately afterward, Samuel Swartwout published General Wilkinson as a coward and poltroon. The Smith who bore the challenge was Major Israel Smith of Albany, the brother-in-law of John Swartwout.

Robert Swartwout was in the firm of Swartwout, Dumont & Co. in the early part of the century. Robert and Henry lived together at 24 Duane as late as 1808. In 1809, the old house of Swartwout, Dumont & Co. dissolved. Robert Swartwout continued on business at 133 Broad street, and John at 85 Water.

Robert married Miss Dunscombe, Philip Hone had married another sister, and the wedding of Robert Swartwout came off at his house. They were always very intimate. Robert was Alderman of the Fifth Ward in 1826, and again in 1848. He died a few

weeks after he was elected. He left three sons and two daughters. One was Captain Henry Swartwout, U. S. Army. He died in Florida. Robert is in business in this city, I believe, and is concerned in rice mills. John and Edward are both out in the present civil war, with the army. The daughters are unmarried.

In 1810, John and Robert went into business under the firm of John & Robert Swartwout, at the old stand, occupied by S. D. & Co. in 1794, viz.: 66 Water street.

In the War of 1812, all the brothers saw military service. John was made a General in the State Militia, and commanded 2,000 militia and 500 regulars. He was stationed on Staten Island.

Robert was in the regular army. He was appointed Quartermaster-General by President Madison in 1813, and held the office until the close of the war. He was at the Battle of Plattsburg, and at the previous engagement in the vicinity at Christlers fields.

Sam was also in the war. He was on the lines as Adjutant of the celebrated Irish Greens, commanded by Colonel McClure. After his return, he raised the celebrated company of Iron Greys in the city. In 1815 Samuel settled down in New York City, and joined his brother Robert, who was made Navy Agent after the war, and held it for several years.

The house of John & Robert Swartwout were doing a very large business in 1815, when they entered upon a new enterprize. This year the three brothers, General John Swartwout, General Robert, and Samuel Swartwout purchased the tracts of salt marsh, including 4,200 acres, part of the tract lying at Hoboken and part near Newark. No traveller between this and Newark for years, but who has noticed these extensive marshes.

Frequently our city is illuminated when they are burning.

When the Swartwouts purchased this ground in 1815, it was comparatively speaking of little value, being covered in a great measure by water, and being subject to the perpetual inundation of the tides. It was so sunken and so spongy, that a person could scarcely be sustained in walking on it. It produced nothing but wild salt grass, and appeared uncongenial to valuable vegetation. When the Brothers Swartwout broached their idea of reclaiming these grounds, even their brother merchants in New York City regarded the design as being bold, if not extremely hazardous, and the general public, both here and in New Jersey, regarded it as a visionary scheme, whose results would be a complete failure in the attempt, with a great loss of money as well as of labor. But the proprietors Swartwout were merchants, and very rich. They had enterprize, and they commenced the great work with zeal and resolution, and it was not long before they convinced the public that their imputed dreams would result in solid realities.

We in this age can see a part of the fruits of their labors forty-six years ago. They went to work, and before many years had passed had made seven and a half miles of embankment sixteen feet wide at the base and five feet high. They dug 120 miles of ditch, of different depths and width. They reclaimed 1,300 acres in that period, and so completely that the soil was so firm and so solid that armies could have fought upon it, and all the railroads of the earth pass over it in safety. Four hundred tons of hay were cut in 1819. It was expected that all the vegetables that would ever be needed in New York could grow upon those fields. They had reason to

hope for success wl en they saw before them 4,000 acres of garden within the sight of Trinity steeple.

I will not now speak of how they were disappointed. They kept on doing business at No. 66 Water street until 1818, when the house dissolved. Robert was then appointed Navy Agent in this city, and John moved his residence out to Greenwich village.

In 1819 the Swartwouts applied to the New York Corporation for aid to complete the enterprize, that would have enured so greatly to the prosperity of the city, by having 4,000 acres reclaimed, as they had individually redeemed 1,300 acres of salt marsh from the ravages of the ocean.

The Corporation did not aid them, and they had to fight the ocean on their own hook. The contest did not last long.

The brothers, at the instigation of a large Dutch merchant, sent out to Holland all the maps, plans, etc., connected with the enterprize, and solicited a loan. This failed.

In this city the brothers were more successful. They obtained a heavy loan, and gave mortgages on the property to the Costars.

John Swartwout when he engaged in it was worth $200,000. He sunk it all. Had he invested this money in any part of New York island, it would have become of enormous value.

John, while the experiment was going on, lived at Greenwich, near Southampton lane (about Abingdon square). In 1822 he moved to No. 9 Jay street, and then he died. He left several children — among them Melancthon S., who was the popular Deputy Collector for so many years in this city, and was universally respected and beloved.

He married Miss Waite, is still alive, and has one son and one daughter living. Another son of John was Samuel Swartwout. He was a Captain in the U. S. Navy, was out in the Mississippi expedition, and commanded the "Portsmouth." Another brother was John. He was in the navy, and left a son, who is now in the army.

I have alluded to Samuel Swartwout, who was in the large purchase of the Newark and Hoboken lands. It may not be out of place here to state two facts. First, that Samuel Swartwout was perfectly enraptured with this scheme. He never for a moment doubted of its success. He knew it would gain millions to him and his brothers and others engaged in it.

We all know how General Jackson regarded Mr. Swartwout. He had known him in times that tried men's souls, and he had confidence in his integrity. He no sooner became President in 1829, than he gave his friend Swartwout the Collectorship of the port of New York.

Never lived a more honorable, high-minded man than Samuel Swartwout — everybody respected him. He was incapable of a meanness or of a dishonest act. He became strangely embarrassed while Collector of this port. When General Jackson, in 1837, left the Presidency, he made it a condition with Mr. Van Buren, his successor, that Swartwout should not be removed before his term of office expired in 1838. This was adhered to. In July of that year, he went to Europe, and it was while he was in London, that the defalcation in the New York Custom House became known. He remained abroad two years. Large sums of money were controlled by the Collector, who having faith the most unbounded in those connected with him, was deceived, and made a victim.

He went through all the odium and reproach of a violation of honor and trust — a defaulter and everything else, and yet, that favorite speculation of his and his brothers, resulted well, and I believe the United States never lost a dollar by Samuel Swartwout.

A similar occurrence took place under John Lamb, the first Collector of this port, nominated by General Washington, at the first session of Congress. Collector Lamb appointed an Englishman to a situation in the Custom House. He took him out of the jail, where he was confined for debt. Lamb paid it. In years he won his confidence, and he became in after years his deputy. While Mr. Lamb was absent, he had the whole fiscal concerns of the Custom House in charge. Suddenly, he left his employ — engaged largely in foreign commerce, set up a coach, and launched out into a most expensive style of living. Shortly after, a large deficiency in the funds of the Custom House was discovered.

The disclosure astounded the friends of Collector Lamb as well as himself. To him it was inexplicable. He could not tell how it occurred. No one questioned his perfect honesty. He had a large property. It was sold at an enormous loss. He and his family were ruined. It broke his heart, and a few days after, on the 31st of March 1800, he died.

Samuel Swartwout was equally honest. He married a daughter of doctor Charles Cooper of Albany. She was a niece of our celebrated Cadwalader D. Colden, Mayor etc. They had one son who died young. The only surviving child was a daughter named Mary. She was a magnificent girl, when I knew her in the days of her father's prosperity, when he was courted by all. She married Montgomery Livingston, a son of Robert

L., of Clermont. Her husband is dead. I believe she married a second time, and also a Livingston.

Samuel Swartwout died in Ninth street in 1856. He stooped, and his face was thinner than in the older times, when he stood erect, as straight as an arrow.

Never was a man more misrepresented. He was not in any shape a criminal. The Government never regarded him as such. It is only right and proper that a Collector of the Port of New York should be held pecuniarily responsible for the bad conduct of those under him. Such was the case with Mr. Swartwout. As soon as it was ascertained that there were large deficiencies in the Custom House in New York, he gave up every dollar of his large property, including the Newark lands.

CHAPTER XXV.

Samuel Swartwout went abroad to negotiate a loan for the Cumberland Coal Company, in which he was largely interested. He was absent two years. About the time of his return, the celebrated Poindexter Committee was in session here, examining into the affairs of the Custom House (under Jesse Hoyt.) Mr. Swartwout was expected in the steamer to arrive at Boston. It was whispered that the United States marshal would arrest him. Mr. Kelly, one of the members of the Poindexter Committee, wrote to the President the fact. Orders were at once sent on positively forbidding anything of the kind, and he was never molested. On the contrary, the Committee invited him to meet with it, and he gave the members some very valuable information connected with the New York Custom house.

He had assigned to the Government all the Newark meadows, subject to the mortgages, and he had no doubt that eventually he should get control of them again after the United States Government was paid off. His brother Robert was equally sanguine.

I shall never forget the kind-heartedness of Mr. Sam. Swartwout. He could not refuse anything to a friend.

On the 30th May, 1832, when Washington Irving

returned to this country, his friends and admirers gave him a grand dinner at the City Hotel — then the only hotel of note in the city. It was located in Broadway, between Thames and Cedar streets, and extended back to Temple street. Three hundred persons sat down to the dinner-table at 6 o'clock in the large assembly room. Such a scene will rarely be witnessed in this city; all the good and great of New York were there assembled. On the right of Mr. Irving was his life-long friend, James K. Paulding; on his left, Charles Kent. The dinner had been given by Samuel Swartwout, Cornelius Low, Francis B. Cutting, W. B. Lawrence, Chas. F. Grim, James Renwick, James G. King, Peter Schermerhorn, George W. Strong, Henry Ogden, James J. Jones, Richard Ray, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Thomas R. Mercein, Augustus Fleming, M. C. Patterson, William Gracie, Morris Robinson, Thomas L. Wells, Charles Graham, Charles L. Livingstone, John W. Francis, James Kent, Thos. L. Ogden, John Duer, John Neilson, Abraham Schermerhorn, B. Robinson, William M. Price, W. Van Wyck, J. J. Waggonen, S. Verplanck, David E. Colden, John A. King, Charles King, Peter J. Stuyvesant, N. Low, Jacob Morton, Ogden Hoffman, Philip Hone, William Bard, Thomas W. Ludlow.

Chancellor Kent was the president of this dinner.

Philip Hone was the first, and Mr. W. A. Duer was the second, Professor Renwick the third, Thomas L. Ogden the fourth, and Sam. Swartwout the fifth, Vice-Presidents. When it came his time to address the chair, he rose and said:

"What subject shall I select? To whom shall I address myself? To you, my friend, the oldest, and dearest, and most cherished of my youth. Welcome,

thrice welcome, to your native country, your native city, and the hearts of your friends and fellow citizens! Gentlemen, after the display of learning and eloquence which you have just heard, it is hardly to be expected that anything new or interesting could be said by me, in relation to the subjects which have been so ably discussed, and which so appropriately belongs to the occasion. I shall not attempt it. But, gentlemen, there are associations and reminiscences which may be indulged in at this moment, with pleasure by the company, and with pride and delight by our guest. Surrounded as we are by the earliest and dearest associations of our youth, welcoming with the renewed feelings of other years the long absent traveller, I cannot but consider the occasion peculiarly appropriate to record some mark of respect to the character, and talents, and virtues of an old and cherished friend, fondly esteemed and affectionately remembered by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I will give you the health of "Peter Irving."

This was Washington Irving's brother, and was drank with much applause.

Mr. Swartwout that day was the most popular man in New York city. Every one esteemed him. His life had been one of vicissitude and interest. He had a colossal frame, and was the picture of health and strength. Rarely does one look at a countenance so full of intelligence and benevolence united, as was his. The magic words "*Trust me*," were written in every feature of his face, and no one could misread them.

In previous numbers I have alluded to some of his noble acts of goodness when he was Collector. He entertained in splendid style, and he made a grand old host at his dinner parties.

I have the satisfaction of rescuing the memory of one man from undeserved reproach. That man is Samuel Swartwout.

It seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of good old-fashioned merchants, especially those whose fame has soared above the common run of merchants, and who have made fame in other as well as in the commercial walks of life, to give some account of their houses, their location, and their habits. It is a new source of pleasure to the merchants of the present day to read about the merchants of the past, and they treasure up little personal stories of the great merchants of old New York. I find this to be the case, for, on calling at Carleton's yesterday, I learned that he was pretty nearly sold out of his second edition of "Old Merchants." This shows that merchants of to-day are not unmindful of those of other days. They like to read about the families of the old merchants — the business that they did — the common incidents and events of their daily lives; they even like to read about the shape, the make, and the very features of these old school men. This is a very natural curiosity, and I try to gratify it all in my power, even to the very clothes they wore, and, as Mr. Clancy once suggested, "tell how the old fellows used to take their tod in those days."

I long had a sketch written of one of the *crême de la crême* (tip top in every respect is the American of this French) of old merchants of New York city. He was not only a leading merchant, but he was a leading politician long before the Revolutionary war; he not only sold and bought merchandize, but he made his name immortal by signing the Declaration of Independence,

as one of the delegates from New York. He was an American colonial gentleman by birth, and he was a Livingston — grand old Phillip Livingston — doing business on Burnet's alley, near the Ferry stairs. (That would be to-day the north-west corner of Water street and Maiden lane.)

He was a Livingston. People have no exact idea of what it was in those days to be a Livingston. "He is a Livingston"— "one of the name of Livingston" — conveying to the generality of people's minds something, but they don't exactly understand what. He is one of the Joneses does not mean much; while he is a Van Rensellaer has a distinctive meaning. It means some rich fellow up at Albany, whose father, grandfather, or great grandfather was a Patroon, a man who owns an enormous quantity of land, that he rents out for so much corn a-year. "He is one of the Astors," means much or little, depending very greatly upon the Christian name attached. If it is John Jacob, or William B., it indicates men who individually control many millions. But a "Livingston" in the olden times had entirely a different meaning. They were a good old race. They were exclusively New York. If they had a funeral of one of them at the manor, they had another equally magnificent at the palace at Broad street. They were not ashamed to be merchants.

Robert Livingston was the first that came to this country abont 1676. He was the first proprietor of the mansion on the Hudson River. In 1686 he and his brother-in-law procured the celebrated charter of New York City from Governor Dougan. That is a funny charter, dated 22d day of April, 1686. It recites that "Whereas the City of New York is an ancient city of the Colony or Province of New York, of which James the Second is Supreme Lord and Proprietor."

It calls it "Said City at Manhattan Island," and gives the privilege of hunting and digging mines (except gold and silver). His Majesty never dreamed of Walter street and the mint in those days, or the Sub Treasury and John J. Cisco. It made Nicholas Bayard mayor, and John West town clerk. Shortly after West was succeeded by Robert Livingston, who soon after had the office of Farmer of the Excise annexed to his clerkship.

The quaint old charter also provides that "upon the feast day of St. Michael, the Archangel, yearly, the Lieutenant Governor, for the time being, with the advice of his Council, should nominate and appoint such person as he shall think fit to be mayor of said city, &c."

That day should be kept by all good citizens of the present day, viz., "The Feast Day of St. Michael."

It was in July, 1686, that Gov. Dougan issued a patent erecting 150,000 acres of land that Livingston had purchased, on the east side of the Hudson River into a lordship or manor, to be recognized as the "Lordship or Manor of Livingston," for which he was to pay an annual rent of twenty-eight shillings sterling.

In 1691 Leisler tried to arrest him, but failed. In 1694 he went to England, but was shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal. He returned in 1696.

A mansion was erected on his manor in 1692, but he did not reside there until 1711. He died in 1726. His son Phillip was born in 1686. He was second proprietor of the manor. In 1725 he was a member of the Council, and continued so until he died, in the city of New York, in 1749. His funeral rites were performed both in the City of New York and at the manor of Livingston. All the lower rooms of the house in Broad street were thrown open to receive visitors. A pipe of wine

was spiced for the occasion, and to each of the eight bearers, with a pair of gloves, mourning ring, scarf and handkerchief, a *monkey* spoon was given.

A monkey spoon differed from the common spoon, in having a circular and very shallow bowl, and took its name from the figure of an ape or monkey, which was carved *in solido* at the extremity of the handle.

At the manor the whole ceremony was repeated, another pipe of wine was spiced, and besides the same present to the bearers, a pair of black gloves and a handkerchief were given to each of the tenants. The whole expenses were said to amount to about £500. These expensive funerals long continued a nuisance in New York, though the custom was a pleasant one, as it made a solemn scene at best, lively, entertaining and desirable. How many more would go to funerals now, if such a jolly good time was to be had. Fancy drinking a pipe of choice old Madeira spiced!

That old Livingston was a quiet old fellow. One of his daughters (Sarah) married William Alexander, afterwards Lord Sterling (by courtesy). One married Martin Hoffman. One married Alderman John L. Lawrence. His son Robert was the third proprietor of the Manor. He died in 1790. Another son — Peter Van Brugh Livingston — was a merchant in this city. He married Mary Alexander, a sister of Lord Sterling. Another son, John, was a merchant in Broad street. He was born in 1714, and died in 1788. Another son was Governor of New Jersey.

He had another son, named Phillip, who was born January 15, 1716, — my merchant of Burnet's Key, and signer of the Declaration of Independence. He graduated at Yale College in 1737. Shortly after he went into a counting room in this city to learn business.

He afterwards went into business on his own account. He married Miss Ten Broeck, of Albany. As early as 1754, when he was 28 years of age, he was Alderman of the East Ward, and continued to be so until 1762.

It is funny to read such an advertisement as this as late as April, 1768. He had removed his store:

"TO BE SOLD BY PHILLIP LIVINGSTON, AT his store in the New Dock, near the Ferry stairs, Irish linens, three-quarter Dowlass printed and pencilled calico, newest pattern of purple and other calicoes, ground chintz, black and colored Persians, cambrics and lawns, diaper table cloths, striped Hollands, double Silesias, silk, and large towels, black and blue peelong, ballandine, sewing silk of all colors, check of all sorts usually imported, fine black and colored worsted patterns for breeches, tommies, durants, and shakoons, fustians, Turkey stripes, burr dots, silk damascus for summer vests, writing paper by the ream, Russia duck, powder blue, best vermillion, fete hats, bound hats for seamen, brushes of all sorts, whitewash brushes, marble chimney-pieces and squares, marble hearths very beautifully variegated with different colors, double and single refined loaf sugar, lump and Muscovado sugar, tea kettles, also with rivetted spouts, brass kettles for the Indian trade with iron ware suitable for the same, new cable ten and a-half inch ninety fathoms, twenty penny, twenty-four d., and thirty d. nails, the very best harbor twine for fishing nets, seven by nine and six by eight crown window glass. Geneva in cases and in cask, brandy, a parcel of choice spermaceti candles, Comeynekars (cheese) or Leyden cheese, a few barrels of choice beef and pork, choice new rice, coffee in barrels, Jamaica nutmegs by the hogshead, sugar bakers twine, quart bottles in hampers, a complete assortment of buttons, shoe and knee buckles of all sorts, Congo and Bohea tea, snuff boxes, ivory and brass combs, needles, knitting pins, split bone knives and forks, sham buck ditto, brass and steel thimbles, ginger and rape oil in jugs, heart or club steel, fine cordials in cases, and a cargo of choice Teneriffe wine just imported."

That is a true merchant who met that advertisement. Fancy a signer of the "Declaration of Independence" selling needles and tea kettles, cheese, and disposing any of the above articles to his customers; and yet I will wager a great deal that he never neglected his business, but was as thorough in it as in everything else that celebrated man undertook. Why have we not full records of the daily life of such a man?

Previous to this time, and when he was Alderman, he with his brother William, afterwards Governor of

New Jersey, and his brother in-law, Mr. Alexander, afterwards Lord Sterling, with a few others, established the well known library in the city known as the Society Library.

There used to be exciting times in an election in those days, such as we can hardly conceive of now.

On the 28th of December, 1768, the General Assembly of the City of New York met. Mr. Livingston was induced to propose a bill in reference to frauds in elections to the General Assembly.

On the 2d of January the House met, and passed some resolutions very unpleasing to His Excellency the Governor. At 3 o'clock Mr. Banyar entered the House, and said: "Mr. Speaker, His Excellency the Governor requires the immediate attendance of this House in the Council Chamber of the City Hall."

The Speaker left the chair, and, with the House, attended accordingly; when His Excellency, in presence of his Council, was pleased to make the following speech, viz:

The closing part of the speech said —

"The extraordinary nature of certain resolutions lately entered on your minutes; some flatly repugnant to the land of Great Britain, and others with an apparent tendency to give offence where common prudence would avoid it, have put it out of my power to continue this Assembly any longer. I still entertain so good an opinion of this House in general that I am willing to impute their proceedings to error; and shall, in my representation of them to His Majesty, place them in the properest light, to prevent, as far as lays in my power, any unfavorable misconceptions of the people committed to my care; and do the justice which is required at my hands to the many who have the real interest of the country at heart, and who have wished

to see fairer prospects of advantage devised for the community from your sessions than the conclusion of it seems to promise. I do now, in His Majesty's name, dissolve this Assembly, and this Assembly is dissolved accordingly."

Fancy what a mad lot of fellows those were when they had heard Governor Moore through; how quickly they doffed their chapeaux, and marched out of the building at Wall street for the City Hall, then, when the address was made, stood upon the spot where the marble pillared Court House now does. Of course the Government had its friends as well as foes.

The Members of the Assembly numbered about twenty-three persons.

The Governor cooled off a bit, and four days later the following appeared. It is a curiosity, and shows how they managed matters in the royal times:

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR SUMMONING THE FREEHOLDERS AND FREEMEN

of the City and County of New York, to nominate and elect four Representatives to serve in the next General Assembly.

Pursuant to his Majesty's writ to me directed, for the electing four Representatives to Serve in the next General Assembly of this Province, NOTICE is hereby given to the freemen and freeholders of the City and County of New York in my Bailiwick, to assemble and meet together on Monday, the 23d day of this instant January, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, on the Green near the Work House, in the said City of New York, and then and there to nominate and choose (by a plurality of voices) four able and sufficient freemen of the aforesaid City and County of New York, to be representatives of the said City and County, to assist the Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of New York, in the General Assembly of said Province.

JOHN ROBERTS, Sheriff.

New York, January 6, 1769.

That same day our old merchant, Phillip Livingston, came out with this letter:

To the Freeholders and Freemen of the City and County of New York:

Gentlemen: When the General Assembly was dissolved, I intended to offer myself as a candidate, to serve in the next General Assembly, if there was a possibility of a peacock election; and fully determined within himself, if that could not be effected, to decline; and finding, on Wednesday, that no junction was likely to be formed by the two parties, and apprehending great heats would arise, I publickly declared — when I was sent for on Wednesday afternoon, by the gentlemen of the dissenting party, requesting me to be one of their candidates — that I could not join with either party, as I was resolved not to have any agency in an election which I apprehended would be productive of the most violent heats and animosities, and that I did therefore decline. The gentlemen of the other party were then waiting at the Exchange for my answer, whether I would be a candidate with them, and I gave them the same answer, or to the same purpose. On Thursday many people declared they would vote for me, whether I offered myself as a candidate or not; and waited to know what part I would act, should I be elected. To which I answered, that as I had declined, I had not the least expectation of being elected; but if I was elected, I should think it my duty to serve, or words to that purpose. This is all that has passed relative to the election, as far as it respects my conduct, to the best of my recollection. I thought proper to acquaint you of this in the most public manner, to prevent the imputation of any inconsistency in my conduct, that might, in these heated times, be insinuated to my disadvantage. I remain, gentlemen,

Your most humble servant,
Phillip Livingston.

That was a model letter from one who had been offered a nomination by both sides.

Here is another electioneering document, that tells its own story:

To the Freeholders and Freemen of the City and County of New York:

The appointment of two members only by the various denominations of Deputies, who form a majority of the electors of this city and county, having been offered and not complied with, it was unanimously agreed, at a meeting of several hundred inhabitants, that Phillip Livingston, Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Theodore Van Wyck and John Morris Scott, Esqrs., be candidates at the ensuing election for Representatives. The votes and interests of the freeholders and freemen are therefore requested for these gentlemen.

This interesting sketch of a great old merchant will be finished in the next chapter. It is one of the most interesting of the series.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Then came out the other side. They addressed:

TO THE FREEHOLDERS AND FREEMEN OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK:

We beg leave to return you our most hearty thanks for the general approbation you have shown of our past conduct, by nominating your late members as candidates for the ensuing election. It affords us most sincere pleasure to find that our constituents think we manifested proper spirit in asserting their *just rights and liberties.*

Sensible how much depends upon our union and harmony, we embraced with the approbation of our friends, the earliest opportunity of signifying our desire to join with Phillip Livingston, Esq., our late fellow member; but as he has declined serving, Mr. John Cruger, the late Mayor, who formerly served you with fidelity and honor, has been prevailed on to join us, at the earnest solicitation of a great number of the inhabitants, and we hope by our future conduct to merit a continuation of your esteem and favor, as we are determined that the liberty, prosperity, and true interests of our country shall be the constitute objects of our steady pursuits.

We are, with greatest respects, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged humble servants,

JAMES DELANCEY,
JACOB WALTON,
JAMES JAUNCEY.

GENTLEMEN: Your votes and interests are therefore re-

quest at the ensuing election for John Cruger, James DeLa. ey, Jacob Walton, and James Jauncey.

The freeholders and freemen of this city and county in the i. terest of John Cruger, James DeLancey, Jacob Walton, and James Jauncey, Esqrs., are requested to meet at the house of George Burns, on Tuesday next at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

It seems that the above nominations gave great satisfaction. They were all of different religious persuasions, and had thus obviated the party prejudices. It seems in those days that religion was frequently prostituted to the purposes of party and faction.

I have alluded to old merchant Robert Murray, who at one time owned more ships than any other man in the colony. He was dragged into this election. He writes a letter as follows:

To the Printer: Having observed in Holt's paper of Thursday last, an affidavit of Isaac Sears and Isaac Corsa, declaring that they had heard me say that I believed Phillip Livingston to be a snake in the grass, and that I had worn out a pair of shoes in getting him in at the last election, but that I would wear out a whole or two pair at another election to keep him out; and this they depose was said without any reservation, how the said Phillip Livingston might or might not act in the Assembly; and further, that upon my being charged therewith, the said Isaac Sears affirmed that I denied it, and had recourse to mean evasions to exculpate myself. With respect to myself, the design of this affidavit is to show, either that I had a personal enmity towards Phillip Livingston, or that I am an enemy to the public welfare, or a person unreasonably variable in my determinations. That none of these charges are just, I hope abundantly to make appear.

And the great shipping merchant goes on in his clear,

quaint way, and does make it appear that he is guiltless.

In those days of old New York, Christians not only went into the elections, but even the Masons fair and square, as will be seen by the following:

The members of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons in the interest of John Cruger, James DeLancey, Jacob Walton, and James Jauncey, Esquires, candidates at the ensuing election, are requested to meet at the house of George Burns, on Friday next, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to consult upon proper measures to be pursued by them at the said election.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

are requested to meet at six o'clock, on Wednesday evening next (January, 1769), at the house of George Burns, where every friend of Liberty and the true interest of their country may be sure to meet with the most cordial welcome.

That last call was in regard to the election of Assemblymen.

Here is another card that shows that our politicians, a hundred years ago, knew how to do it:

The friends of Messrs. John Cruger, James DeLancey, Jacob Walton, and James Jauncey, who are inclined *to spend a day together in a social manner*, are requested to meet at Burns' Long Room, to-morrow evening at six o'clock, to fix the time. Jan. 30, 1769.

It may be interesting to compare the head-quarters of parties a hundred years ago and now. The Cooper Institute of that day seems to have been Bolton & Sigel's Tavern. There all societies met — the St. Andrew's Society, the Society of St. Patrick, &c. Here is a specimen of their announcements:

The society for Promoting Arts, &c., are to meet at Bolton & Sigel's, this evening at six o'clock, Monday, April 4, 1768.

The resident and honorary members of the St. Andrew's Society of New York, are desired to attend a quarterly meeting at the house of Bolton & Sigel's, on Tuesday, 31st of March, (1768), at 6 o'clock P. M. By order of the President. JOHN RAMSEY, Sec.

Phillip Livingston was the first President of the St. Andrew's Society in this city, in 1756. Malcolm Campbell, another founder, was Treasurer.

The principal KNOT of the *Friendly* Brethren of St. Patrick, in the sixteenth Regiment of Foot, will meet at Messrs. Bolton & Sigel's Tavern, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at 3 o'clock, to dine and transact business. Such gentlemen in the city, as are of the Order, are desired to attend. (June, 1768). Signed by order,

W. F. M. P. S.

Was another of the notices to meet at Bolton & Sigel's.

The Irish were as essential in the elections in those days as they are now. One man evidently did not wish the Irish down upon him, as he publishes the following card, signed by old Captain Thomas Randall, one of the founders of the Marine Society in 1770, and later of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. He was an Irishman:

Whereas a report prevails in this city that Mr. Thomas Smith, during the last election, did reflect on the Irish people, by saying *they came into this country floating upon straws*, we the subscribers, as friends to truth, do hereby certify that we were present with Mr. Smith on the stairs of the City Hall during the last election, when some person came down the stairs, and complained that the Irish people had been abused by the speaking of the above words; upon which Mr. Smith

immediately endeavored to find out the man that had spoken the words, and was so far from abusing or reflecting upon the Irish people, that he expressed his disapprobation of such conduct, and endeavored to put a stop to the report by having the matter cleared up. We were so sensible of Mr. Smith's innocence, that when it was reported at the last election that he had made use of the above reflection, we declared to several gentlemen at the Coffee House that he was not the person that did reflect upon the Irish people.

THOMAS RANDALL.
WILLIAM BROWN.

New York, Jan. 22, 1769.

Phillip Livingston had been speaker of the previous Assembly.

Later, there was a noted place where the Liberty Boys met. It was the house of Mr. Howard in the Common, or "Howard's noted Tavern in the Fields." It was in Broadway, by the Park.

Another place for resort and meetings was the King's Arms Tavern.

In the times when Phillip Livingston was a candidate, *the inn of the King's Arms* stood in Broadway, between Crown (Liberty) and Little Prince (as Cedar, West of Broadway, was then called.) It was, perhaps, more noted than any other place I have named before the Revolution. It was much visited by the officers quartered in Fort George, and by those that resided near the Oswego Market place. That Market was erected in 1737 in the middle of Broadway, and faced Crown street (now Liberty) east and west. At the southwest corner was the King's Arms Tavern.

Lord Cornbury, a son of the Earl of Clarendon, came out as Governor and Captain-General, in March 1701. He was here until 1708. The inn of the King's Arms was built before that time, for the Lord Cornbury was

a constant visitor at it; he was a great spendthrift, and was fond of drinking all the time. At that colonial time, they called Broadway "Broadway street." The front of the celebrated tavern was of gray stone. It had an antiquated appearance, and contained a few irregular windows, surrounded with a rude arch; others — particularly those of the dining room — the very reverse in size and construction, extended down to the floor, and served to admit the guests from the piazza. From these windows the North River was distinctly visible, as no buildings intervened between it and the river, which then came nearly up to Greenwich street (not then named).

In front was a fine row of catalpas trees, now seldom seen in this city. The top was surmounted by a cupola, a table and seats, and a good telescope.

The principal entrance to the house was wide and spacious, so much so that once Lord Cornbury, upon his favorite horse, rode into the bar-room and demanded a drink from the astonished landlord. The bar-room was on the same large scale, and, if a horse passed through the door, sixty could have been taken care of inside. The bar of this crack old place shone with the golden hues of the French distilleries, and the mellow tints of refined Madeira, nicely corked up, and placed along the shelves. About the walls of this famed bar-room were placed little boxes, screened by green silk curtains. The insider had only to ring a bell, and presently he had a splendid chop or a glass of sparkling ale. Old Philip Livingston, and hundreds of other merchants, from 1701 to 1780, could swear to these statements, and toddied there many times in their eventful lives. On a high, old-fashioned mantelpiece, stood the clock, and on each side a brilliant row of shining tankards, slily indi-

cating how they helped "old times to pass," as th host, Snodgrass, had it. The dining-room was a large, pleasant place, and had upon the floor what was then a great rarity, a carpet. The walls were hung with paintings. A piece of Dutch furniture, known as a koss, of beautiful black-walnut wood, standing upon ebony balls, occupied the side opposite the fireplace, and an immense pier-glass, in a mahogany frame, in the space between the windows. There was a piazza across the front as well as back of the house. Under the shade of the catalpas trees, and looking at the pretty women that passed, the loungers of that period used to drink a kind of punch peculiar to that day, and whiffed the raw tobacco of Cuba, not yet generally used by the masses of people.

The King's Arms Tavern had its sign, which the painter had made to resemble:

"The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown."

The view from the cupola was magnificent. About every house of note in New York in those days had a cupola. You could see the old quadrangular fort, and the tri-bastioned battery; the East as well as the North River was perfectly distinct. South was Nutten's (now Governor's) Island. Opposite to the west was Paulus Hook (Jersey City now), with its little fort and ferry house. To the north the view was equally fine. The city ended at Reade street, and there the country commenced. Its beautiful fields (where thousands of houses now stand) were covered with verdure and fine ponds of water, and cultivated grounds, in the very best style, belonging to noted people in those days. There was the house of Mr. Elliott, the seat of Lady Warren.

There were other noted places in the city, where

meetings were held, and among them were the White Conduit House and the Whitehall Tavern — but they could not compete with the King's Arms for lunches or views.

I go back to the election of the day. Mr. Livingston seems to have shared the fate of a good many men who wish to be with both sides.

The election came off, and the poll of the city and county was as follows:

James De Lancey received.	936	votes.
Jacob Walton "	931	"
John Cruger "	888	"
James Jauncey "	872	"
Phillip Livingston "	666	"
John Morris Scott "	646	"
Peter Van Brogh Livingston	535	"
Theodore Van Wyck received	518	"

The newspapers of the day state that "The four candidates who had the majority of votes in their favor (three of whom had remarkably distinguished themselves in the late spirited measures for supporting the rights and liberties of their country, and the other gentleman (Cruger) who had always proved himself as standing firm to its true interests and prosperity,) were attended from the City Hall (then in Wall street) by a vast concourse of people with music playing, and colors displayed. In this manner they paraded down to Broadway street, and through the main street to the Coffee House, being repeatedly saluted with loud huzzas and with every other demonstration of joy, that could be shown upon this happy and interesting occasion. The brilliant appearance of the ladies in the windows — the number of principal inhabitants who graced the procession, and the regularity and good order with which the whole was conducted, exhibited one

of the finest and most agreeable sights ever seen in the city."

In this graphic description two points struck us modern New Yorkers. Down to Broadway and through the *main* street. Broadway is now the *main* street. Not so then. It ended square up to the Palisadœs Gate. It would now be ten feet from the north-west corner of Chambers street and Broadway. A block house stood where Stewart's store now stands. The negro burying ground was outside and extended across towards the Boston road, and took in Pot Baker Hill (Augusta street).

The line of Palisadœs extended across the city from its point on the East River to James Slip, up to Cherry street, then across to what is now Chatham or Pearl, and up to Chambers street and Broadway and down to the North River. There were four block houses and three gates, one on the high road to Boston, one on Broadway, where it led into the negro burying ground, and one on the West street.

These Palisadœs with the gate and block house had been erected in 1746, for a defence from the French and Indians from Canada.

The procession kept down Broadway to Pearl, and then to Dock, and on to Queen and to Wall and to "*the Coffee House*" in Wall street.

I have said that Phillip Livingston had his store on Burnet's Key, that extended from Wall street to Burling, slip, on the north side of Front street, (then, in 1767, the street facing the water.) Hunter's Key was between Old slip and Wall street. It came up to Water street, east side, where there was an open bank up one side, four hundred feet wide, and the sloops laid head on shore caulking and pitching their bottoms. On the west

side of Water street was a range of good houses facing the river. This range was called Rotten Row. It was probably so called after the same name in London.

Phillip Livingston must have given up active business just before the war broke ont, for he was elected to the first Congress that assembled at Philadelphia, the 5th of September, 1774. Ten years previous, in 1765, he was one of the members of the first Congress of the American Colonies that met to oppose the assumption of the British Parliament, assembled in New York city, Oct. 7, 1765. This Colony was represented by Phillip Livingston, Robert R. Livingston, Leonard Lispenard, John Cruger and William Bayard. His first object was probably to repeal some obnoxious laws, but it led to the Continental Congress that met in Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774. He was one of a Committee of that body to prepare an address to the people of Great Britain.

April 20, 1775, a Provisional Congress assembled at the Exchange in this city for the purpose of choosing delegates to represent the Colony in the Continental Congress. Phillip Livingston was promptly chosen President. The Committee adjourned April 22, after having elected Phillip Livingston, Isaac Low, Francis Lewis, Isaac Roosevelt, and other delegates. He was a member of the Provisional Congress.

Phillip Livingston was chosen by a Provisional Convention that assembled in New York for the purpose, to act as a Delegate to the Continental Congress, April 21, 1775. It was that Congress that issued the Declaration of Independence, the 4th of July, 1776, of which Phillip Livingston was one of the immortal signers. On the 15th of the same remarkable July, this Congress appointed him to the highly responsible trust of officiating as a member of the Board of Treasury, and on the

29th of April following as a member of the Marine Committee.

He was re-elected to Congress by a State Convention on the 13th of May, 1777.

In June, 1776, when the plot to take the life of Washington and others was discovered in this city, Mr. Livingston was one of the Committee of the Provincial Congress to examine the prisoners. One of them was David Mathews, who succeeded Whitehead Hicks as Mayor, in February, 1776. Another was Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith, doing business opposite to Hick's Tavern, No. 18 Broadway.

When the plot was first discovered, he was arrested and put in irons, but he steadily refused to divulge the secrets which he possessed; but a short time afterwards, when Mr. Phillip Livingston visited him, under the pretence of sympathizing with him in view of his approaching execution, he begged permission to go before the Congress, and to divulge all he knew about the matter. His proposition appears to have been accepted, and the testimony will be found in the report of the trial of Hickey by a General Court Martial, on the 26th of June, as well as before a Committee of the Provincial Congress of New York (alluded to above), on the 29th of the same month; and he appears to have escaped punishment, probably through this means. He is described "as a short, thick man, with a white coat."

The Convention that re-elected Mr. Livingston in 1777, thanked him for his long and faithful services to the Colony of New York.

He was a member of the Third Provincial Congress of New York, that met May 18th, 1776.

He was a member of the Convention of the State of New York, that met July 9th, 1776.

He was appointed a Delegate to Congress by the State Legislature, October 3d, 1777. He took his seat in May, 1778.

He died the next month, June 12th, 1778, at York, Pennsylvania, and never lived to see his country achieve the freedom he had worked so long to obtain. Not long previous to his decease he had sold a part of his property to sustain the public credit, thereby literally fulfilling the promise he made when he signed the Declaration of Independence, to defend his country with his life and honor.

It is curious to see what descendants this animated hero left. He married a Miss Ten Brock of Albany.

He left several sons and daughters; died unmarried. His oldest son, Phillip P., removed to Jamaica, in the West Indies, where he married. His eldest son, Philip H., born in 1769, in Jamaica, came back to this country and married a Miss Livingston. He died at Red Hook, in 1831. His brother Edward died at Albany, in 1840. He left sons, Philip H., John L., and Edward. The daughters of this stock married Van Rensaeller, Jones, Livingston, Greenly, Saunders, and McCombs.

Philip Livingston was one of the noble old merchants that in 1770 subscribed their money for the purpose of erecting and establishing in the city a public hospital. The idea was started by Doctor Samuel Bard, in an address delivered in Kings College, in May, 1769. Sir Henry Moore, the Governor, set on foot a subscription. In 1771 the charter was granted, and among the names of the merchants named as incorporators I recognize Phillip Livingston, Hugh Wallace, Henry White, Isaac Low, Joshua Delaplaine, Samuel Broome, Lewis Pintard, Peter Geolet, Theophylicht Bache, John Alsop, Isaac Roosevelt, Thomas Buchanan, John Watts, An-

drew Elliott, Peter Van Burgh Livingston, John Moore and others.

Phillip Livingston was one of the first Governors, elected in 1770. He was re-elected until 1777.

Who is there that gets aid in the Hospital that does not bless its founders? There is not a day passes that some one does not get aid there, in those stern moments of a terrible accident. As I write this, I know poor Tom Byrnes has been taken there to be carefully treated, if his life not saved.

The early Governors — Livingston among them — in 1773 purchased five acres of ground for the erection of that noble old building. They bought the ground of Mrs. Barclay and old Anthony Rutgers, who had formerly rented it out in part for the famous Ranelagh Gardens. That was then ever a famous place of resort, only too far out of town. In 1766, John Jones, who held a lease of the land from old Anthony Rutgers, laid out those gardens at a great expense, for breakfasting and evening entertainments for ladies and gentlemen, and they were judged to be far the most rural retreat *near the city*. A *complete* band of music was engaged to perform every Monday and Tuesday evenings during the summer. There was a commodious hall in the gardens for dancing, with drawing-rooms neatly fitted up. Jones also kept good pasturage at the same place.

Valentine, in his 1854 "Manual," has a map (frontispiece) 1767, in which these gardens are located, coming out the south side of Worth, or Hospital property, and extending up to about the rear of Taylor's saloon, where the alley commences in Franklin street, about one hundred feet west of Broadway, and extending west to beyond where Church street now runs.

Here is a bill for the Fourth of July, 1768:

RANELAGH.

At Ranelagh Garden, this present Monday, the 4th of July (being the third night), and every Monday and Thursday during the season, will be performed a

CONCERT

OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSICK.

The vocal parts by Mr. Wools and Miss Wainryte, and (by particular desire) "Thro' the wood, laddie," will be sung by Miss Wainryte.

After which will be exhibited some curious pieces of

FIREWORKS,

under the direction of two Italian Brothers, whose performances have given so much satisfaction to the publick.

Vivant Rex and Regina.

Tickets to be had at the gate, at two shillings each.

☞ Mr. Jones begs leave to assure with sincerity the publick, that the interruption of the performance on Monday, the 27th ult, was owing to an unavoidable accident; but they may depend for the future that no part of the concert will be omitted, and everything will be conducted with the utmost regularity and decorum.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Looking over the columns of one of the evening journals of Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 25, 1862, my eyes fell upon the following:

"The obsequies of the late George C. Morgan took place this afternoon at Trinity Church, of which he was a highly respected vestryman for several years past. At two o'clock the body was accompanied by the clergy and choristers from the porch to the front of the church, where it was subsequently placed. The following were the pall-bearers:

D. A. Cushman.	John W. Livingston,
M Dudley Bean,	Floyd Smith,
Henry Owen,	Capt. Samuel Waring,
Thos. S. Cummings,	Sam'l L. Dunscomb.

"The Rev. Morgan Dix, the Rector; the Rev. Drs. Higbee, Vinton, Ogilby and McVickar, and Rev. Mr. Young, officiated alternately in the burial service; after which the remains were again deposited in the hearse, and subsequently interred in St. Luke's Cemetery."

When I had read it I looked at the clock. "Too late." All over, of course; and one I highly esteemed, and who I supposed was doing well, and getting along finely, after a very painful operation performed by my lifelong friend, Doctor Carnochan, is sleeping the long sleep of

death. I do not know of any death that for a long time has come home to me so forcibly. I have received a thousand kindnesses at his hands. Fifty times I have been about to do some little matter that he requested of me. One was to send a LEADER to Dr. McVickar of a certain date. Another was to go and see the excellent Gulian C. Verplanck. Another was to write an article for a little book he was about to publish; my subject to be Hugh Gaines, the old New York printer. I had made up my mind to write a sketch of him, as his life had been an eventful one, and he had been an "Old Merchant of New York," but again "too late." He will never see it. I cannot exactly see why such a really good man as George C. Morgan is placed upon earth, allowed to ripen, to be extremely useful, and then be taken off so suddenly: but I suppose it is all right.

He had no idea of dying, although I think he was prepared for the change. He had recovered from the effects of the important surgical operation, and died from a cold caught on the stormy Saturday, a few weeks ago. Mr. Morgan, I should suppose, was over sixty years of age. He had once possessed a large property, and did a very large business. Trusting to others liberally he lost a portion of it. He was not a man to dread death. He had looked at it often — seen his friends pass away one by one. He had looked over the brink of the grave, and had thought of death so frequently, that when it came it was not unexpected; and I have no doubt my old friend went off cheerfully to a better — a future existence. If it was not so — if death *were* eternal — the last moments of a worthy man like him might draw down the admiration of, and a wish to save him, from God himself.

The house is still in existence, and doing business under the firm of Boonen Graves & Co., at 112 Wall street. It has stood sixty-nine years, since the old Dutch Consul first established it. It has never faltered or failed, and its fair name and credit have never been assailed. It has been chiefly engaged in the trade with Holland and its colonies. It has among its correspondents some with whom an active intercourse has continued for over sixty years, and these are both English and Dutch.

There is no firm in this city since Goodhue & Co. changed to Watson & Gray, that stands so near the style of firm nearly seventy years ago, when it was J. Boonen Graves, in 1793.

In 1815 Mr. Graves moved to 44 John street, and up to 1817 lived there, and had always adhered to the good old custom still kept up in Holland of living over his store. That year he moved his place of business to 65 Ann street, and his residence to 56 Beekman, thus separating the two places. Henceforth during his life, he kept them separated.

He was an active member of the Western Inland Lock Navigation Company, with John Atkinson, Thomas Eddy, Peter P. Goelet, and other leading men of 1810.

He kept at 65 Ann street and lived in Beekman street.

In 1820 his son, John Boonen Graves, Jun., went into business at 122 Front street, but lived with his father at 56 Beekman street. The son, in 1822, moved to 108 Front street. In 1822 the old J. B. G. moved his store to 161 South street, and his house to 59 Beekman. So both continued until 1824, when the younger seems to have given up business on his own account. Edward C. Graves went into the

firm of his father in 1826, under the firm of John B. Graves & Son, at 163 South street, and he resided with his father at 52 Beekman street.

In 1827 William L. Graves, another son, went into business at 119 Pearl, and resided with his father J. Graves, who had taken a house at 427 Broadway. In 1829 another son, Marius N. Graves, was taken into the house, and it was changed to John Boonen Graves & Sons.

In 1831 the store was removed to 78 Wall street. William L. seems to have gone out of business on his own account that year. I think the old gentleman died about this time.

In 1834 the new law compelled them to change the firm to Boonen Graves & Co. At that time the firm was composed of Edward A. & Marius N., and this year both added Boonen to their respective names of Edward A. and Marius N. Probably they had both been baptized that way. Edward A. had married a daughter of the distinguished Thomas Addis Emmet, the great Irish orator and patriot, whose monument stands in St. Paul's churchyard.

I think W. L. Graves died about 1835.

In 1839 I think Marius went out of the house. Edward A. Boonen Graves lived for many years at No. 42 Broome street. In 1845 the house removed to its present locality, No. 112 Wall street. In its career of more than half a century it has moved but a few times, and that is Dutch like.

E. A. Boonen Graves was Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce from 1838 to 1841.

The firm at present consists of E. A. Boonen Graves and Joseph W. Hartly, the son of Robert W. Hartley, one of our oldest and most valuable citizens.

The house has for many years had an extensive business with Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and has been extensive sellers of the best gin of Holland, and also of the spices that come from the Dutch East Indies.

I have received a note from the son of Mr. Morgan. He writes: "You say that you are uncertain whether my father saw the "new book." He did not see it.

I did not say all that I wished to say about the father, the late George C. Morgan. But what I lacked has been much better said by the clever scholar and clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Ogilby, of Trinity Church. He writes as follows:

MR. EDITOR: I have reason to know that not a few of your readers desire to see something more than the bare record of the death of one who, as a citizen and a member of the church, has just closed a long and honorable life in our midst. I had hoped that among the many friends of Mr. Morgan some abler pen would make this record. Few, however, had better opportunity of knowing him in those quiet scenes of life, retired from the observation and notice of the world, where the graces and virtues of this truly good man were most exercised. As a friend for many years, often by his fireside; as a pastor, with him in the house of God wherein his place was never vacant, with him in his hours of sickness and of suffering, with him when the Great Shepherd was leading him through the valley of the shadow of death; I can speak of him from a most intimate acquaintance. And upon this knowledge I can venture to apply to him the descriptive words in which the Holy Scripture sums up the truest Christian character. "He was a good man."

He was a man who thought humbly of himself, and charitably of others. He was a man benevolent and kind in all his feelings and expressions, beneficent in his deeds, beyond his means. Every clergyman who came to Trinity church, and none ever missed him there, had from him a word of greeting and commendation after

service. His constancy and punctuality in public worship marked the discharge of all his duties in life. This was especially remarkable in his attendance upon the meetings of the Trustees of those Church Institutions of which he was for so many years a member. I wish, Mr. Editor, the space allotted me in your columns would permit me to bring out more fully some peculiar traits in the character of Mr. Morgan, which seem to me especially worthy of note in this day. I mean the pure and healthy nature of his recreations and enjoyments. Confined by the requirments of business to the limits of the city, if he could not go to the country he had a way of bringing the country to him. Living all his life in the city, and hardly ever leaving it, he had cultivated a taste for rural enjoyments. One busy summer he could only find time for a day in the country. Yet that day gave him a whole winter's enjoyment. Evening after evening, after the labors of the day were over, he would sit down to record recollections of that happy day, and with pen and pencil he made a volume of sketches and descriptions, some of them charming, all of them admirable for their simplicity and truthfulness.

And then in the summer, on a Sunday morning, long before church time, you would find him sitting in the graveyard of old Trinity, listening with delight to the song of some deluded bird which had ventured amid the perils of the city. Doubtless it was thus that the work was suggested to which Mr. Morgan devoted the leisure of his last years of life — on the "Monuments and the Dead of Trinity Churchyard." We trust that this work will soon be published, and it will be his best memorial, one in which he will live when most of us, perhaps, will be forgotten.

The last two years of his life were years of suffering, almost unknown to his family, borne as all his suffering was, even to the end, in uncomplaining submission to the will of God. And when the truth was made known to him by an eminent surgeon, that nothing but a dreadful operation could even prolong his life, he at once acquiesced, though he was honestly told the nature and

extent of it. And the venerable Dr. Mott, who witnessed this operation, said that in all his experience he had never witnessed more heroic endurance. Thus the humble minded Christian soldier became the Christian hero, and after a painful conflict "fell asleep." He had put on the whole armor of God. The day before the expected operation he received the Holy Communion. And the day after, in reference to the strength thus given, he said to the writer of this —"I was able to endure it without chloroform."

By the ordering of God's Providence, the funeral of this lamented vestryman of Trinity Church, one of the most solemn ever witnessed there, was made more impressive by the mourning drapery for his departed rector. And thus they who in life were so long united, in death were not divided. The pastor, and the beloved member of his flock, have been led together, by the great Shepherd of the sheep, to lie down in green pastures beside the still waters. F. O.

TRINITY CHURCH, *Dec.* 1*st*, 1862.

That letter will go down to posterity in the volumes of the "Old Merchants."

The allusion to the habit of visiting that graveyard is very beautiful. I once astonished him by giving an inscription upon a tombstone in Trinity churchyard, of a Dutch girl who died in 1639. I had it from the late Major Noah. Mr. Morgan seemed to think it was impossible, and stated that he had personally examined every grave stone in the churchyard. I observed that the date of the inscription would be in Dutch, and that Major Noah would not be likely to make a mistake.

No wonder Mr. Morgan was fond of going to that old churchyard and listening to "the song of some deluded bird." There are associations connected with that graveyard that cannot be fully understood except by some one well informed as to the history of old New York.

It was a public graveyard years and years before Trinity churchyard, or church, was thought of. Being almost at the extreme end of the city, appearing but a few rods from the Battery, it would appear to the best read that it must always have been in the city, and that here we must have renounced the old custom of all countries in all ages, of burying the dead far away from the haunts of the living. Yet it would appear at a casual glance that in the Trinity churchyard it was different — that here we commenced, in the infancy of the city, to bury people and erect tombstones in the immediate vicinity of our streets. In all cases the living have intruded upon the dead. The Word of God says, "Let me bury my dead out of my sight." Our good old Dutch ancestors lived up to it.

In 1639, I have no doubt, the Dutch girl whose name I gave to Mr. Morgan, as being buried in Trinity churchyard, was buried "far away" from the city, or from the little Dorp or village that clustered around that part of the city, now known as Coenties slip. It was a long and dreary road up to the burial ground in the yard where Trinity now is.

Nearly fifty years later, or in 1686, our ancestors buried their dead "far out of town," in the burying ground now known as Trinity churchyard. The inhabitants of 1686 never expected that the city limits would reach to the place where stands glorious old Trinity! The old city charter given by Governor Thomas Dougan in the time of James the Second in granting sundry privileges, speaks of "the new burial place without the gate of the city." This was April 22nd, 1686. At that time the "city" contained about 4,000 (a guess). In 1697 it was 4,305. The people lived down about Old slip, Coenties slip, and the Great Dock. The new

burial place was not only without the gate, but it was a very great d stance from the thickly inhabited parts of the then city. Wall street was not then the boundary of the dwellings, but of the city limits, as Harlem River is now, and was as far from the city proper *then*, as Harlem River is now.

I believe the "old" burying ground was also well out of town in 1630, and was north side of Garden Alley (Exchange street), between William and Brown, where the Dutch built a church upon one corner in 1693. It was then deemed too far out of town by many. Trinity built on the middle of the "new" burying ground in 1696.

The Huguenots had a church and a minister as early as 1687, as is stated by Governor Dougan. They worshipped in a small building that stood on Marketfield street. Dr. Perot was the minister. In 1695, there were tw hundred Huguenot families. They started a burying ground far out of town, bounded by Pine, Cedar and Nassua streets, extending down towards William about two hundred feet. In 1704 they built a quaint old church, that fronted on Pine street. It was built of stone, nearly square, seventy by fifty feet, fenced from Pine street, called for many years French Church street. It had a square tower, steeple and bell. Many of us youngsters recollect the old graveyard, dotted with tombstones, in the rear of the old church. The living had encroached upon the dead. In 1834 the dead had to move up town to Houston street.

The Jews, when they had become thick in the city, were desirous of getting a place of sepulchre for themselves far away from the living, and purchased ground east of what is now Chatham square, between James and Oliver street. All the stores of the odd numbers.

from 171 to 185, stand upon the old Jew burying-ground. They purchased the ground Dec. 17, 1729, and used it for years; and no man among them ever dreamed that their dead would be disturbed at *that* distance from the city.

Chatham street has always been a favorite spot with the Israelites. It is probably owing to this fact that its precincts were hallowed and sacred to their ancestors.

In 1710 the Lutherans had their first church corner of Rector street (south side), on Broadway. It had vaults under it, but no graveyard. It was afterwards an Episcopal church. It was burnt in 1776. The congregation had already built the Swamp Church, and they sold the ground to the Episcopalians who kept the name "Grace," and it still retains it. No Episcopalian ever gave such a name to a church originally.

The Quakers had a church (and I believe burying-ground) in 1696. It stood on Little Green street, between Maiden lane and Liberty street. It was far out of town.

The Presbyterian Church in Wall street, between Nassau and William, was built in 1719. It had vaults.

Another burying place, far out of town, was where the Times Building now stands. It was leased by the Common Council to Presbyterian Trustees, 25th February, 1766. The site was far up town, beyond the dense population; for the present Park grounds were then unenclosed, and continued so until 1800. They were called "The Fields." That angular piece of ground was leased with the understanding that a church should be entered on one part, and also a cemetery or church-yard. The population of the city then did not exceed 14,000.

The old New Yorkers deposited their dead in the earth by one of two modes. One was by close inhu-

mation in graves, and the other in artificial vaults. But for the latter custom, no burials would have occurred in the city after the living habitations reached the vicinity of the dead. Even now the bodies of some of our old friends are left to decompose in the heart of the city, as was my friend Morgan. But I will do justice to the old New Yorkers. They decided to bury their dead far away from the living, even when they first buried in what is now Trinity church-yard.

MR. BARRETT: I believe you wish to correct errors that may get into your articles, and to possess additional information. In a recent capital article about Joseph Thebaud, as of Joseph Bouchaud, in one place you say:

"At the time of his death the newspapers of the city teemed with flattering and highly eulogistic obituary notices of him."

Will you add:

"Previous to his death he recommended his wife and children to the constant care and watchfulness of Mr. Bouchaud, entrusting them to his protection, and to that counsel and support which he knew he could rely upon their receiving from him. He left a very large estate, and appointed Joseph Bouchaud, his clerk, together with Mr. John S. Roulet, his executors. His children at the time of his death being all minors, Bouchaud immediately took charge of the estate, continued the business of his late employer, and married his widow."

You say:

"Joseph Bouchaud did an immense amount of business with France, Mexico, and Campeachy. He came to this country about 1805, having been sent for when quite a lad by Joseph Thebaud."

Please alter it so as to read:

"Joseph Thebaud wrote to his correspondent in France to send him a competent and reliable young man to take charge of the interior department of his counting-house. Joseph Bouchaud was the young gentleman selected, and possessing testimonials of the highest character in his native country, arrived in this city in 1805, being then twenty-two years of age."'

Again you say,

"During this period the house was doing an immense business, and realized large profits, having as confidential clerk John A. Tardy, whose services were invaluable. In 1826, the Thebaud brothers withdrew from the concern."

Please alter so as to read:

In 1824, the house was obliged to suspend payment, having been involved to a large amount by the failure of Le Seigneur, Alexandre, Freres & Co., of Havre. After having honorably settled the affairs of the concern, the partnership of Bouchaud & Thebauds was dissolved, at which time Mr. Tardy's connection with the house ceased

You also say:

"Joseph Bouchaud continued the business, and it was at this time Mr. Bouchaud —"

Correct and insert this:

In a short while after, Joseph Bouchaud resumed business on his own account upon a capital of $5,000, loaned him by his mother-in-law, Madame Le Breton, together with consignments which were made him to a large amount by his old and steadfast friend, McGregor,

of Campeachy. By his frugal management, together with his indomitable perseverance, he again became successful, and with the first fruits of his returning fortune, paid with interest the loan so kindly made him by his mother-in-law. At this period, his store was at No. 64 Exchange place, corner of New street. From this time forward his business became one of considerable lucrativeness. He afterwards purchased the property 171 Duane street, where he resided until he removed, a few years before his death, to 258 Fourth street, opposite Washington parade ground. Meanwhile, matters had remained in *statu quo* with Edward Thebaud, who in the beginning of the year 1835, wrote to his old partner and father-in-law, Mr. Bouchaud, representing that from the increase of his family and the accumulating demands appertaining thereto, he thought of abandoning his rural life among the blue hills of Jersey, and once more embarking in mercantile pursuits. Mr. Bouchaud invited him to an interview, which resulted in his generously tendering him a partnership on an equal footing, which being accepted, led to the re-establishment of the house of Bouchaud & Thebaud, the latter contributing to the capital about $15,000. The new firm continued the business at 64 Exchange place, and afterwards removed to 35 New street.

CHAPTER XXIX.

If any one wished to convey a true meaning of the word numerous, it could not be better expressed than by "the sands upon the sea shore." The Sands of this Island of Manhattan are not quite so numerous, but there are many of them scattered in different parts of this city and in Brooklyn.

"Sands" — "Mr. Sands" — "Merchant Sands." Pronounce the name now in the hearing of a modern New Yorker, and it does not strike his ear as anything thing more than Smith or any other name. Yet, to an old New Yorker, he hears it with very different emotion. It recalls the name of the most remarkable men we had in our city in a former age. Even to a modern Brooklynite, the city of nearly 300,000 and odd, which a few years ago a horse boat, and one trip a day, was sufficient for the crossing of freight or passengers, you may speak of "Sands" street, but it suggests nothing more than a street, probably named from its having a large quantity of sand in it. Yet it was named after one of the two great Sands' merchants, not sand merchants. The elder Sands was Comfort. He died at Hoboken, an old man of 86, September 22, 1834. The younger brother, Joshua, died in Brooklyn a year later, September 13, 1835. He was the Brook-

lyn Sands, having as early as 1801, organized there a great ropewalk, the most extensive manufactory of cordage, as it was the first, at Brooklyn. He erected many wharves when a beach existed opposite the city, and a large number of buildings, connected with his cordage establishment. He was identified with Brooklyn from the year 1801 to the hour of his death. He had resided there long previous to that date, having been State Senator from the Southern District (as it was called), under the Constitution of 1777, from 1792 to 1799. The Southern District had nine Senators, Kings, New York, Queens, Richmond, Suffolk, and Westchester. Mr. J. Sands represented Kings.

He was elected to Congress from the District. He was one of the eight Congressmen representing Kings County and New York (Second District), from 1803 to 1805. In 1825 he was elected again, and held his seat to 1827. He was a Judge before 1800 in the County of Kings.

Joshua Sands was born at Sands Point, in 1757. He went as a clerk in the city when he was fifteen. He continued to be a clerk until 1776, when Col. Trumbull persuaded him to accept a situation in the office of the Commissary General of the American Army. His brother Comfort was born at Sands Point in 1748. He was early placed as a clerk with Stephen Thorne, but in 1762 went as a clerk with Joseph Decker, a large merchant, in Peck Slip. Both Comfort and Joshua were sons of John Sands, who died in 1760. He had seven sons and one daughter — John, Cromwell, Elizabeth, Robert, Comfort, Stephen, Richardson and Joshua.

During the Revolution, Comfort Sands was one of the most active. As early as 1765, when he was a

clerk with Joseph Decker, he assisted in the destruction of ten bales of stamp paper, sent out for the use of the Colonies. It was taken from on board a brig lying at Burling Slip, and carried up the beach near Rutgers Place, where it was burned.

He went into business on his own account, in this city, in 1769. Soon after he married Miss Sarah Dodge. She was born in May, 1749. In 1769 he joined the Association of Merchants that resolved to import no more goods from Great Britain until the duty on tea and the Act imposing a tax on glass and paints were repealed. He had acquired a large property in business when the Revolutionary war broke out. In 1776, he purchased a farm at New Rochelle, and he removed his family there. He was obliged to flee when the British landed there. He fled to Philadelphia. The British destroyed his house, papers and books. He went to Rochester, from Philadelphia, with his family, and remained there until 1778, and was in same place until 1783, when he returned to New York. He was busy during the war. He was one of a committee to carry out the resolutions of Congress. In 1775, he was chosen a member of the Provincial Congress, and he served until 1776. In January, 1776, he was directed by the Committee of Safety to send three vessels, with cargoes, to the West Indies, in exchange for medicines, powder, and other articles. He dispatched two, which were taken by the enemy, with one of his own, worth, including cargo, $10,000. In 1776, he was appointed one of the Commissioners to meet at New Haven, by order of Congress, to regulate the prices of articles for the army. In 1777, he was chosen, by the New York Convention, Auditor-General of Accounts, at a salary of £300. He held this office until he re

signed, in 1781. In 1786, he engaged, with his brothers Richardson and Joshua, in a contract to supply the American army with clothing and provisions.

In 1783, he and his brother entered into a partnership for the transaction of mercantile business. Their place of business was at 73 Queen street. The firm was Comfort & Joshua Sands. They afterwards kept at 3 De Peyster street. In 1793, when Joshua removed to Brooklyn, Comfort had his residence at 52 King street (26 Pine street.)

In 1780 Joshua had married Miss Ann Ascough, a daughter of Dr. Richard Ascough, a surgeon in the British army previous to the Revolutionary War. She was born in 1761, and was 19 years old when she became a bride.

While Joshua was in partnership with his brother Comfort from 1788 to 1794, he joined in a purchase of 160 acres of land in Brooklyn. In 1800 it was divided by commissioners into blocks and squares, a map of which is now in the office of the County Clerk of Kings. The lands were then valued at $150,000. In 1805, they were assessed, for the purpose of taxation, at $200,000. How many millions would they be worth now?

Comfort Sands was a director in the first bank established in the city in 1784, and continued a director many years. He was also a director in the first insurance company, the Mutual, in 1792. He was Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce from 1793 to 1794, and President of it from 1794 to 1798.

In 1794, the brothers dissolved, and Comfort moved his counting house to No. 6 De Peyster street, and residing at No. 26 Pine.

Joshua had his store at 118 Pearl street. They kept separate, but both did an enormous business, until 1792,

when John Adams appointed Joshua Sands Collector of the Port of New York. President Jefferson removed him in 1801. While Collector he lived at 120 Pearl street. That year Comfort kept his counting house at his own residence, 26 Pine.

Joshua was a vestryman of Trinity Church from 1784 to 1782, before he moved over to Brooklyn.

Comfort Sands was the father of many children. His first wife died 24th January, 1795. By her he had ten sons and four daughters. The children then living were Joseph, afterwards of the firm of Prime, Ward & Sands, the great banking house of the United States. He was married in Paris by Tallyrand, Bishop of Antun, March 26, 1801, to Maria Theresa Kampflin, who was born at Vienna, Dec. 28, 1782. She was 19. She returned to New York with him in 1801. They had a daughter, born Nov. 3, 1804, who afterwards married Francis Griffin, the celebrated lawyer and son of old lawyer George Griffin.

Cornelia Sands was his second wife.

Mary was born on the 28th December, 1788. Augustus on the 22d of May, 1786; Richardson on the 24th of October, 1783. Francis was born on the 3d of June, 1782.

Of the four children Mr. C. Sands nominated them from him for four shares in the Tontine stock. Mary died the next year. There were Francis and Augustus.

Richardson Sands went out to China in 1805, on the ship Samuel Elam. He was supercargo of her. On her return from Batavia to New York he died on board of her, April 23, 1806, aged 23. His disease was consumption.

Henry Sands was a lieutenant of a military company in 1797, and in 1801 an attorney at law. He kept his

office at his father's residence, No. 26 Pine street. Then were sons Charles and Lewis and a daughter Sarah.

In 1797 Mr. Comfort Sands married a second time — Miss Cornelia Lott, daughter of Archibald Lott, former treasurer of the County. By her he had three more children — Robert C. Sands, Gertrude and Julia Sands.

Robert C. Sands was a splendid fellow. He was bred to the bar, but gave it up for a literary life. He graduated at Columbia College in 1815. He read Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese. He died aged 33, Dec. 16, 1832. At that time he was one of the editors of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. Gulian C. Verplanck wrote his life.

Joshua Sands was for a long time President of the Merchants' Bank of this city. He was intensely interested in everything that related to Brooklyn. Besides his great cordage manufactory he built many buildings and wharves there. He lived to see Brooklyn become a city. In 1824 he was elected President of the Board of Trustees. He had twelve children. I believe all are deceased. There were Richard, Ascough, Elizabeth, Wiliam B., Macbeth, Sarah Ann, Matilda Caroline, Joshua Rattoon, Grace Augusta, Samuel Malcolm, John Cornwell, and Harriet Ascough.

I have no means of tracing out the descendants of Comfort or Joshua Sands. I wish I had, or that some one who is acquainted with the living members would send me details before the book is published. One daughter of Comfort — I think Cornelia — married Nathaniel Prime, the great banker of former years, and the founder of the house of Prime, Ward & Sands. The children of the marriage were Edward, Rufus and Frederick Prime.

When Comfort Sands married he hired the house No. 307 Pearl street, near Peck slip, for $32 a year. That was the way our great merchants commenced living in the earlier times of the city.

Churchill, Sands & Co. kept for many years a China and crockery store, in Wall street, No. 78. Ferdinand Sands was of this house. Joseph Churchill was the partner.

Robert Sands had a son named Joshua C. Sands. He was of the firm of Sands & Crump. He died May 26, 1809. J. C. went into business at 55 South street, as early as 1804. He afterwards went into partnership with Mr. Crump.

His father, Robert Sands, was in the ship chandlery business; and kept a hardware store, under the firm of Sands & Dickinson, at 60 Barclay, corner of Washington street, as early as 1801. The partner was not Dickinson.

Young Joshua C. when he died was only twenty-eight years of age. He died suddenly, after a short illness, up at Rhinebeck. He was one of the most amiable young men in the city. He was a model of the youth of forty years ago, spotless integrity and pure intentions. The notice of the death says: "Few like him have avoided the indiscretions of youth, and the more improprieties of manhood. Yet, exemplary as he was, he found a better prospect to future happiness than his own virtues. He was enabled to realize an interest in the merits and death of an all suffering Redeemer, and departed in peace, with a sure and certain hope of eternal life."

There was in 1830, a Joseph Sands, who was of the firm of Sands, Spooner & Co., a heavy English importing house, at 69 Pine street. He lived in Brooklyn,

and may nave been one of the Sands, although I am inclined to think he was English, as he and his partner, Hugh Spooner, both joined the St. George Society in 1816, as did Thomas Sands.

There was a firm of Ray & Richard Sands, cordial distillers, at 2 Oliver street, as early as 1806. Ray Sands left it, and Richard carried on the business.

The two brothers, Comfort and Joshua Sands, were beloved and esteemed by all who came in contact with them during their long and eventful lives. Comfort, who ought to have possessed vast wealth as the fruits of his industry, died comparatively poor. In all his connections with the troops pending the Revolutionary war, he made no use of such connection to add to his own wealth at the expense of his country, as is now the almost universal practice of the merchants of modern times. One of this family was Commodore Sands, who at one time was commander at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and was a great favorite in the Navy.

CHAPTER XXX.

One of the most extraordinary traits of the old merchants of New York, was their extreme modesty and their retiring habits. Few of the old houses would (if the members were now living) allow their names to appear in print under any circumstances whatever, except it was under the head of "Clearances," or "Arrivals." Those old men did pride themselves upon seeing "cleared ship 'Mary Vinturn' for Canton, by Black & Co.," or "ship 'Julius,' from Calcutta, assorted cargo, consigned to A. B. & Co." This was creditable, and most young merchants were satisfied when they saw their names in such a connection, viz.: As having dispatched a vessel for a foreign port, or as being the consignee of a vessel or cargo, or either, from a distance. Some houses prided themselves upon seeing their names to an advertisement, when goods consigned or owned by them amounted to more or less value from a quarter of a million down to five thousand dollars.

But this was the extent to which an old merchant was willing to go in publicity. He did not want to have anything more said about himself, except when he got married or when he died. To have puffed an old New York merchant of the old school, or his business, would have resulted in his death the first hour after he had read such a notice.

Many of them living have the same horror, and consequently it is the most difficult thing that these sketches should be thoroughly correct. Sometimes a week is occupied by the author in collecting matter that could be compiled in five minutes, if the living persons or their relatives would give the slightest information. Still, one does the best he can. Some time ago I wrote a sketch of John Duffie, a celebrated old merchant in the last century. He died nearly sixty years ago. I also alluded to his son-in-law, Willam W. Todd, who is now one of the oldest living merchants. He was born in Washington County in this State, as early as 1781 - consequently is now eighty-two years old. That is a brave old age. Adam Todd, his father, was a ship-master out of this port. He had a son Adam, who followed the profession of his father, and sailed out of this port of New York until his death. He was lost at sea in the port of Fayal about the year 1793. He left one daughter. She married John M. Bruce, a promising young tinman, who commenced business upon his own hook at 198 Water street. As early as 1812 he kept his tin shop in that locality for many years. He afterwards added the hardware business to it, and twenty years ago took a son into partnership. The family is a large one, and the old gentleman lives up in Madison square.

These Bruces all come, of course, from the King of Scotland's family. As early as 1750, there were Bruce merchants in this city. Robert and Peter Bruce were a great firm in 1769. Robert lived in Wall street. An accident happened to the son of this Robert, by the backing up of a cart to a doorway. This caused the first pavement to be laid in Wall street. Young Robert Bruce, for the benefit of his health, was taken to the

Black Horse Tavern — in the country *then*, but *now* it would be corner of Barclay street and Broadway.

Who does not know plain, worthy William Bruce? — who has trod these streets of New York, day and night, for a period of fifty years — more or less — first in the employ of John Jacob Astor, and then, and now, and will be for fifty years (young Bruce is good for that) more in the employ of William B., and after that in young John Jacob's. That same methodical William Bruce is a son of one of the firm of Robert and Peter Bruce. Robert and Peter joined the St. Andrew's Society as early as 1786.

There was and is another family of Bruces that flourished in the last century. They were printers and ink makers before 1800. I mean David and George Bruce. They were both President and Secretary of the "Franklin Typographical Association" in 1800. They have been better known to this generation as type founders. George is still alive, a very aged man. The descendants are all fine men. So too are the descendants of the John M. Bruce. In fact, I do not know a bad Bruce. Of course Mrs. John M. Bruce was a first cousin of William W. Todd, the well preserved old salt merchant, who was second son of Captain Adam Todd. James H. Todd, who used to live in Gold street, was another, and the third brother. His widow married Alderman James Hall. He started mercantile business in this city about 1803. Hall is still alive, and must be 86 years old. He was Alderman of the Fourth Ward in 1822. He was a Director of the Tradesmen's Bank for forty years; was also State Prison Inspector. He was in the Legislature from this city in 1826. He is now, I think, a resident of Brooklyn. This generation meet these old worthies, and they do not know them.

Old Captain Adam Todd had two daughters; one was named Sarah. She is alive yet, an aged dame of 85.

Another sister was Margaret, who died in 1859, aged 91 years. She was the wife of John Tiebout, who was a leading bookseller and publisher in the last century. At its close, in 1800, there were only thirty booksellers in the city, large and small.

Old Captain Todd's sister was named Sarah, she married John Jacob Astor. It was this fact that placed her nephew, William W. Todd, in the office of John Jacob. Although he was quite a boy, he clerked it for Mr. Astor for several years. When he was only sixteen years old, Mr. Astor sent him to Canada to buy furs. It was then a journey of three or four weeks to Montreal, and the journey had perils in proportion to its length, for he was wrecked on Lake Champlain. The long journey on foot through the wintry frosts so exhausted him, that while the party was crossing the River St. Lawrence upon the ice, he sank down benumbed with cold, and was saved by some of the party coming back, when they missed him, and who carried him across. Mr. Todd had letters from Mr. Astor, addressed to the priests in a convent at Montreal, and he spent the winter with them, making constant expeditions alone to the neighboring Indian villages, and buying up all their furs. He remained with Mr. Astor until 1797, when he left him to go into the employ of Mr. John Duffie, as I have already written.

While Mr. Todd was with Mr. Astor, he was sent down to Tammany Hall to sell bucktails. The members of the Tammany Society wore in their hats on certain occasions as insignia, the tails of the deer, and from this, the name of "the Bucktail Party" was applied to their friends in this State, and generally to the party opposed to Mr. Clinton.

John Duffie, Mr. Todd's father-in-law, was about forty-four years old when he died, in 1808. He owned a large parcel of land at Kip's Bay, now on the east side of Murray Hill, much of which still remains in the family, and though he was not an old man, he had been a successful merchant, and among the men of that day was regarded as one who had achieved his share of wealth and independence. The Episcopal Church of St. John the Baptist, on the corner of Lexington avenue and Thirty-fifth street, stands on a portion of the Kip's Bay parcel, given for the purpose by the family; and the Rev. C. R. Duffie, the grandson of John Duffie, is now the rector. The rumor in that vicinity goes that the church received its name from family affection and veneration for old John Duffie, who was a steady pillar deacon of the old First Baptist Church on Golden Hill.

Mr. William W. Todd, like most of the merchants of this city who have grown wealthy, has aided his fortune by the judicious purchase of real estate in some location where it could be foreseen that the fashion or commerce of a rapidly growing city would largely enhance values. In 1844 he became the purchaser of a valuable tract in Brooklyn, with a water front of 235 feet on the East River, opposite the Wall street ferry, and which has since been known as Todd's store.

Mr. Todd from early life took an active part in politics, and was a member of the Tammany Society when it was revived as a political society in support of Madison's Administration. He was one of the thirteen Sachems for twenty-five years, and for one year filled the office of Grand Sachem.

In 1823 he was one of the leaders of the People's party, which was a split from the Tammany party, and

was the first instance in the political history of that party of opposing the regular nominations. It produced for a time a total disruption of all Democratic political organizations in this city. He was a member of the Convention that assembled at Jamaica, for the nomination of a State Senator. It was found when the members met together, that the Convention had been packed, and Jasper Ward was nominated instead of Peter Sharpe, the choice of the people. In the next year the "Poople's Party" was regularly organized. They had the New York *Patriot*, edited by Henry Wheaton, for their organ, and succeeded in defeating M. M. Noah, the Tammany candidate for Sheriff, and in electing their own candidate to the Assembly. Mr. Todd continued an active member of this party during its existence. It was opposed to Mr. Crawford, to the Congressional caucus, and to the Van Buren party, to whom they gave the name of the "Regency." He was afterwards a member of the Utica Convention, when the great contest took place in 1824, between Mr. Clinton and General Tallmadge for the nomination for Governor. Upon the nomination of Mr. Clinton, the People's party seceded from the convention, and formed a convention of their own, of which Mr. Todd was secretary. He was afterwards a warm personal and political friend of Henry Clay, and in 1840 received the regular nomination of the Whig party, for the State Senate, but was opposed by a combination, who represented his being in favor of the bankrupt law, and he declined the nomination. His political experience and independence made him quite a leader among the merchants, and he was frequently called upon to preside at public meetings "On 'Change."

During the War of 1812 he held the commission of Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding the forces then on

camped at Harlem, where he had his head-quarters, and upon the heights and fortifications around McGowen's Pass, then a range of hills that overlooked the plains of Harlem, and are now included in the Central Park. He served during the whole of the war, although as the British never ventured any attack upon the city by the approaches of the Sound, they did not see any more active service.

After he took charge of the business of John Duffie, and became one of the firm in 1804 (three years before he married Miss Caroline Duffie), he made it exclusively a business in salt, and is the only house in this city who have made it their sole article of merchandize. The supply is so constant and from so many sources, and the use so all prevading and necessary, that it is one of rather a steady routine business than one giving opportunities for venturesome speculations.

During the War of 1812 salt went up in this city from 50 cents a pound to $2,25. Mr. Todd sold largely to parties who bought at these high rates, with the purpose of holding for still higher prices. But when the brig "Bramble" arrived at this port with the news of peace, the price of salt tumbled, and he bought a large quantity of his salt back again at the old price of 50 cents.

Mr. Todd had six children. His daughter Sarah married William W. Green, formerly of East Haddam, Conn., and who was at one time an Alderman of the First Ward, Brooklyn. Another daughter, Matilda C., married the Hon. Elias Perry, a leading Democratic politician in Albany, and many times elected Mayor of that ancient city.

He had a son, William I. Todd, who married a daughter of Runyon W. Martin; also a son, Theodore

W., who married a daughter of Paul Allen Curtiss. These two sons now compose the firm of Todd & Co., and continue the old business at the old stand, where salt has been sold for ninety years. There is another son, Chas. H. Todd, who married a daughter of Joseph Eddy, of St. Louis. There is a daughter, Maria Todd, who is unmarried.

W. W. Todd was for forty-nine years a member of the Board of Trustees of the First Baptist Church in this city, and served twenty-six years as Secretary, and afterwards as Chairman and Treasurer until 1850. While it was in Gold street, and soon after 1830, the church began to feel the up-town movement, and lost largely from its members, who were removing from the vicinity. There were still many among them who could not see that they ought to remove the church, and as the men of property moved away, it was very hard work to sustain the old church, and they were at a very low point when they undertook to build the new church at a cost of some $60,000, on the corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets.

Mr. Todd had been steadfast in his support of the church, and when its credit was weakened and its necessities were increased, he sustained it by his personal contributions, and by carrying its responsibilities with his own personal credit. In 1850, Doctor Cone, the pastor of the church, advanced his projects for a new translation of the Bible, which have since resulted in the formation of the Bible Union, and desired the use of the church to hold the anniversary of the Union. This was refused by the trustees, and a division ensued in the church. Mr. Todd was re-elected treasurer, at which Doctor Cone and his friends took umbrage. It was upon this occasion that in a statement published by

the trustees, of their views upon the controversy, they alluded to Mr. Todd in the following terms.

"Mr. Todd has been identified with this church as far back as the memory of any of us can reach, and the value of his services has been publicly acknowledged. To a high and unshaken character words cannot add any dignity, and they would keep silent did not the public misrepresentation and charges against him require them, even against his own wishes, to speak to those to whom he has not been so long and so well know. Mr. Todd has been a member of the Corporation for half a century, and had been the treasurer twenty years prior to his resignation in 1848. During all this time he had attended with fidelity to the concerns of the church. Through the long period of their financial difficulties, and until their present edifice was built and paid for — as far as it has been paid for — and their title to the property sustained in the United States Court, and while many others have left them, he had been steadfast in his support.

"When the resources failed, the treasury did not fail, for his money flowed in and kept it replenished, but when their necessities were greatest, their prospects darkest, and their credit weakest, it was then that his name and credit sustained them, and he assumed personal responsibilities and engagements to a large amount. His position in the city as a merchant of the first standing, and his unexceeded liberality had been in some cases their last resort."

Doctor Cone eventually succeeded in carrying the majority of the church with him (as clergymen generally do against a layman), and Mr. Todd and those who agreed with him, left the First Church and joined the Tabernacle Baptist Church, which had just removed from Mulberry street to the Second avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In one of the chapters of the "Old Merchants," I wrote as follows: "Woe to the great merchant who comes down!" He has hardly a resource left if poor and unprovided for; those who knew him when well off, will see him starve before they would give him a five-dollar-a-week clerkship. It is hard, very hard, and very cruel in a community so wealthy as New York.

There should be a home founded for the broken down merchant in New York. Frequently the most deserving, the most energetic, and the most honest, are the most unfortunate. Refuges are provided for all classes. The old captains have a sailor's snug harbor to go to. The merchant who has failed, has no place to go to except the poor house. This is not right. It ought to be remedied. No merchant is beyond the reach of poverty. It has long arms. Many a proud and prosperous young merchant could spare $5,000 for an institution such as I allude to, who will, in all human probability, yet be glad to get inside of the hospitable portals before he reaches old age.

To be an Odd Fellow or Mason is an advantage when poverty comes, but how rarely does the merchant who signs his check for five hundred or a million of dollars, even dream that five dollars, will be a perfect God-send

to him. Yet, so it is. I hope yet to see towering aloft the tower of a home for the unprotected merchant. Commercial New York owes her glory to commercial individuals. When they become hopeless and helpless there should be a better refuge for them in their old age than the mammoth poor house." This also was repuplished in the book of Old Merchants, by Carleton, page 820.

It seems that it attracted the attention of some worthy old merchant, who wrote a letter to the editors of that excellent commercial paper, the *Journal of Commerce*, and it appears editorial as follows, January 7, 1853.

MERCHANTS' ASYLUM. — *Editors Journal of Commerce:* I have resided in this country many years, and in New York more than thirty years. My heart is often gladdened in watching the royal liberality with which every benevolent and noble object is patronized by the merchants of this metropolis. Whenever good can be effected money is never wanting. The author of the book called the "Old Merchants of New York," suggests an idea, which struck us forcibly, and I wonder, with him, that our good and noble merchants have not long ago thought of erecting and endowing an asylum for old, poor and broken down merchants. While in prosperity, we merchants always have many dear friends; but let adversity overtake us, how soon we are forgotten, and receive the cold shoulder from former friends. God only knows how many old, once wealthy, now honestly poor merchants are at this day dragging out a miserable existence, without a friend to aid them; too honest to steal, too modest to beg. While we aid the soldier, the sailor, the orphans and widows, why should we not aid a class of men, many of whom, in their prosperity, have themselves liberally aided the promotion of benevolent enterprise? I, for one, will gladly be one of a hundred or more merchants to raise a capital of a million of dollars, or more, to erect and endow an institution, such as

suggested above. No one can tell if many of those now in prosperous business may not one day be glad to enter such a refuge.

That is a grand old fellow, whoever he may be; and he is right when he says, "God only known how many old merchants are now dragging out a weary existence, &c." I know of some, who are so wretched and poor, that death would be a relief to them.

The editor of the *Journal of Commerce* evidently headed the letter "Merchants' Asylum." It is a happy name.

Before night there was a response, and it appeared in the great commercial paper on the morning of the 8th January:

MERCHANTS' ASYLUM. — *Editors Journal of Commerce:* I cheerfully second the suggestion of your correspondent, with reference to the above object. I have often thought of it, and believe it would prove to be an admirable charity, under proper organization; but should not be confined in its benefits to merchants only. — M. A., New York, *Jaunary 7th*, '63.

On the morning of the 9th, the *Journal of Commerce* contained the following additional:

MERCHANTS' ASYLUM. — *Editors Journal of Commerce:* I am much pleased to see M. A. second my motion, and cheerfully accept his amendments, especially if he means to include old, worn-out clerks, of which we have many worthy specimens among us. Let some of our leading merchants, like P. Perrit, R. B. Minturn, A. A. Low, W. H. Aspinwall, and others of some character, take hold of the business, and we will soon have a monument worthy of the New York mercantile community. — Yours, D. New York, *8th January*, 1863.

How I hate to see our merchants lower the dignity

of their individual character by the painful acknowledgement of inferiority to others who are more prominent!

Are all these merchants white slaves to P. Perrit, R. B. Minturn, A. A. Low, and William H. Aspinwall? Cannot a great and godlike work of charity be undertaken, without they nod consent? Each one is engrossed day and night in the care of overgrown fortunes. They eat of the best of the land. They sleep on couches of down. All the wine countries of the earth contribute the costliest and the best for their palates. Are they likely to know of the sufferings of the modest, shrinking ex-merchant, who is penniless? Men so reduced would die of starvation, rather than go to the more prosperous merchants for direct relief. They would receive gladly from a peculiar institution, such as the Merchants' Asylum. The gentlemen named never had any idea, probably, that a merchant can be poor. They feel that they cannot be, and they regard such a fallen brother as rather more of a criminal than an honest man; or, at least, they think it his fault if he is poor. It is young merchants that must lead, if this glorious charity is ever to succeed, or ever to be started.

On the 12th instant still another appeared:

MERCHANTS' ASYLUM. — *Editors Journal of Commerce:* I notice D.'s response of 8th inst., and will willingly became "one of a hundred or more merchants to raise a capital of half a million of dollars," if so much be needed, for the object proposed. I mean "to include old worn out clerks," and would not exclude old broken down professional men. — M. A. New York, *January 10th* 1863. [The above is from a substantial citizen. — EDS]

Now there is a commencement. Who knows but out

of the suggestion made by me, nearly two years ago, a lofty home for unfortunate merchants may arise? It is needed.

In an up-town bookstore this week, I met with a valuable manuscript to a merchant, with the name of a once eminent merchant upon it. It could be of no use except to an extensive ship owner. It had evidently cost $80 to $120. I bought it for $1,37, of the old book and paper dealer.

"Where did you get this, and how much did you pay for it?" I asked.

"Nine cents a pound," — about two pounds was the weight of the work, — "and I guess the owner was glad to get that, for he looked seedy.

It was a case of necessity and of want, and there are hundreds of such all around and about us.

I can give many names, when such a committee, with power to do good, is raised by the merchants.

One hundred merchants to raise $500,000. That is a snug sum of $5,000 each. I think it would be better if there were to be 1,000 shares at $500 each, and then those who are willing to subscribe $5,000 can take ten shares of $500 each.

There will be many of the old-school merchants relieved if this plan goes into effect.

The more I read about the old merchants, their lofty integrity, their grand conceptions, — their generous, hospitable character, their scorn of acquiring property except by honorable means, I must confess it is a sad contrast to some merchants of the present day. Fancy how the cheeks of the great merchants, Francis Lewis and Phillip Livingston, signers of the Declaration of Independence, or of Thomas Buchanan, or good old Robert Murray, or any of them, would blanch with horror

if told that the money they spent in buying white muslin for their daughters, was contaminated by being earned directly or indirectly from houses of ill-fame! — either directly by owning such houses, or doing it through being owner of insurance stocks. There were no fire insurance companies in those days to start such houses, advancing the money to buy them, although there were frail girls; for in a paper of July 3, 1753, I read that "Last Thursday, twenty-two frail ladies were taken out of several houses of ill-repute," in this city; were condemned to the workhouse, and the next day five of them were sentenced to receive fifteen lashes before a vast concourse of people. All were then ordered to leave the city." Ten years later, in 1765 — ninety-eight years ago — two madams, named Fuller and Knight were placed one hour in the pillory, for keeping frail woman houses. If this were enforced now, upon the true criminals, it would fall upon many prominent merchants and directors of insurance companies — who are the real criminals, for they furnish the funds.

These men who have located ghosts in Twenty-seventh street, shall see the ghosts in their own houses and homes. As the published book of "Old Merchants" states, its author and the writer of this sketch has his dwelling in Twenty-seventh street, made famous the past week by the ghost excitement. It forms a part of the history of the merchants, and will be read by future generations with wonder.

Several deaths have occurred very recently of those who have been mentioned in these sketches since their commencement. One is the venerable lady who was the wife of Nehemiah Rogers, an old merchant of the last century. He died at a very advanced age, but his

accomplished wife outlived him, and reached the uncommon age of ninety-four years.

What mighty changes occurred during her long and eventful life! She was buried in the family vault at Trinity Church, and many aged people followed her remains to the tomb.

Henry Toland, an old merchant, formerly of Philadelphia, where he once did an extensive business, died last week at the advanced age of 74. Of late years he did business in this city as a broker, in connection with his son. The elder Toland was a great merchant in the days of Nick Biddle and the United States Bank.

Our old correspondent, Grant Thorburn, died in the City of New Haven at a very advanced age. He was buried in this city, and his remains were followed to the grave by a large crowd of his ancient acquaintances.

The wife of Lewis Hartman died last week. Her husband was a well-known grocer of the city for many years, and did an enormous business in the last war.

Another of our old merchants, and born in New York, was Andrew H. Mickle. He was Mayor of the city, and made a very good one. He was even more famous as being connected by marriage with the daughter of Mrs. G. B. Miller, the world-renowned tobacconist. Mickle & Son carried on the great manufacturing establishment of "fine cut" for many years.

Every thing has its uses. Storms purify the atmosphere, and I have an idea that the Storms and Gales that formerly prevailed in the ancient region of Coenties slip (where old New York stood 200 years ago), that the atmosphere of the locality in days gone by must have been highly salubrious.

The Storms are not only old institutions, but the race is an old one.

I think the family is from Dutchess County. As early as 1769, before the Revolution, I find Thomas Storms advertising in the *New York Journal:*

"A famous vacancy in a well-known flourishing county, at Hopewell, near Fishkill, in Dutchess County, for one who understands tanning, currying, and the shoemaker's business. Good encouragement will be given by Thomas Storm, living at Hopewell, who has a very convenient place to carry on the business.

"THOMAS STORM."

I think he married, in 1769, Catharine Hogeboom. After the Revolution, he represented Dutchess County in the Assembly from 1781 to 1784.

We had a Thomas Storm in the city. I think he married, in 1771, Elizabeth Graham, and was in the grocery business in Little Dock street, under the firm of Storm & Sickles, as early as 1785. They were afterwards, in 1789, at 9 Albany pier, and Mr. Storm lived at 18 Smith (William) street. The firm dissolved, and Mr. Storm kept on his own hook at 12 Albany pier, as late as 1792.

In 1795 he had his store at No. 9 Coenties slip, and his dwelling at 1 Stone street.

He did a very heavy grocery business, and flourished in that capacity for many years, and was the original of the many Storms who have first and last transacted business in that locality.

In 1796 he took his son Garrit into partnership, and the firm became Thomas Storm & Son. That same year he was elected Assistant Alderman of the First Ward, and was re-elected for '97 and '98. He left the Board of Assistants in 1798, when he was elected a member of the Legislature at Albany. He was re-elected for five years until 1803.

He was a prominent Director of the New York Sugar Refining Company. He was also a Director of the Society for Relieving the Distressed Prisoners. He was in his day a prominent and leading merchant, always enjoyed undoubted credit, and by long and untiring industry, amassed for the times in which he lived a large fortune. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State for one term, in which capacity he served with honor to himself and with satisfaction to his constituents. He was at one time a Director in the Merchants Bank; was also connected with the many lottery schemes so prevalent in those days. He resided in Stone street, near Whitehall, for many years; was owner of Nos. 1, 3 and 5 Stone street. He reared a large family. His sons Garrit and Stephen became in after years largely identified with the growth and prosperity of our city. As we have observed, Thomas Storm was a grocer on Coenties slip, No. 9. The firm was Thomas Storm & Son. The old gentleman withdrew from the firm about the year 1808, and removed shortly after to Kipp's Bay (now in the vicinity of Fortieth street, on the East River). There he purchased a farm, built a fine mansion, in which he continued to live until his death, which occurred about the year 1833.

In September, 1808, Garrit Storm married the widow Susan Murgatroyd. She had two children, a son and daughter. Their father was Samuel Murgatroyd, a merchant in Broad street, for many years. He died in 1808.

Mr Storm had by this marriage two daughters. The eldest daughter, Louisa, married Robert J. Livingston. He was a son of Maturin Livingston, who married a daughter of Governor Morgan Lewis. By the

way, Thomas Storm, the grandfather of Mrs. Robert Livingston, was Lieutenant Governor when Morgan Lewis was Governor of this State.

Robert J. Livingston was one of the firm of Christian Livingston, Prime & Coster, in 1839. That same year the Democratic party of the Fifth Ward nominated Robert J. Livingston as their candidate for Alderman, and Joseph A. Scoville, a merchant, for Assistant Alderman. The ticket was defeated by a few votes. But I notice as a singular fact, that although this Mr. Scoville did not reach the Board of Assistants in 1839, when nominated by the Democrats, he has reached it in 1863, twenty-four years later, by the kindness of another merchant, Morgan Jones, as I see by the following statement in the proceedings of the Board of Councilmen, January 19th, 1863: "The President, Morgan Jones, announced that he had appointed Joseph A. Scoville as reader to the Board for the ensuing year."

Now, I will go back again to my text. The other daughter of Garrit Storm, married Samuel V. Hoffman, a native of Red Hook, and now living on Fifth Avenue, opposite Madison square. The daughter of Mr. Storm's wife (Miss Murgatroyd) married Philip V. Hoffman, brother of Samuel V., just mentioned.

Garrit Storm, on the retirement of his father, continued the business on his own account at the same place, No. 9 Coenties slip, until the year 1824, when he retired. Garrit Storm, we believe, was never guilty of the impropriety of paying his clerks large salaries. Had any of them, like Oliver Twist, in their innocency, "asked for more," Garrit would have certainly collapsed.

During the years of 1812 to 1815, he bought very

largely of United States securities. They sold as low as 60 to 70. When the war was over, they rose above par, and he made an immense sum by it. At the sale of public property in Wall street, January 28, 1813, (site of old City Hall), Garrit Storms bought lot No. 3, for $8,200.

He lived for many years at No. 2 Warren street. His wife there died about twenty years ago. He survived her only a few years. He left property valued at over a million of dollars.

When he retired from business, young Murgatroyd (his wife's son) became his successor. He gave him the necessary capital, selected for him a partner named George H. Cook, and the business was carried on under the firm of Cook & Murgatroyd.

These young men were somewhat fast, even for the age in which they lived. Mr. Murgatroyd's father, Samuel, had left property to the amount of seventy or eighty thousand dollars, and as his father, Mr. Storm, was very wealthy, young Murgatroyd saw no necessity for troubling his head about groceries; he therefore went ahead in another line, *i. e.*, in fast horses, &c. Mr. Cook was the business man of the concern; go-a-head was his motto. Phrenologists might have examined his head in vain for the bump of caution. Long credits were in vogue in those days, particularly on goods sold at auction. When goods were offered on eight months' credit, as was frequently the case, it mattered but little to Cook what the style of goods were, or their price, or the quantity — he went the whole.

Mr. Cook was a good judge of brandy; practice, it is said, makes perfect. In those days customers required to be treated frequently while making their purchases, as a sort of an incentive to pay the prices asked. Mr.

Cook had a pipe of fine brandy stowed away in the third loft of the store, designed particulary for customer use. The article was brought down in a flask from time to time as required — it being always the duty of the youngest clerk to see the flask did not run ashore.

On one occasion the flask, having had a little extra duty to perform (its friends being a little more attentive to it that day than usual), gave out at an unfortunate moment — it was at the closing up of the store for the day. The windows of the lofts above had been closed and all had left the store except Cook and a young boy, who had but just entered upon his clerkship. Cook stood in the store door, behind which at that time the old Manhattan dispensed its blessings. He was apparently ruminating. Suddenly the thought struck him that a little brandy might enable him to jog home a little easier; and he called out to the lad to bring him a little of the article from the flask.

The lad was for a moment perplexed; he knew the flask had played out, and not wishing to venture in the lofts at that hour, he seized a proof-glass, and adroitly slipping behind the office, where lay a long neglected pipe of American brandy of the most fiery kind, he drew from it and placed into a tumbler the requisite quantity of the article, which he promptly handed to his employer. Mr. Cook added to it a little water from the Manhattan; and, as he never made it a practice to make two bites of a cherry, he placed the contents of the tumbler under cover at one swallow. As the fiery brandy sped its way down his throat, it spoke for itself. As soon as Mr. Cook recovered the power of speech, he sung out: "Bah! What the dogs is that?" "Brandy," said the lad. "Where did you get it?" was the further inquiry. "Behind the office," was the

ready answer. "Don't you know that is American brandy?" "I thought all brandy was alike," replied the boy. "There is an *astonishing* difference," said Cook, and he departed. The flask ever after was able to answer all demands upon it.

Mr. Murgatroyd soon retired from the firm, and Mr. Cook took another partner, John A. Manning, who was a grandson of Thomas Storm. Accordingly the firm was changed from Cook & Murgatroyd to Cook & Manning. Cook remained with Manning but for a short time. He withdrew from the firm at the end of two years. He afterwards led quite a dissipated life; finally went to New Orleans, where he became very poor. He left New Orleans, as a common sailor, on a vessel bound for Liverpool. On the return voyage of the vessel he fell from the spanker-boom, and was lost.

Mr. Manning was a son-in-law of Peter H. Schenck, who resided at that time at No. 2 Bowling Green, the then fashionable centre of the city. After the withdrawal of Mr. Cook, Manning formed a copartnership (this was 1827) with Philip V. Hoffman, under the firm of Manning & Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman, as we have already observed, married Miss Murgatroyd, who lived only about eighteen months after marriage. He afterwards married Miss Lydia Osborn, of Boston, a wealthy and accomplished lady.

Manning & Hoffman did a large and profitable business. They continued together until the death of Mr. Manning, which occurred in April, 1838.

In 1809 Garrit Storm took his brother Stephen into business at 9 Coenties slip, under the firm of Garrit & Stephen Storm. They dissolved in 1811, and Stephen went with Jacob, at No. 15 Coenties slip, under the firm of Jacob & S. Storm. In 1815 this firm dissolved,

and Stephen continued business alone, as a grocer at No. 11 Coenties slip.

He was a wide-awake merchant. He had an eye that scanned matters closely. His clerks had no opportunity for sleep — *i. e.*, during business hours. If there was no business to be done, S. Storm could invent business. His motto was, "If you would have good clerks, you must keep them moving;" hence, in the absence of customers, his clerks were employed in removing goods from one part of the store to the other.

Stephen Storm, at one time, was sole agent for Maryland's Philadelphia Scotch snuff, an article in much repute in those days. This snuff had a fascinating way of tickling the olfactories of man and woman, too; hence the demand for it was large, and Mr. Storm derived much profit from its sales. All the grocers in New York, at that time, were obliged to buy this particular kind of snuff from Mr. Storm, as he enjoyed a monopoly of the article.

Stephen Storm, in the course of his peregrinations made the acquaintance of a countryman who purchased goods of Samuel Tooker & Co., in South street. He was anxious to sell this man groceries; and in order to prove to the countryman that he could sell goods lower than his neighbors, he mentioned that all the grocers in the city were forced to buy their snuff of him, and gave the countryman to understand that he would sell him snuff on the same terms as he sold the grocers, which was some three cents per pound less than the countryman had been in the habit of paying for it.

The countryman, however, was "up to snuff." He rejected these overtures, and bought his goods, as he had been wont, of Samuel Tooker & Co. He mentioned to Benjamin Mead, of the firm of S. T. & Co., the price

at which Mr. Storm had offered snuff. Mr. Mead, not wishing to be outdone, of course sold the article to corspond with Mr. Storm's price — thus losing in this case all profit on it.

Benjamin Mead afterwards called on Mr. Storm for some explanation of the matter. He asked him whether he thought it right to be peddling snuff to countrymen at the same price he was selling it for in large quantities to wholesale dealers. Mr. Storm stood for a moment. "No,' said he, "it is not right. Mr. Mead, I have done you an injury. 'Walk in the office, and I will give you a check for $25." Mr. Mead, of course, refused the check.

I have mentioned this matter to show Mr. Storm's readiness ever to repair an injury.

We have long been of the opinion, and time continues to strengthen it, that the greatest numskulls in the country are educated at the Military Academy of West Point; while the highest intellects of our land enter in our city. Had Stephen Storm received a military education, his strategic qualities would have dazzled mankind in these war days.

On one occasion, when pimento had suddenly risen in price about three cents per pound, a neighbor grocer of Mr. Storms discovered that he was not aware of the fact, and went to him and purchased ten bags at the old price. Although Mr. Storm was eccentric, yet there never lived a more upright business man in all his dealings. But when he found out that pimento had gone up in price, and that his neighbor was aware of it, and had taken advantage of him, he determined to be even with him, and yet keep his word. The ten bags he had sold would weigh 120 lbs. each. The neighbor did not send for the pimento for some time, and as Mr.

Storm had sold ten bags, mercantile law demanded that he should deliver that number. He accordingly divided one of the bags into ten parts of 12 lbs. each, sewed up each part in a bag by itself, thus making ten bags of pimento out of one, and fulfiling his contract in the spirit, if not in the letter of the law.

Stephen Storm quit the grocery business in 1823, left No. 11 Coenties Slip, and started in the tobacco and snuff business exclusively, with Henry Reill, under the firm of Hery Reill & Co., at No. 81 Front street. They did business together at that place until 1829, when Mr. Storm parted company with Mr. Reill, who moved to 34 Water street. Then he took in Henry Reill, Jr.

Stephen Storm kept at No. 81 Front street, where he had been connected with Mr. Reill, until he was burned out there in the great fire of 1835, and sustained a heavy loss.

Who could fancy that such a man and Henry Reill were ever partners? What a curious old man is Henry Reill! He must now be a very aged man. He claims to have been one of the veterans of the late War of 1812, and I dare say he was, for there was no fighting done in this vicinity, and our troops were never ordered away from here. Mr. Reill is entitled to credit as a heavy tobacco merchant and manufacturer. His son, Henry Reill, was a famous politician for many years. Then he kept "The Star" Coffee House, in Lispenard street. I believe he died there. He had one son, Joseph, who died the day after his father. He had two daughters, Harriet and Margaret; nice girls, that married well, I believe. The old Harry, who was partner of Mr. Storm, had other sons. Cyrus was in the army or navy. Another was in the Custom House. All, I believe, are doing well. Young Henry E. Reill was a

funny joker. Those who knew him best will long remember him. He had some good qualities

In 1837, Stephen Storm was back in the grocery business, at No. 15 Coenties Slip; and a few years later we find him at No. 47 Water street, in one of Whitney's stores. The name of the firm at this place was Stephen & George Storm.

Stephen Storm was fond of music — was himself a good singer — and we believe occasionally started the tunes, at night meeting, in old Doctor Matthew's church, in Garden street (now Exchange place).

While doing business in Water street, a musical influence took possession of him. He thought he would buy a fiddle, and it occurred to him there might be many valuable fiddles in the city, the owners of which would like to sell cheap. He therefore inserted an advertisement in the papers, informing the public of his want of a fiddle. The next day, and the day after, negroes with fiddles under their arms came pouring into Water street in search of Stephen Storm. He received the descendants of Ham with distinguished consideration. He took their fiddles, labelled them, stowed them away under the desks in his office, and told his swarthy visitors to call in a few days, and he would determine on the merits of their instruments.

He kept his office enlivened for the next few days with the shriek of the catgut; but not being able to determine as to the merits of the various fiddles, he deferred purchasing. When the darkies called to ascertain how their fiddles suited, Mr. Storm handed them their instruments in profound silence, and motioned them to depart without loss of time.

He quit business about 1850. He resided for many years in Whitehall street, a door or two from Market-

field. He was very successful in his real estate operations was owner of the "Storm" buildings, in Pine street, between Broadway and Pine street, as well as several other valuable stores in other parts of our city.

Stephen Storm, notwithstanding his eccentricities, was universally respected by those who knew him. He was a good citizen, a kind neighbor, and a devoted friend. His opinions in business matters were sound and reliable, and, as such, his advice was often sought for by younger merchants around him.

Mr. Storm purchased an elegant house, a few years since, in Twenty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, where he died a few months ago, leaving a wife and two sons — John and Thomas — inheritors of his vast property, amounting at the time of his death to over half a million of dollars.

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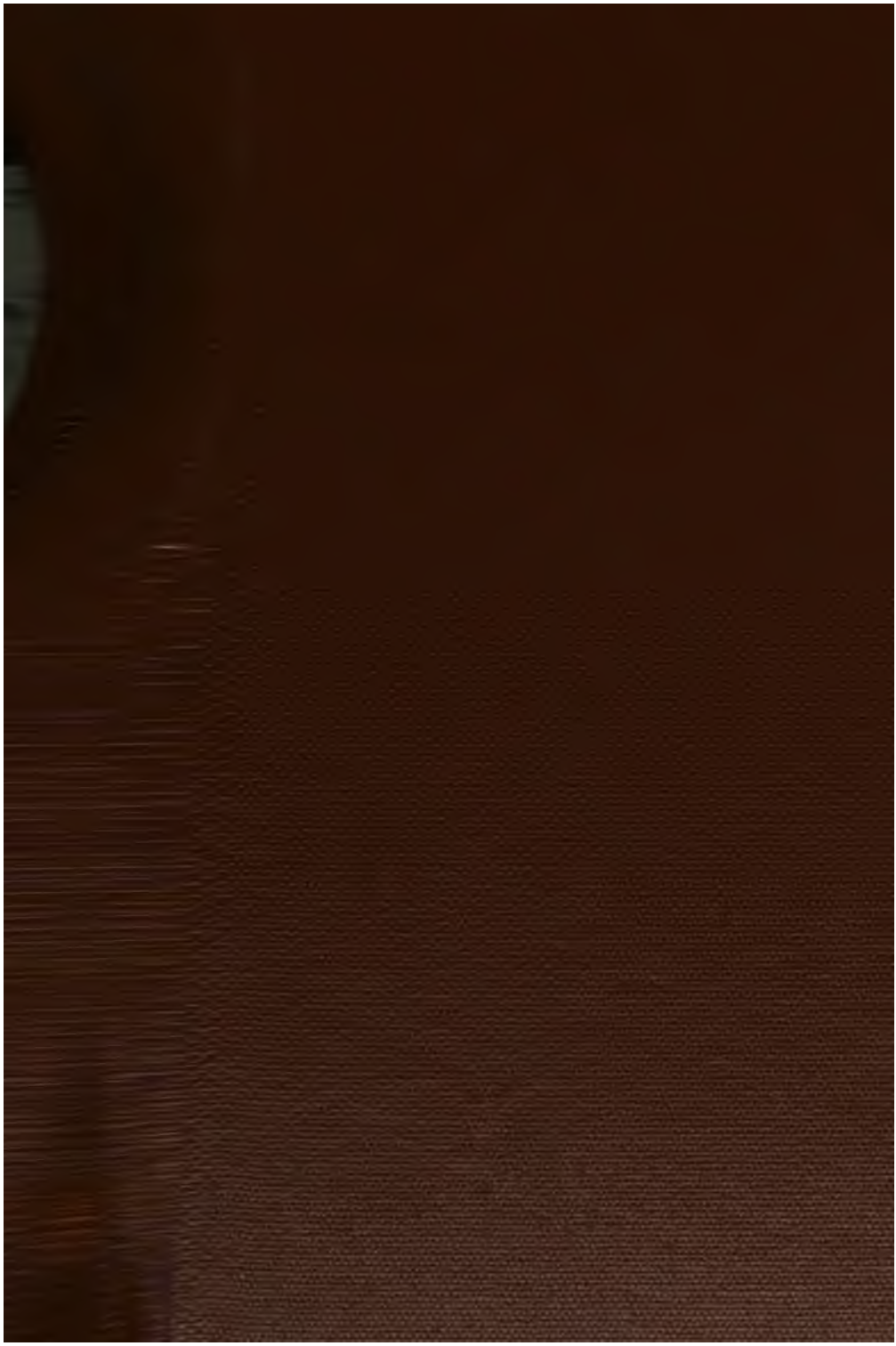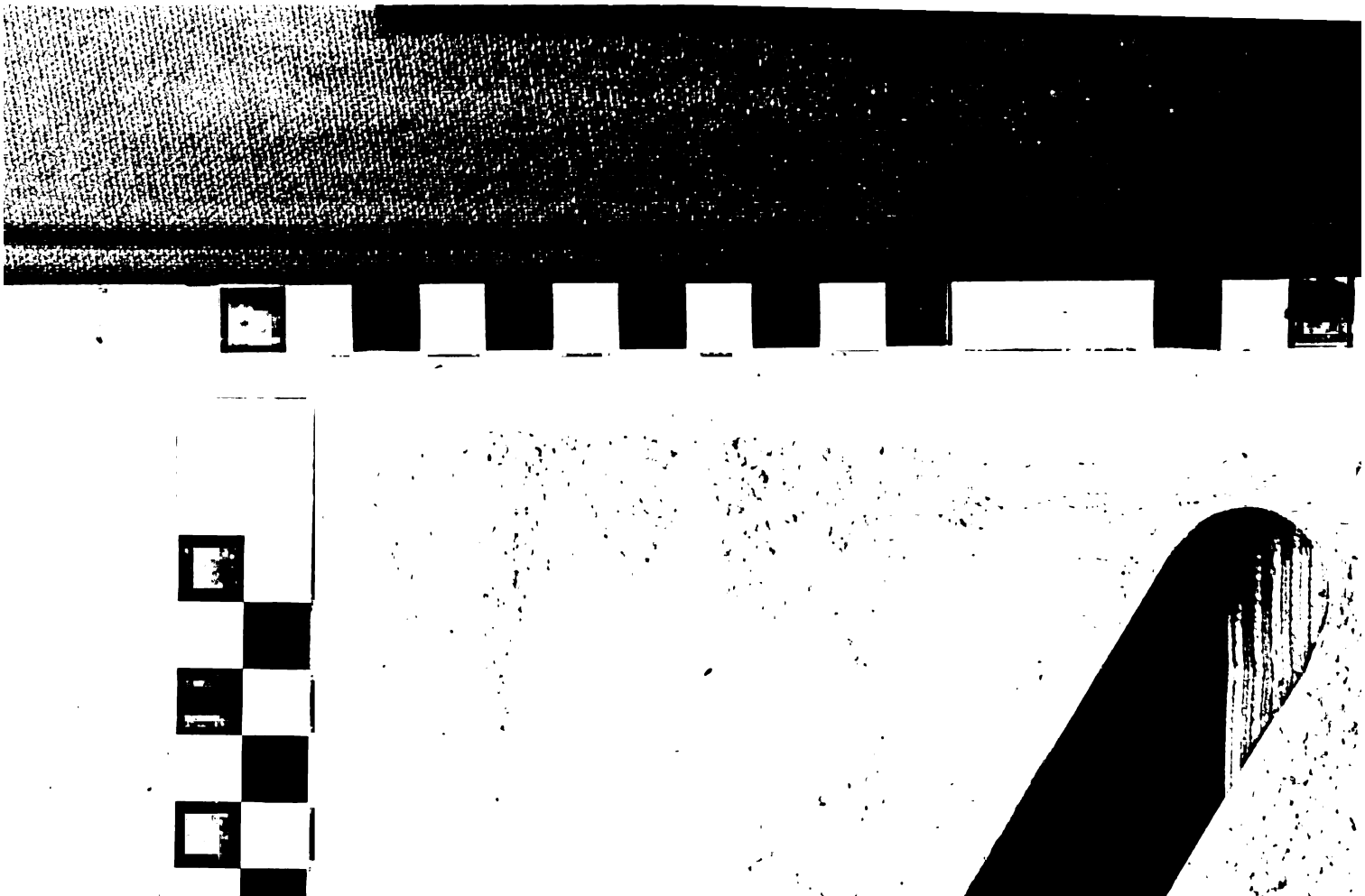
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